The Saturday Evening
POST
February 18, 1961 – 15¢

WILL AFRICA GO COMMUNIST?

A Report from the Scene
By Stewart Alsop

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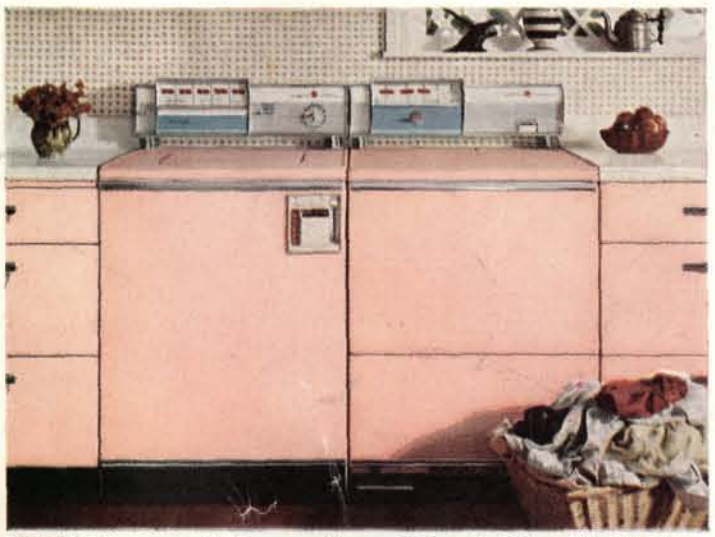
MODEL WA-1050V

If your laundry piles up and up...the 1961 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer gets a bigger-than-ever load—12 lbs.—truly clean!



NOTICE how neatly the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer and matching High-Speed Dryer fit—like 'built-ins.' New washer and dryer are counter height and depth: 36" high, 25" deep. Install them flat against the wall—save floor space.

Pile in 20% more laundry than in previous models—12 full pounds—get every piece sparkling clean! The 1961 General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, with its big new wash basket, has a new Activator® driven by a more powerful motor to give you piece-by-piece washing action.

You save hot water on medium and small loads—the Pre-Set Water Level Selector automatically provides the water needed for each size load—small, medium or large.

See this new 1961 Filter-Flo Washer and the matching High-Speed Dryer at your General Electric dealers. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMPARE the new General Electric big capacity with that of older washers. Save time, work, hot water, detergent. This new washer holds 12 lbs. —20% more than in previous models.

NO LINT FUZZ on clothes when the famous Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the wash water. Filter also dispenses detergent evenly throughout your wash load.

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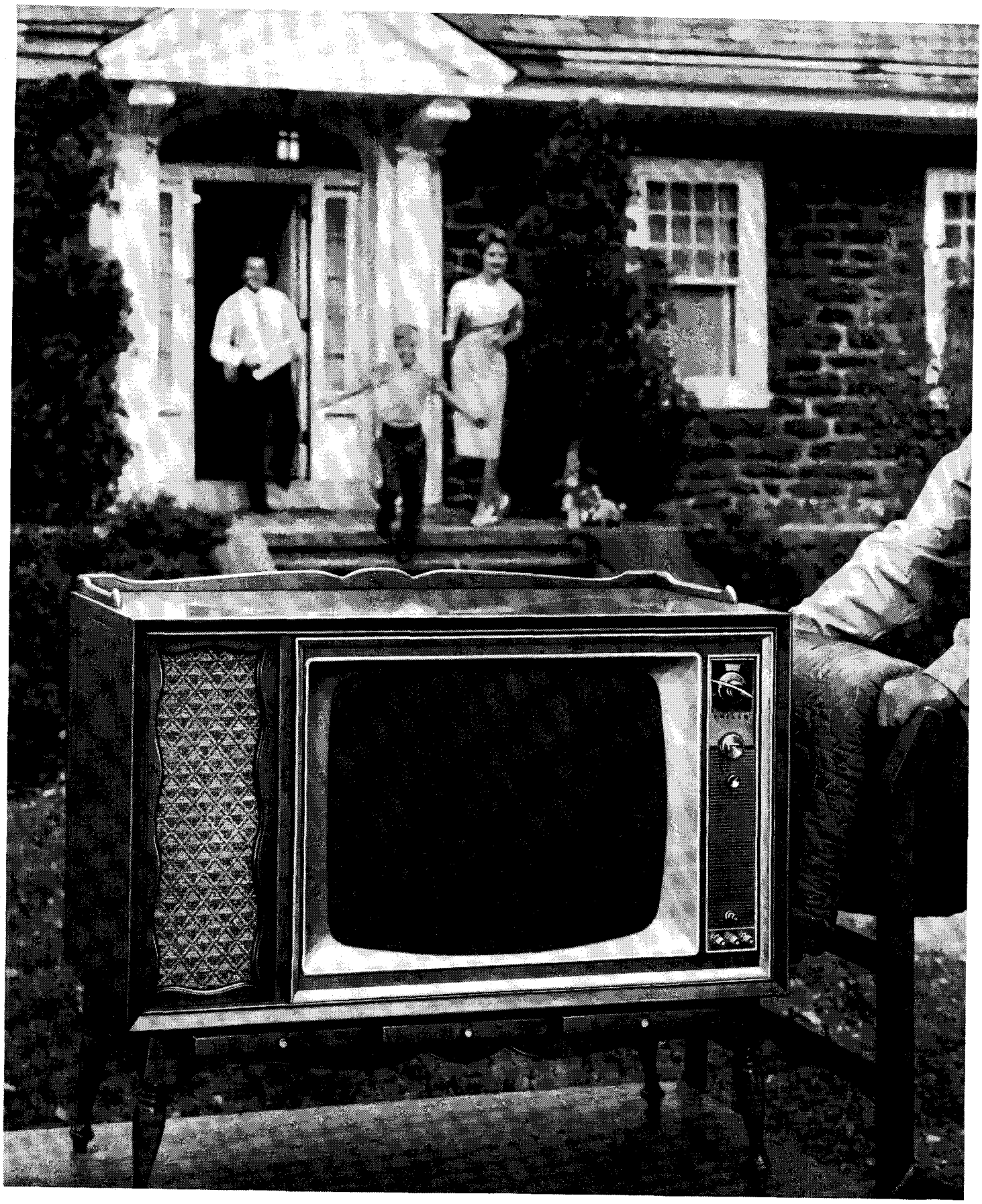
When a Philco moves in... your TV troubles move out!



Philco Cool-Chassis beats the heat — major cause of all TV breakdowns

Philco TV is moving into the smartest homes everywhere. And for good reason! Philco TV brings you exceptionally fine *furniture cabinets plus patented Cool-Chassis Construction.*

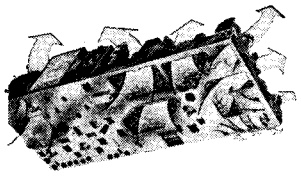
Philco Cool-Chassis Television lasts longer—requires less service—because it runs cooler. You get up to 76% longer TV life with exclusive Philco Cool-Chassis.

Better performance, too! The amazing Automatic Picture Pilot perfects the picture 15,750 times a second, keeps it in perfect contrast even for old movies.

A style for every room. The model* above complements popular Colonial settings. Other Philco consoles are at home in Traditional, Provincial and Modern rooms. In each one, you'll find a cabinet of genuine hardwoods and veneers

Philco TV Total Guarantee. In accordance with Philco's TV Warranty, Philco guarantees all parts, all tubes and all service labor for 90 days after purchase Cool-Chassis Consoles, Table Models and Compacts will be serviced in your home at no extra cost to you.

*Model 4821 C, 23" overall diagonal measurement, 282-sq.-in. viewable area



Philco patented Cool-Chassis. No parts underneath, no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. Air flow mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Perma-Circuit® panels are non-conducting.

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THE COVER

J.J. Gibbons, the big cheese of Gibbons Consolidated Products, has just returned from a tough week of fun and games. ("I swing some of my biggest deals on the golf course.") At ten A.M. we find him facing a Mount Everest of accumulated work; an hour later Miss Frantic is readying the work for J.J.'s signature and J.J. is using his putter to loosen up his signature hand. See that trophy in the inner office? We can't read the inscription etched thereon by Dick Sargent, but would guess it cites excellence in whipcracking. (Obviously J.J. is not a golf champion, or he would be sinking more of those short putts.) As for Miss Frantic—she is accustomed to days like this. We note that in the top panel she's smoothing the nails she chewed to pieces the last time the boss blew into town.

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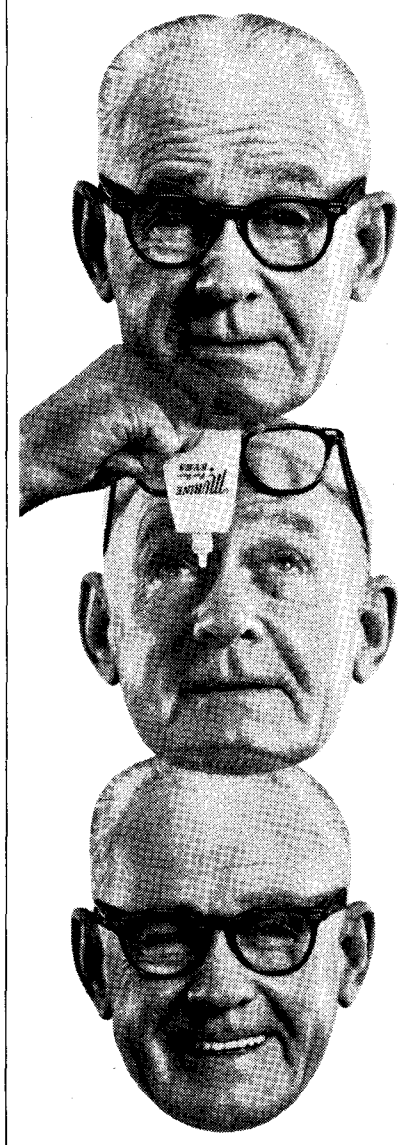

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EYES WITH
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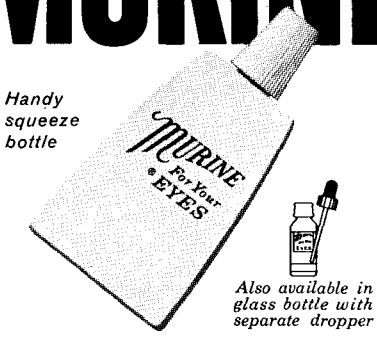

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Letters

Wright Wrong?

Dear Sirs:

Re FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: DEFIANT GENIUS [by Finis Farr, Jan. 7–Feb. 4], he is also known as Frank Lloyd Wrong.

His buildings are "different," and that is about all you can say of most of them.

ELEANOR SCOVEL MILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

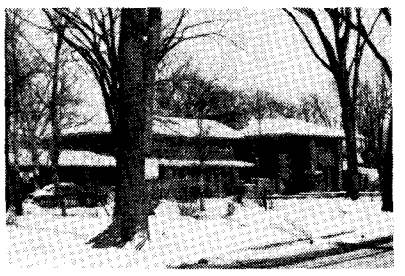
Dear Sirs:

This is the way the author refers to the Darwin Martin house in Buffalo: "Unusually enough for one of Wright's great houses, it has been left vacant and now stands overgrown with weeds."

For your information, my sister and her husband, S. J. Tauriello, a well-known and successful architect, purchased this house in April, 1954. It is a thing of beauty . . . and a show place in this area.

LOUISE E. NOLAN
Buffalo, N.Y.

● *"I owe someone an apology," says Farr. Below, a recent photo of the house.* —ED.



Dear Sirs:

It is good to see that you have considered the tawdry social life of the otherwise admirable Mr. Wright. Many others have avoided it.

JOHN MORRIS
Biloxi, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Does being a genius in some line permit all disregard for common decency? . . . Why not more TUGBOAT ANNIE and less about illegal elopements and dirt?

GEORGE E. BLANCHARD, *Pastor*
St. James Methodist Church
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I see that the articles on Frank Lloyd Wright have come to the point of Wright's elopement with Mamah Borthwick Cheney.

Mamah was the first cousin of my grandfather, Loring C. Borthwick. After the elopement her picture was turned to the wall in his house. She was never mentioned again, as was the custom in self-righteous households, except possibly to note that her fate was well-deserved (they considered).

LOUISE B. BEUTNER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"We Remember"

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for publishing Ernest Hauser's article, THE FRANCISCANS [Dec. 24–31].

In the Catholic islands of the Hebrides, off the northwest coast of Scotland, . . . we remember with gratitude the courageous and devoted Irish Franciscan missionaries who came to these islands in the Seventeenth Century at a time of spiritual starvation and revived the Old Religion, then under the official ban of the Government. For over 300 years the memory of these men has lived here.

J. L. CAMPBELL
Isle of Canna, Scotland

Dear Sirs:

Your article mentioned the Franciscans of the Church of England. Perhaps your readers would be interested to know that there is an Order of St. Francis in the American Episcopal Church. The mother house—called Little Portion—is at Mount Sinai, Long Island. There is a friary, St. Francis Seraphicus House near Avon Park, Fla.

Many people are not aware of the fact that the Episcopal Church has religious orders. All are growing tremendously, especially recently.

THE REV. WALTER E. FRIEMAN JR., *Th.L.*
St. Ambrose's Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

"We Want Equal Rights!"

Dear Sirs:

Thank you, Peter Wyden, for bringing to light the conditions in Texas [THE REVOLT OF TEXAS WOMEN, Jan. 14]. We women are sick and tired of being classified with children and idiots.

MRS. RALPH HOLEMAN
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

This letter is written in protest to the statement made in *The Post* by Lieutenant Governor Ramsey and Senator Lane to the effect that the women of Texas do not want equal legal rights. . . .

We want EQUAL LEGAL RIGHTS!

JULIA H. GILSON
Athens, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I'm plumb disillusioned! I thought Texas men were strong and fearless, men who could outtalk, outfight or outdo any one foolish enough to tackle them. Now I find out they've been hiding behind a bunch of laws that protect them from the womenfolk! Playing poker with a stacked deck. . . .

I've got new respect for the men here in the eastern U.S. They are a heroic lot when you think of them living among the eastern females who have laws guaranteeing and protecting their rights! Only thing that worries me is that some of our men may defect to Texas, now that the truth is known.

NORMA DEARBORN
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

For all my long life I thought Texas men were *men*. They're just the tenderest of tenderfeet, cowering behind a barricade of law. I'll bet Grandma Moses could spank the biggest bully in the state with her left hand, while she painted a pretty snow scene with her right. And to think that fifty years ago I almost fell in love with one of those phonies!

MRS. M. L. CONNELL
Wartrace, Tenn.

P.S. Wouldn't Gilbert and Sullivan have had a field day with that bunch!

Dear Sirs:

If these men, especially politicians, could know the depth of bitterness they provoke. They can't love women, or they would have corrected these situations

(Continued on Page 6)

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Lists for a lot less than it looks... Valiant!

Look at Valiant prices. They start $100 lower than last year. But you wouldn't think so by looking at Valiant! Nothing hand-me-down about its classic lines. And look *under* the style. The peace and quiet of welded one-piece Unibody construction. The glass-smooth ride of Torsion-Aire suspension. A battery-saving alternator. See and drive a low-price Valiant. Stylish. Rugged. Goes like a million.

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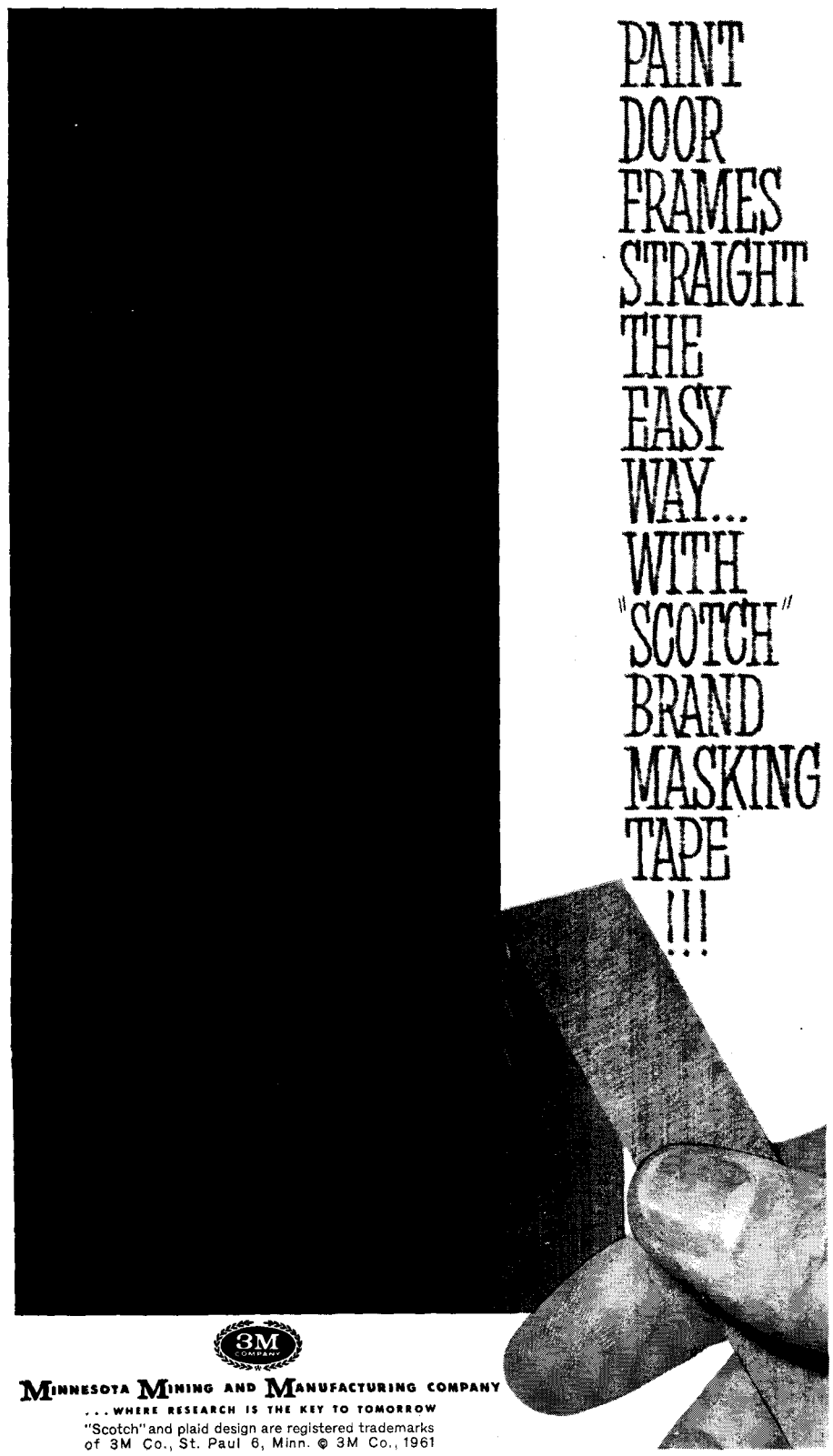

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

long ago themselves. Don't they realize that women don't relish battling men and that most of them would never dream of doing such a thing if something basic weren't being threatened?

MRS. THOMAS B. HERNE
Bishop, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The members of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Lubbock, Texas, wish to thank *The Post* and Peter Wyden for bringing national attention to the case of legal discrimination against women in the State of Texas.

We heartily defend the author's right to use poetic license in his references to us as "girls". Our quest for legal equality has not lessened our appreciation of gallantry!

DEMPSIE ELLER
Lubbock, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

As a Texas woman, I too am indignant over our lack of equality. Why, do you realize that a woman has never been executed in this state? Not one!

Something has got to be done about this.

GEM LOGAN
Orange, Tex.

College in Three Years

Dear Sirs:

Reading your editorial in the Jan. 14 *Post* entitled PITTSBURGH PROVES THAT COLLEGE NEEDN'T TAKE FOUR YEARS, we find that you have made an error in stating that the "University of Pittsburgh is the only school now fully committed to a trimester calendar for undergraduates."

Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, has also been committed to the plan since Feb. 1, 1960, and successfully completed a full year under the trimester arrangement.

RODNEY G. PETERS, *student*
Parsons College
Fairfield, Iowa

● *We regret this omission.—ED.*

Those Itchy Actors

Dear Sirs:

The subtitle for TV's ANGRY YOUNG STAR [by Robert Johnson, Jan. 14] called Steve McQueen "an ex-delinquent." "Delinquent" would be a more appropriate term.

Who can tell what damage this story will do to the teen-agers who literally "eat it up"? They are going to get the idea, if they haven't already done so, that stealing, cheating and irresponsibility are virtues.

MRS. L. P. BRAGG
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for the marvelous article on Steve McQueen. It was very interesting, and I enjoyed reading it tremendously. I am sure that in the future he will become a great star, loved by everyone, even though he does seem rough and tough.

BARBARA HEINRICH, *age 18*
Milwaukee, Wis.

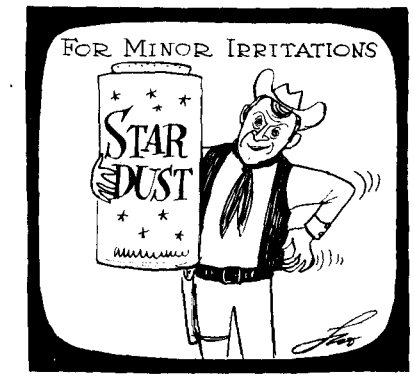
Dear Sirs:

The article did justice to both McQueen and the author, written as it was—truthfully, believably, free from triteness.

COLLEEN FRICHTEL
Latrobe, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

In the article on TV star Steve McQueen your author used the customary sentence, "and when he itches in public,



he scratches." . . . Frankly, I am getting tired of these itchy actors. Is it prickly heat or fleas?

MRS. V. G. COUSINS
Hamilton, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps the less people know about Mr. McQueen the better. It is so easy to be "different" in his sense of the word. As for the unloved childhood bit—phooey. It is worn thin. Let Steve McQueen and others with this complaint try giving love for a change.

E. HULLEY
Freehold, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Steve McQueen may be interested to know he isn't getting through to all his fans.

A few weeks ago I watched my nine-year-old son watching *Wanted—Dead or Alive*. The setting was Old Mexico and, after listening to McQueen's unintelligible mumble for a while, I asked my son Kirk if he understood a single word. *I* couldn't.

He looked at me as if I were not too bright. "Of course not," he said. "You know I can't understand Spanish!"

LEE BJORNSGAARD
Doylestown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The fact that McQueen's TV show is being canceled seems to uphold my opinion of him.

LILLIAN L. ANDERSON
Seattle, Wash.

● *Author Johnson pointed out that McQueen's show might be dropped and, sure enough, it was, on the day our article came out. —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–From S. J. Tauriello. • 13–Ollie Atkins. • 14–Pictorial Parade; three by Ollie Atkins. 15–Ian Berry (Magnum); map by Jacques Fliess. • 16–Lynn Buckham. • 17–Frank Ross. 18–Ormond Gigli. • 19–Philippe Halsman. • 20, 21–Bernard D'Andrea. • 22–Culver; Penguin; Culver. • 23–Frank Ross; John Swope; Culver; Sanford H. Roth (Rapho Guillumette). • 24, 25–Joe DeMers. • 26–Karsh (Pix). • 27–Fred Otnes. • 28–Jacob Lofman. • 30, 31–Ken Riley. • 32, 33–Bill Shrout. • 37–James R. Bingham. • 86–Dorothy Stern; Marshall L. Faber; Frank Ross.

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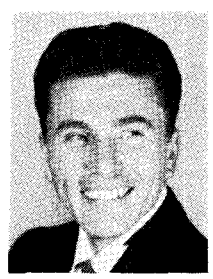
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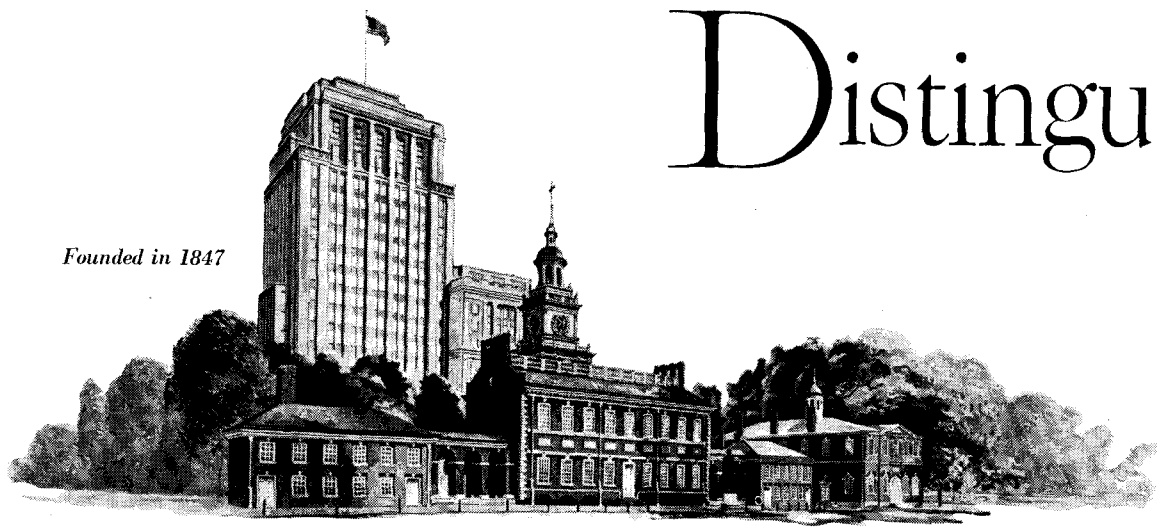

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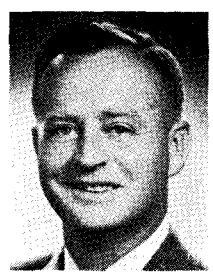
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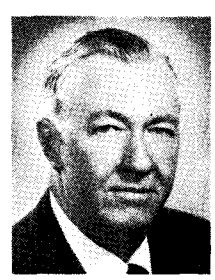
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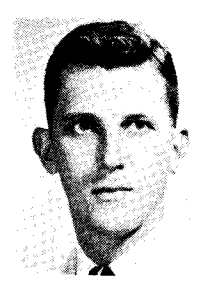
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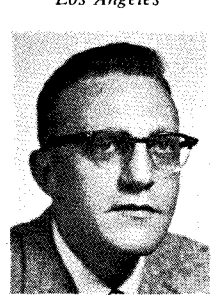
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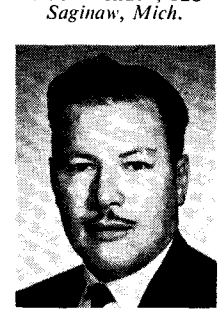
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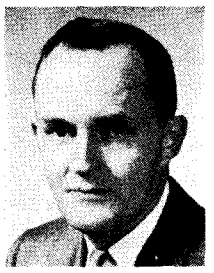
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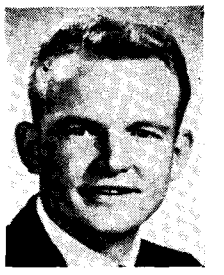
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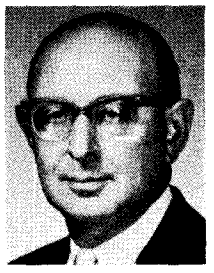
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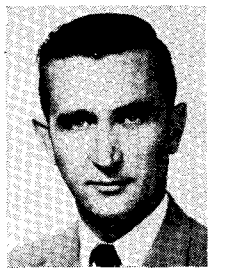
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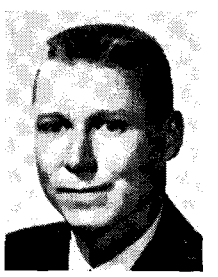
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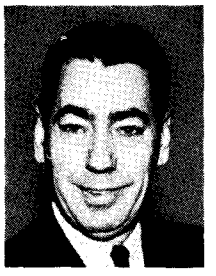
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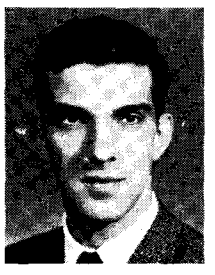
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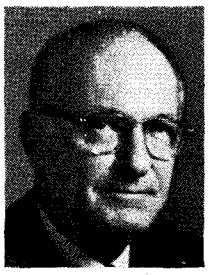
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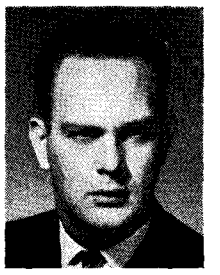
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Editorials

The Freedom Academy Bill Should Pass!

Nowadays many people say, "The problem of how to resist world Communism is so complicated, I just don't know what we should do about it." Yet there is one simple thing that we, collectively, can do about it right now. We can provide training for public officials and others in the nature and purposes of the Communist conspiracy.

A bill to this end has been introduced by three senators—two of them Democrats, Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, and Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, and the other a conservative Republican, Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota. In the House substantially the same bill has been introduced by Rep. Walter Judd (Rep.) of Minnesota and Rep. A. S. Herlong (Dem.) of Florida. Unanimously the Senate Judiciary Committee has approved the bill, calling it "one of the most important ever introduced in the Congress."

It should be adopted in this Congressional session without delay. Its object is to lessen one of our chief weaknesses—our amateurism in the struggle against the enemy's professionals. The statements of many national leaders indicate woeful ignorance in high places.

We don't have amateur military officers. Nor do amateurs manage our huge industries. Yet we have thousands of amateurs who are trying their untrained best to resist the attacks of the highly trained professional Communists. If you wish to know what a professional Communist is, take a look at the No. 1 example—Khrushchev. In his youth he went through Lenin's colleges of Bolshevik leadership.

Against that training system we need one of our own, and therefore Congress should pass the Freedom Academy bill. The President would then appoint a commission of seven members, approved by the Senate. They would establish an advanced training and development center, the Freedom Academy, which would educate leaders about Communism.

Certain Governmental employees and other key men and women, including some from abroad, would be chosen as students. They would be taught something of the know-how that Khrushchev has—the strategy and tactics of political warfare—of influencing and organizing large numbers of people. The 500,000 members of the Teachers Union of Japan are managed by 1500 professional Communists, who give all their time to that work. We have no idea of managing the masses in the same way, but it is important to know the symptoms of Communist mass management—as in the San Francisco rioting at the hearing of a Committee of Congress.

It was estimated in the Senate committee hearings that more than 100,000 Reds from all over the world have been graduated from political colleges and postgraduate universities in the Soviet Union, Red China, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania and other Communist realms. Many a professional Red operator in Cuba and the Congo received training in Moscow, Leningrad, Prague or Peking. Our commission of seven members will have no simple task. On the contrary, the commission must develop complex systems of training to offset the many Communist educational institutions that have decades of experience. And, as time passes, the commission will need vigilance to prevent infiltration by the Communists themselves!

Sixty years ago, when he was only the leader of a small, power-hungry sect, Lenin originated the fundamental organizing rule for sabotaging and conquering Russia and all the world. It was that the party must be as professional and disciplined as an army. It must be staffed by persons who would give to the revolution "not their spare evenings but the whole of their lives." They would be professional revolutionaries. Lenin began organizing such a staff at once. A few years later, while still living outside Russia, he set up three training schools in Italy and France. After the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, thousands of Reds from other countries—including the United States—went to Moscow for years of training in the "Lenin School."

Today one of the chief Communist political universities is the one in Prague, Czechoslovakia. It specializes in teaching Latin Americans how to unsaddle their home governments. Hundreds of Latin Americans have also gone to Red China for training as conflict managers. They learn the niceties of sabotage, propaganda and blackmail.

Some of the ablest American experts on Red strategy testified before the Senate Committee for the Freedom Academy bill. One of them is Prof. Stefan T. Possony, author of a brilliant article in the ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series, published in *The Post* on July 9, 1960, showing how the Communists successfully use a rubber vocabulary to fool us, foster wishful thinking and slow us down while they prepare history's greatest knockout blow. Professor Possony told the Senate committee that the Freedom Academy is urgently needed. We think he is right

Those New Nations Will Need a Few Years to Learn the Ropes

The period since the end of World War II has been marked by a rash of new states attaining independence and the right of their people to try self-government. These have proved to be unmanageable blessings in many cases. The chaos in the Congo, the unrest, revolts and the rise of dictatorships in other areas testify to the trouble these newly freed peoples are having in establishing stable governments. Something essential seems to be lacking. What it is was indicated by Woodrow Wilson in this passage in his *Constitutional Government in the United States*.

> Self-government is not a mere form of institutions, to be had when desired if only the proper pains be taken. It is a form of character. It follows upon the long discipline, which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace and common counsel, and a reverence for law which will not fail when they themselves become the makers of law.

Irving Kristol, writing in the English magazine *Encounter*, deplores the fact that we measure Africa's prospects for democracy in terms of economic growth, loyalty of armed forces and number of schools, but "never inquire whether the people display those particular dispositions of mind and character that make popular government workable." Edmund Burke pretty well defined those "dispositions" in this sentence: "Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains on their appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption."

This is a stiff standard for any society, however sophisticated, to achieve. Even our own population occasionally permits its appetites to come close to loosing their moral chains. As current events in Africa make plain, it may take a long time for our new fellow United Nations members to acquire Mr. Kristol's recommended "reliance on common reason as the dominant human motive, as against superstition or passion." Patience, another indispensable ingredient of successful popular rule, is called for on the part of the onlookers. However, the effort by "anticolonial" fanatics to spread the idea that these new countries are "democracies," fully equipped with a free press and a bill of rights, can only result in disillusion.

The traditional American sympathy with peoples who want to be free is dimmed by the danger of Communist subversion. Our economic and technical-aid programs reflect our sympathy and interest. Such programs unquestionably have value, but they are no guaranty that the responsibilities of self-government will be met. People get only the kind of order, system and set of conditions that they have the capacity to institute and maintain.

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Touch a snow-white handkerchief to dust catchers like this and see how clean Electric House Heating can be

Look how clean flameless electric house heating keeps the modern home

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And there are other comments, too. Eagerly, people volunteer such information as, "There just aren't any cold drafts or hot blasts." "We've never felt so completely comfortable." "It's amazing—there's just no maintenance to pay for or worry about."

Clean, even electric house heating is well worth your looking into. Over and above providing you with comfort and convenience beyond your fondest dreams, it has the practical advantage of enhancing the value of your home. Modern today, it will be just as modern in your children's time.

Give careful thought to electric house heating. If you're planning to build, buy or modernize, talk over electric house heating with your local Electric Utility.

For brief, factual information on basic methods of modern electric house heating, look carefully at the diagrams below.

Flameless Electric House Heating is so clean . . .
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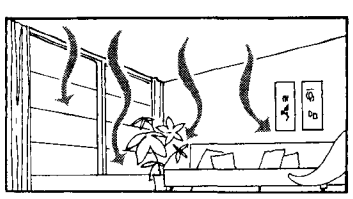
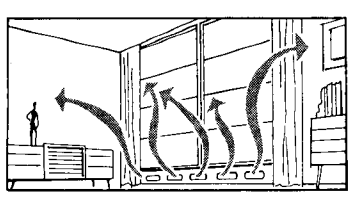
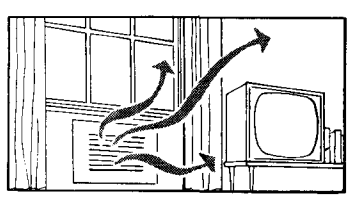


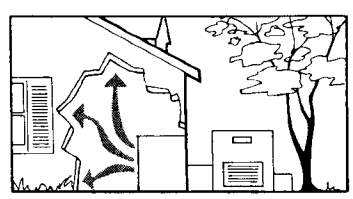
Ceiling cable heat is invisible. Wires less than ⅛" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



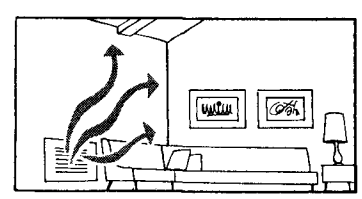
Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.



Wall panel heaters have heating coils behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



Heat pump heats in winter, cools in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year 'round temperature.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning.

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New Sylvania TV reflects nothing but quality!

Ordinary TV reflects light from lamps, windows, interiors—this makes the picture hard to watch.

New Sylvania TV reflects nothing but quality. Gives you a clear reflection-free picture every time.

. . . in new Reflection-Free Picture

Gone are the glassy reflections that clutter the screen on ordinary TV. On new Sylvania TV you see the whole picture and nothing but the picture, thanks to the "satin finish" of Sylvania shatterproof safety screen.*

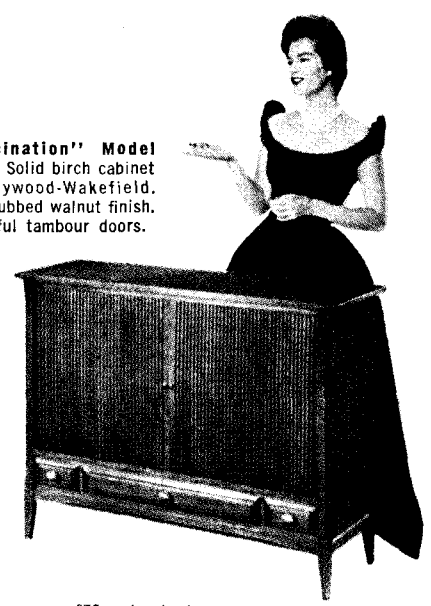
. . . in new Woodblend HaloLight®

This exclusive "picture frame" of cool white light makes viewing so much easier and more enjoyable. When the set is off, HaloLight turns off and changes to a warm beige woodtone that blends with the cabinet.

. . . in Handsome Hardwood Cabinets

Shown here is the new "Fascination" console by Heywood-Wakefield. It typifies the grace and good taste you'll find in all Sylvania TV. See Sylvania Reflection-Free TV in 23"† and 19"‡ models at your dealer's.

**Every Sylvania TV features the famous Silver Screen 85 TV picture tube.*



"Fascination" Model 23C38. Solid birch cabinet by Heywood-Wakefield. Hand-rubbed walnut finish. Beautiful tambour doors.

†Diag. meas., 275 sq. in. viewing area
‡Diag. meas., 174 sq. in. viewing area

Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, N.Y.

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The Saturday Evening POST
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Will AFRICA Go Communist?

By STEWART ALSOP

How deeply have the Reds penetrated the frenzied politics of the Congo and other new African "nations"? Have we lost out with a do-nothing policy? A *Post* editor reports from the scene.

Nigeria: Alsop with Chief Awolowo, who lost votes when he campaigned with "a great bird," a helicopter.

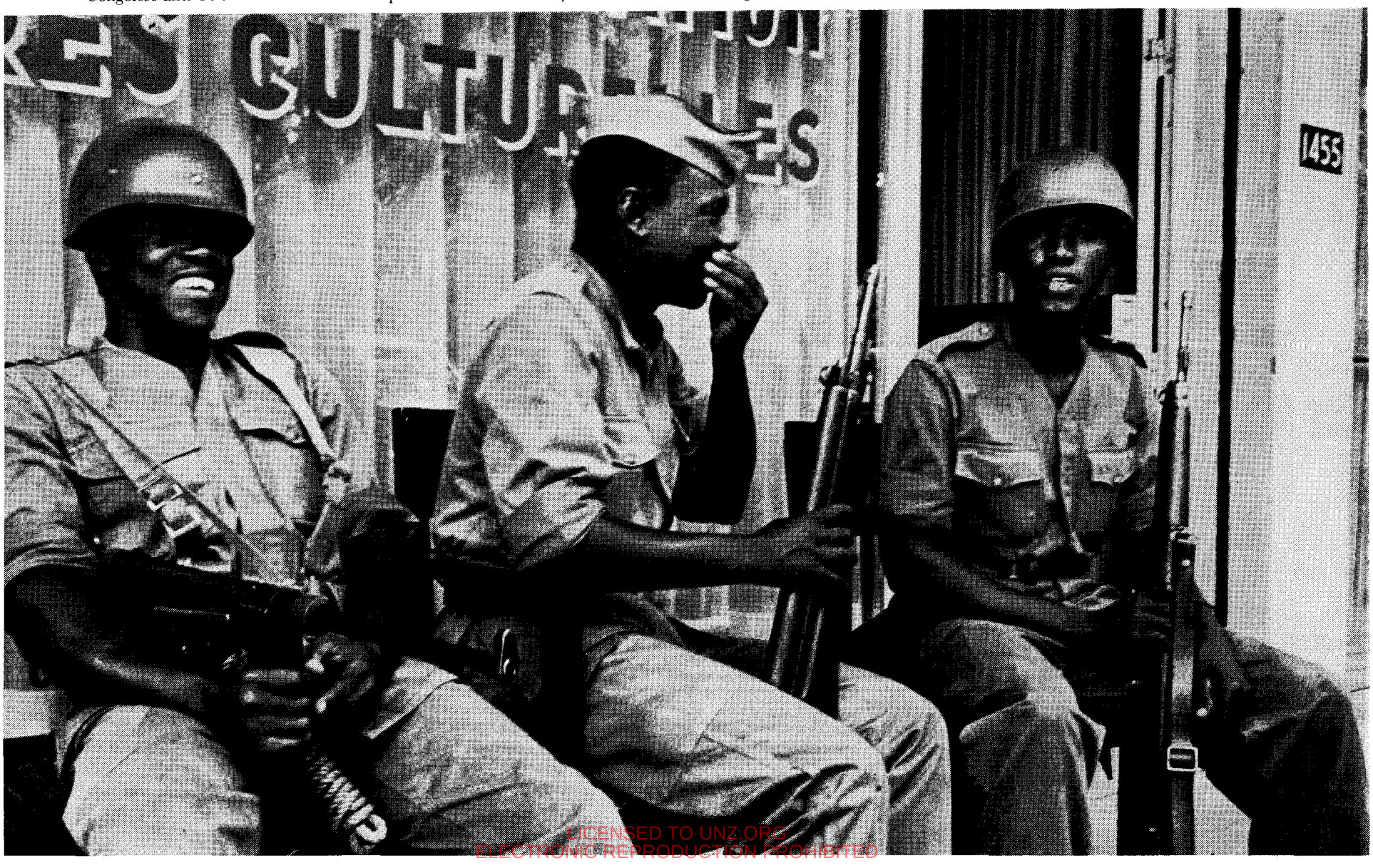
It is tempting to start this report on a long journey of inquiry through Africa by recalling some of the more startling and bizarre sidelights on African politics which were encountered along the way.

For example, the last chief of state I met on my travels was the president of one of the little countries which have emerged from former French West Africa. When his country was under French rule, the distinguished president of this now sovereign nation spent a stretch in jail for selling his mother-in-law into slavery. Or there was the high official of the Katanga Government, who was impeccably dressed, spoke elegant French and hated all white men. The reason, I was told, was that a couple of years ago his aged father had got into trouble with the Belgians for eating a small child in a vain attempt to regain his youth.

Aside from being startling, such episodes have a perfectly serious meaning. For it is easy for Americans to forget that Africa south of the Sahara is only a generation or so removed from the prehistoric past—literally prehistoric, since there was no writing and thus no written history. The witchcraft, slavery, cannibalism and tribalism which marked that recent, unrecorded past still strongly color the political present. Thus the worst mistake we in the West can make is to see Africa through western eyes, to judge Africa by western standards.

There are other ways in which a report on Africa might well begin. For example, there is the unforgettable contrast between Lagos,

Congolese anti-Communist soldiers in Léopoldville. The author says the anti-Communist regime here has been hamstrung by UN policy in the Congo.



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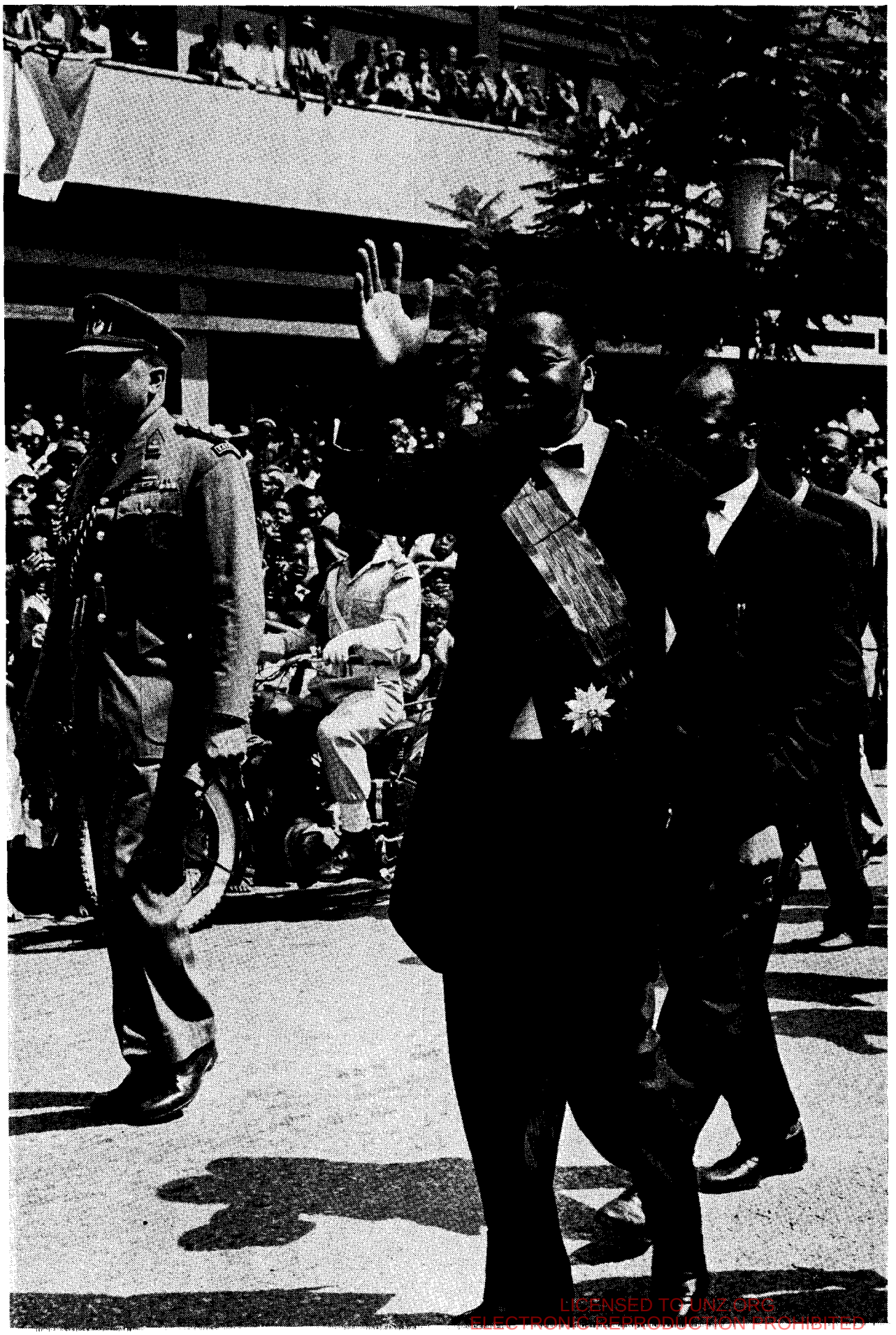
capital city of Nigeria, the biggest black African state, and Johannesburg, chief city of the white-dominated Union of South Africa. Johannesburg is a prosperous city, blessed with a climate to make a Californian green with envy. Lagos is a hideously ugly city, filled with bad smells, and not long ago it was known as "the white man's grave," since white men rarely survived there more than six months. But Lagos today is a city of hope. Johannesburg is a city of hate and fear, and it may one day prove the grave of many more white men than ever died in Lagos. This contrast also has a serious meaning.

But I think instead that I shall begin this report on a trip of more than 19,000 miles unconventionally—and against all the best rules of reporting—by listing certain conclusions I reached during my African travels. They are:

First, the talk we heard a little while ago about "keeping the cold war out of Africa" is blithering nonsense. The Communist bloc is now making a determined, carefully planned play for power throughout Africa. The only real question is whether we should let the Communists win the African cold war by default, or whether we should try seriously to meet the Communist challenge in Africa.

Elisabethville: Moise Tshombe on parade. He is the leader of a secessionist anti-Communist regime in the Congo.



Lumumba used bribery, among other means, to become "democratically elected" premier of the Congo. Ousted by the anti-Reds, he may be on his way back.

Gen. Joseph Mobutu, head of the Congolese army. Last September he led the forces that expelled Lumumba; now his own position is in jeopardy.

Rajeshwar Dayal, UN representative to the Congo. Although the UN recognized Kasavubu, Dayal has been in conflict with the Kasavubu-Mobutu regime.

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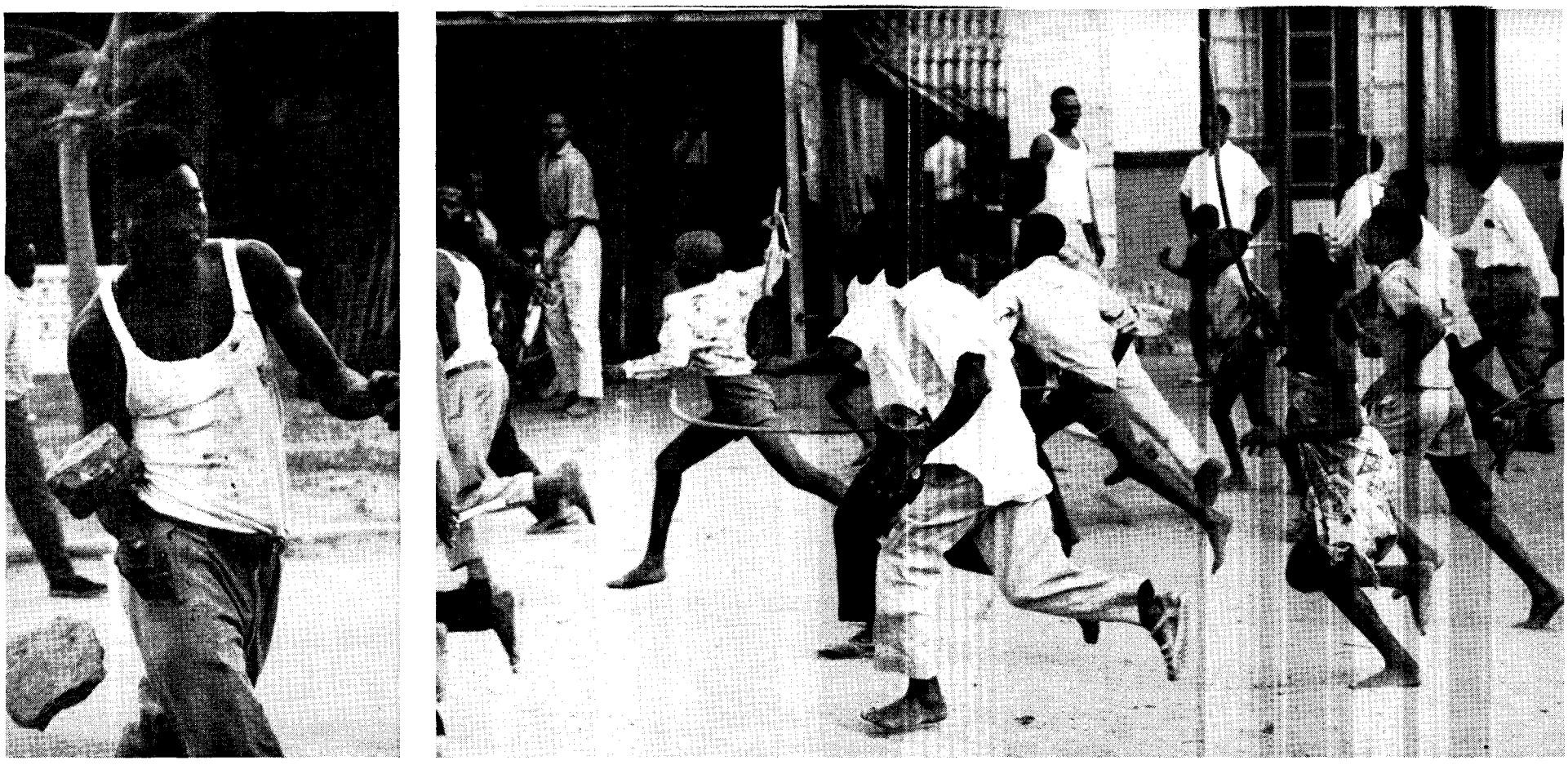


At left, a man runs for his life. The mob (right) stoning him are rival tribesmen. This incident took place on "Crazy Sunday"—July 3, 1960—when Léopoldville ran amuck in the unsettled days after the Congo became independent from Belgium.

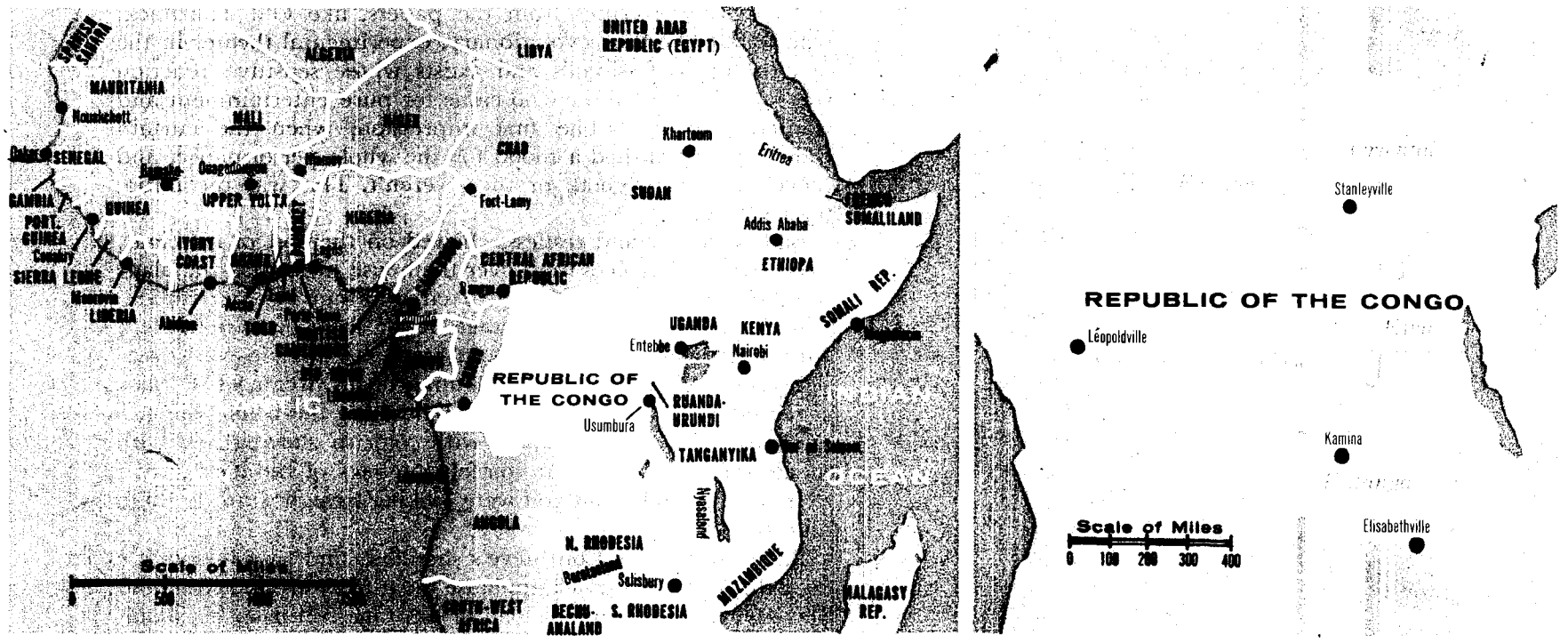
Second, if we are to meet the challenge successfully, we must try to see Africa as it is, rather than in terms of time-hallowed clichés and liberal slogans. If we insist on maundering on about "democracy" where there is none, if we try to substitute noble phrases about "supporting the United Nations" for an effective American policy, and if we attempt to convince the Africans of our noble intentions by kicking our European allies in the teeth, then we certainly will not meet the challenge.

Finally if we base our policies on the realities instead of on noble clichés, the position of the United States and of the West in Africa south of the Sahara is very far from hopeless. Indeed, throughout most of Africa, if we of the West have any sense and any guts, the odds are all in our favor. That is true even in the Congo.

As for the first of these three conclusions, surely no sensible man doubts that the cold war has come to Africa. Last November, in my first week in Africa, to cite one example, no less than six distinct Communist-bloc missions descended on Bamako, capital of the Mali Republic. (Interestingly enough, the Russians and the Chinese Communists, although crowded into the same small hotel, never exchanged a word or a nod.) Low-interest loans, guns and planes, heavy equipment, sports stadiums, jet runways, scholarships, "dash" (African for bribes) for important politicians and jewels for their mistresses—these are a few of the weapons with which the Communist bloc is fighting the African cold war.

The Congo is, of course, the heart of the African cold war. That is one reason why this first report on Africa will center on the Congo. Another reason is that I found in the Congo one of those queer, unexpected, little-understood situations which a wandering reporter comes across once in a blue moon. The moral to be drawn from this odd situation was once neatly summed up by Mr. Leo Durocher: "Nice guys finish last."

Those who hoped to "keep the cold war out of Africa" pinned their hopes on the UN force which was sent to the Congo after the Congolese army revolted. But the Soviets very quickly made it clear that they had no intention at all of being nice guys about the Congo. They by-passed the UN to (Continued on Page 69)



The six provinces (see map at right) established by the Belgians during their rule over the Congo are meaningless to the Congolese. Here the only realities are political divisions based on tribal loyalties—and hatreds.

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We live in two different worlds, she thought, as she watched the small yellow leaf sailing under the bridge.

He was too wrapped up in himself to hear how

Softly Speaks the Heart

By NORMA PATTERSON

Steve Lindsley stood at the back of the empty theater with the director, Phil Baden. He could imagine—because this business was 90 per cent imagination—people in the arc of empty seats. A first-night crowd, even in a workshop theater, is decidedly critical, hard to convince. There would be the Board of Directors—from whence cometh our bread—and the subscribers; critics from the papers, like Old Hardtack, who didn't like this revolutionary, experimental theater in the first place; professionals and artists whose sensitive reaction was a gauge; and those who came for pure entertainment and wanted just that. The first impression, when the curtain rolled up, established a mood for the whole performance, and Steve's sets were good, or they weren't. This was the initial try with lights.

Baden, stocky and restless, chewed on the end of his cigar, and the hum of voices from over the house hushed as the place went dark. The beautiful lamé circular curtain parted and drew back on a totally dark stage. Rock, from his aerie up left, cut a thin beam downward, and Steve saw his old-world seaside fishing village assume something of his dream of it. Back of the village, back and up and silhouetting the whole thing, a space of sky was slowly filling with color so glowing and with such a sense of depth that you felt the back of the theater had been knocked out, and you were looking straight into the high blue yonder.

Baden put a hand on Steve's shoulder, and that was praise enough. A wave of quick applause burst from around him, and Steve felt the tremendous load of Act One roll from his shoulders. Now for Act Two. (Continued on Page 52)

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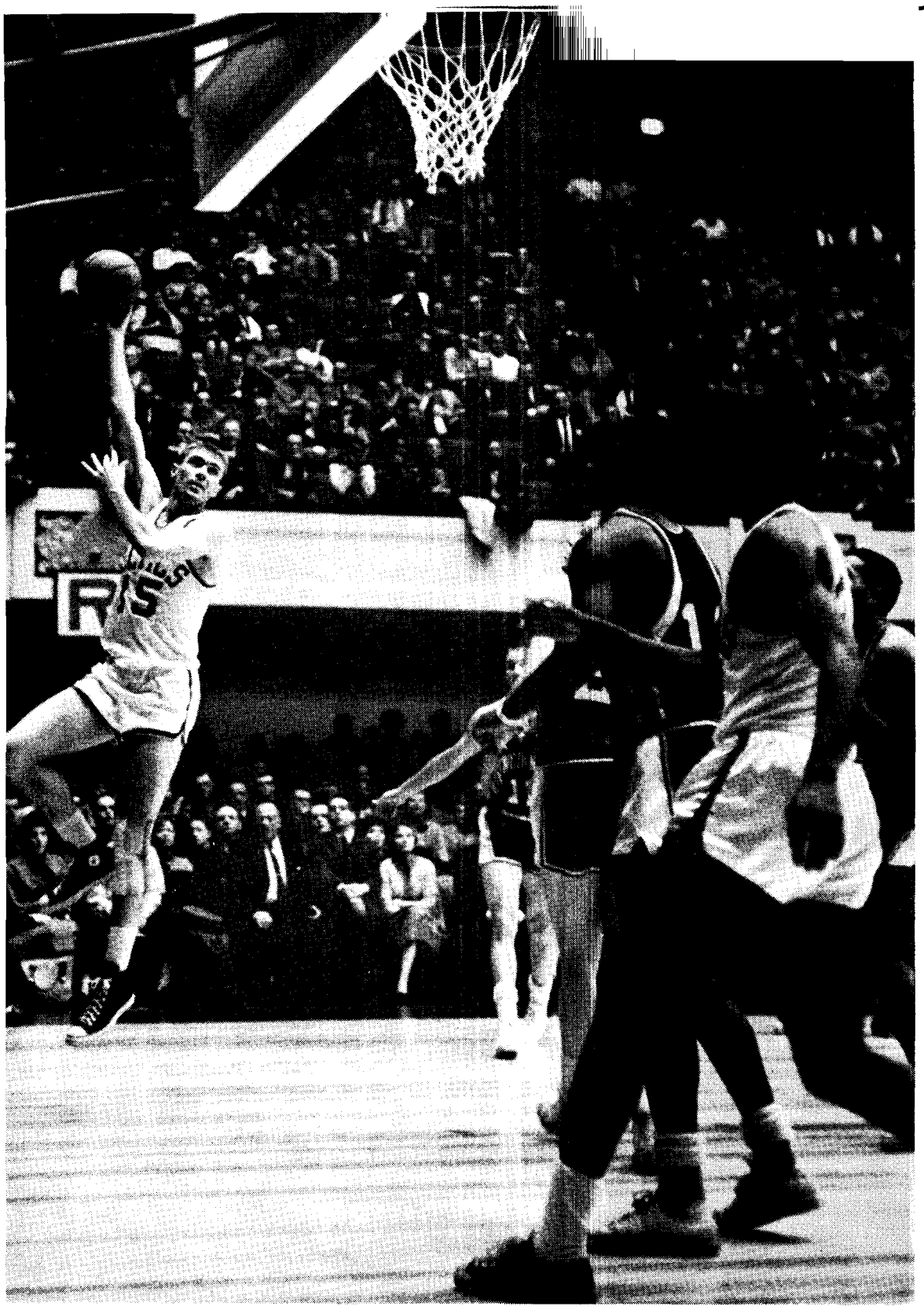

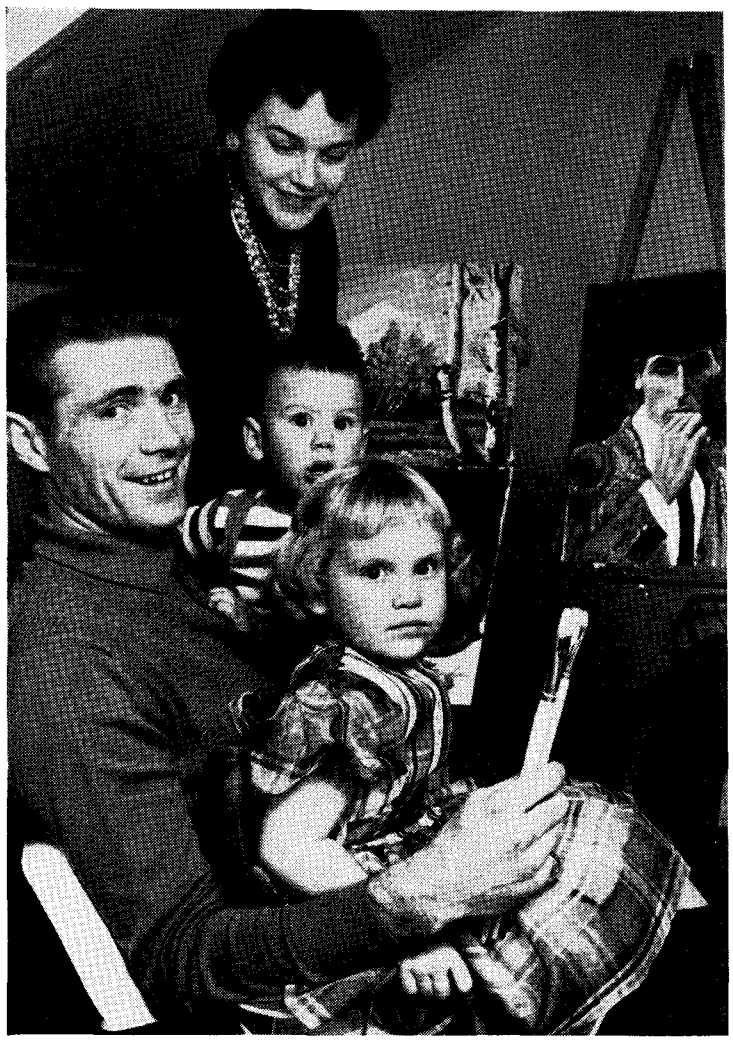

The Heinsohns at home in Worcester, Mass. With Tom here are his wife, Dianne; son, Paul, 13 months; and three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Donna-Marie. A capable artist, Heinsohn frequently works in charcoal, pastels or oils in this attic studio.

Left: Heinsohn taking a long hook shot during a recent game against Cincinnati at Philadelphia's Convention Hall. He scored 20 points, but Boston lost, 118–115.

Pro Basketball's Unsung Sharpshooter

Rugged Tommy Heinsohn is the leading scorer of the world-champion Boston Celtics. But most of the time he has to play in the lengthy shadows of his more spectacular teammates.

By DANIEL KNAPP

Recently a reporter asked five basketball fans this question: "Who was the leading scorer for the world-champion Boston Celtics last season?" Three thought it was Bob Cousy, Boston's ball-handling Merlin, who is generally considered the best player, inch-for-inch, of all time. A fourth named Cousy's partner, Bill Sharman, the choice of most experts as the finest shooter in the game. The other fan ventured hesitantly that it might be six-foot-nine-inch Bill Russell, Boston's rebounding and defensive giant. None of the answers was surprising—but all of them were wrong.

When Boston won its third National Basketball Association championship in four years last season, the Celtics' high scorer was Tommy Heinsohn, a six-foot-seven-inch, 220-pound forward, or corner man. He led them during the regular season with an average of 21.7 points per game and during the championship play-offs with a 21.8 average. This season he is the Celtics' top scorer again.

Yet Tom Heinsohn has never been picked for the all-N.B.A. team, and only once up to this year has he made the Eastern squad for the annual midseason All-Star Game. (Last month Heinsohn was selected for the All-Star game for the second (Continued on Page 83)

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THE WOMEI OF AMERIC/

By TONI HOWARD

PARIS.

For two centuries now French and American women have entertained a healthy curiosity about each other, most of it, I suspect, nurtured by men. From Lafayette and Benjamin Franklin to the millions of G.I.'s who fought and frolicked across France during two world wars, French and American men have shown no hesitation at all about discussing each other's women—in front of their own. Americans have come back from France saying, "Oh, those dolls!" And Frenchmen have returned from a trip to the States commenting coldly, "If you had to do without servants, as the American woman does!"

There have also from time to time been signs of jealousy—this, too, I suspect stimulated by men. Female anatomies have been compared in detail, and movie box-office receipts, and the ability to whip up a decent soufflé or add that *je ne sais quoi* to a costume. I have even heard some heated masculine discussion of the comparative prowess of *Américaine* and *Française* in that tenderest of all games, the game of love.

The American woman tends to regard being a woman as something to be overcome, something to be compensated for.

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In spite of her freedom, the American wife is often much less happy than her unemancipated French counterpart. So who's really better off?

. AND

FRANCE

Knowing what notoriously poor reporters men are on the subject of women, French and American women should never have let this sort of talk get under their skins. Yet that's exactly what they have done. Not only have they let it get under their skins, but they have let it irritate them into a rash of allergic admiration which is part envy, part misconception. In simple self-defense both females have set up the same howl of protest: "If I were in *her* place!"

Today the Frenchwoman's image of her American sister is of a cool, efficient creature whose push-button gadgetry allows her to spend her entire time popping in and out of department stores and supermarkets. The American woman's image of her French counterpart is of a frivolous creature whose sexual propensities and Dior clothes allow her to spend her entire time popping in and out of love affairs. Each is convinced the other is unconscionably spoiled, both by her men and by society in general. Each is convinced the other has it made.

As an American woman who has lived twelve years in France and has traveled back and forth annually between the two countries, I have been so closely questioned by both (Continued on Page 61)

In France, being a woman
is not just an accident of birth,
something you can't help;
it is a lifelong career.

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By
RICHARD
STERN

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

THE MISSILE MURDERER

One scientist's life w

They were five in the car leaving the airport, and the sense of disappointment, of failure, lay unspoken among them. Martin Holmes, driving, thought, *We were so sure this time!* And it was almost as if he were again at the launching site, a continent away, with the missile beginning its blasting roar, its slow, reluctant rise, faster, faster—until the wavering began, the oscillations faint at first, but growing with each swinging movement of the sleek body; and he standing, all of them standing, helpless, impotent, watching until the inevitable could no longer be postponed, the button pushed, the circuit completed, the explosives within the bird set off. The pieces that fell harmlessly into the water had resembled nothing. *Pieces of failure.* Dull, bitter thought. And how many failures were allowed?

From the rear seat in the darkness Pete Carter said, "Smog. There'll be fog in the valley. Altogether a fine New Year's Eve, no?"

There was fog in the valley, thick, impenetrable. The factory lights were faint, and the guard at the gate was an indistinct blur. The three men in the rear got out. Ross Sommers, the courier with his mail sacks of tape recordings, walked through the gate without waiting. Martin said to Carter, "Do you want me, Pete? Do you think you need me?"

And Carter shook his head. "Not until we reduce the data and see what we've got." He smiled faintly, sardonic. "Happy New Year."

Schmidt could see Ross's body through the porthole at the bottom of the missile test tank.

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Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

Martin drove the fourth man to his house. Through the picture window Christmas-tree lights gleamed; a spotlight picked up the wreath on the door. The man, whose name was Wolfgang Schmidt, said, "We keep the decorations intact until tomorrow." His English was good, only faintly guttural. "Karle and I try to conform to local custom."

"Sure," Martin said. *Strangers in a strange land, trying hard.*

Schmidt said, "I do not like it, Martin." And it was clear that he spoke no longer of the decorations. "Another failure ——"

"They happen, Wolf." The dull bitterness remained like an ache.

"No," Schmidt said. "This is different." There was a new quality in his voice now, a quiet intensity. "I have seen it before in—another place. After too many failures on a project such as this, then the search begins—do you understand me, Martin?—the search not merely for mistakes but for someone who may have been causing them."

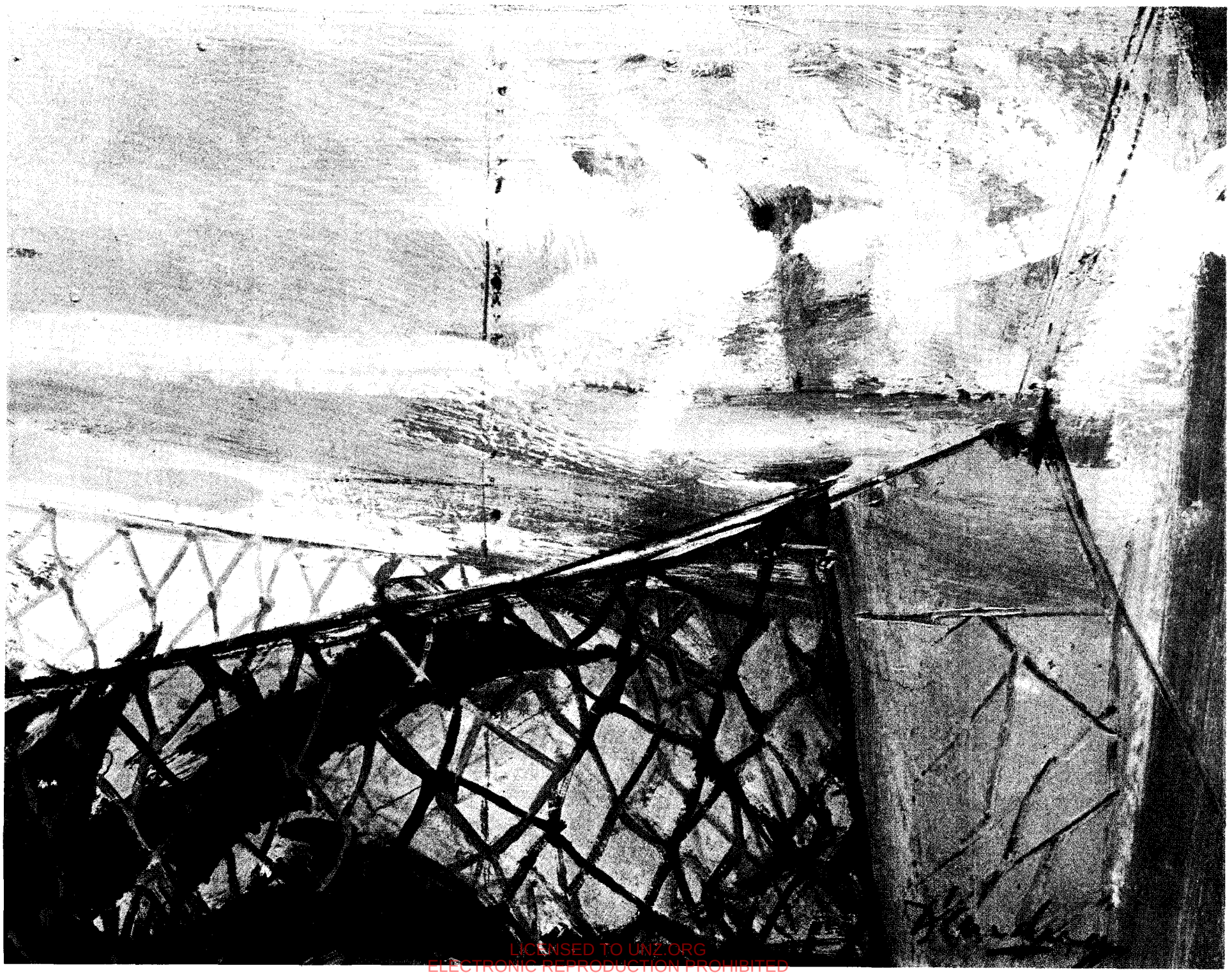
"That's silly," Martin said, his voice sharp, almost angry.

"I will get my suitcase," Schmidt said. And then he was back again at the car window, and his voice, still quiet, had lost none of its strange intensity. "I do not know what caused this failure. You may believe that. Listen to me, Martin. You are a good boss. You have been kind to me, a foreigner. I should not like to see you come to trouble because of me, if, as I think, the search will now begin."

Martin stared at the face, tried to search it. He forced down the sharpness, the almost anger that was in his mind. "You're tired, Wolf. We're all (Continued on Page 55)

"Start at the beginning," she said.
"Something went wrong with the missile?"

›nly a small stake in the deadly game this killer-spy played.



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JAMES STEWART: PART TWO

How I Became an Actor

He tells of his Pennsylvania boyhood, his years at Princeton and the events that led to his debut on Broadway.

By JAMES STEWART
as told to Pete Martin

Jim (left), Josh Logan (center) and Marshal Dana (now a paper-company executive) in a 1932 Triangle Club show. Jim was then studying architecture.

At the start of my professional career, when I was a little-known actor on the Broadway stage, no one was curious about my family background. All that changed after I became a movie star. Strangers passing through my home town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, began to drop into the Stewart Hardware Store to stare at my dad and exclaim, "So you're Jimmy's father!"

This fatuous remark, constantly repeated, got under dad's skin. His strong sense of personal dignity tempted him to retort sharply, but his equally strong sense of humor forbade pomposity. Dad finally solved his problem with the unwitting help of an elderly handy man named Andy.

Andy did odd jobs around the store—stoking the furnace, sweeping out, weighing tenpenny nails. But mostly he could be found way in the back, dozing in a chair alongside the potbellied stove. When dad had all the "so you're Jimmy's father" he could take, he would escort his visitor back to the stove where Andy was sleeping. "There he is," dad would say. "A sad case. We try not to wake him too often."

If movie audiences think of me as a small-town American boy, born of God-fearing parents who were endowed with a sense of humor, they are right. My parents, Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart, were deeply religious, and both had a saving sense of humor. And I certainly grew up in a small town; in 1908, when I was born, Indiana, Pennsylvania, had fewer than 6000 inhabitants.

My earliest memories of childhood are flavored by the delicious smells given off by my dad's hardware store. There were many odors, but I wasn't particular. I liked them all—the dry smell of coiled rope, the sweet smells of linseed oil and baseball gloves, the faintly acid tang of open nail kegs. I've been told that when I ran away from home, at age three or four, I went directly to the store.

With Marlene Dietrich in the 1939 movie *Destry Rides Again.* By this time he was an established, four-year veteran of Hollywood and had stopped worrying about being skinny.

1940: *The Philadelphia Story*, with Katharine Hepburn, brought Jim, then thirty-two years old, his second Academy-award nomination. This time he won the Oscar.

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I don't remember that, but I do remember George Little, who was in charge of cutting window glass, threading pipe and making keys. He worked in the basement, and I loved to watch him. I remember the zip of his glass cutter, the tapping and the *Ping!* as a perfectly cut piece broke away from the big glistening sheet. And there was a knife counter, and rows of push-it-yourself lawn mowers; and later, when automobiles became common, there was a special department for tires, batteries, jacks, and horns that went *Aah-oogah.*

When I was eight years old, dad let me work in the store part time; he had to, because I was running away from home to the store all the time. Years later, in 1927, when I was away at Mercersburg Academy, the store burned to the ground. Only its walls were left standing. Insurance covered only part of the loss, but dad put on a new roof and repaired the interior and bought new stock, making up in courage and determination what he lacked in ready cash.

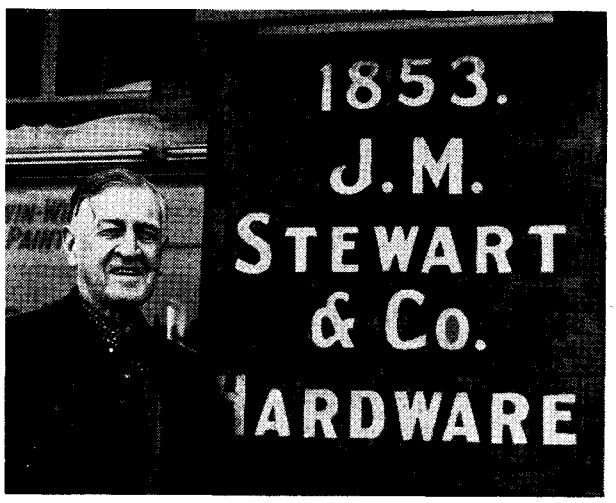
My father is a big, demanding, stubborn man of Scotch-Irish stock. His surname is Scotch, of course, but there was a Kelly in his family, and Kelly blood dominates him. A writer who interviewed me some time ago later wrote: "I've never met Jimmy's dad, but he must have a sane, solid, American way of sorting his thoughts mentally before spilling them verbally. Jimmy talks that way. I figure he inherited that from his father. He seems to think before he talks."

I do think before I speak. Perhaps I think more slowly than most men. I do know that my mental processes are not lightning fast. That's why I'm no good at card games, and why it takes me such a long time to memorize my lines. But that interviewer was wrong about one thing. If I speak slowly and deliberately, I'm following my mother's style, not my dad's.

My mother was the most tolerant and understanding of women. She not only forgave me when I was bad, she forgave faults in everybody else. Music meant a lot to her; she played the piano and she played the organ in church too. She was so close to her family that we took the place of friends. As far as I know, she had only two or three close women friends. She wasn't a clubwoman type; and while she loved to play bridge, she didn't belong to a bridge club.

I can honestly say that she never did anything to embarrass me as a boy, although small boys embarrass easily. No one doubted she was going to get into heaven.

In our family dad took care of disciplining me and my two sisters, Mary Wilson Stewart and Virginia Kelly Stewart. (Both are younger than I am, both are married now, and neither of them lives in Indiana, Pennsylvania.) The discipline we got from dad was not harsh at all. I was never afraid of him the way some boys are scared of their fathers. When I became involved in what he called my projects, he went along with me enthusiastically. Before I was ten I started making my own crystal radio set by unwinding and winding loose couplers on oatmeal boxes. On this (Continued on Page 77)



The actor's 87-year-old father, Alexander Stewart, still runs a hardware store in Indiana, Pa. Dad wants to have the store ready for Jim if he ever needs "real work."

Grace Kelly, his costar in *Rear Window* in 1954, represented a new generation of leading ladies for the ever-popular Stewart.

Jim and Doris Day during filming of *The Man Who Knew Too Much.* In this 1956 mystery he played a doctor.

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THE SPELL OF INISHMORE

By VIVIAN CONNELL

Their brief brush with enchantment was remembered for a lifetime.

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It was my first time in Washington, and the trees looked cool and green along the summer day The moment I was installed in my hotel room, I called John Andover at the private number he had given me last fall in Europe. A girl with music in her voice came on the line.

"My father is not home. I am sorry. Will you please say your name again."

"Conal O'Shane."

"Oh—Mr. O'Shane. Please hold on a minute. I think my mother is at home."

Then I heard a voice of the same quality, but not so young. "Mr. O'Shane? This is Mary Andover. John has talked so much about you. Listen, I am just going out to get my hair done. I should be back at half-past five. Can you come round then and have tea? John is not in Washington today. But I'll tell you all that when I see you."

I had met John Andover in Geneva. I was writing a novel, and he was representing the United States at that prolonged conference on war or peace, with East and West at the table. We found we both had started our lives farming, and on the long evenings over the lake we discussed the land and horses and compared the country lore of his own New England and my native Ireland. By the time he went home to Washington we had become close friends. And indeed it was mainly to see John again that I had come to Washington.

It was a small house for a Mr. Secretary, and it lay back from a green avenue and was as quiet as a nook in the country. There was a bell at the side and an old brass knocker on the door. From old habit in Ireland, where there is seldom a bell on a country house, I used the knocker, and the door was opened in an instant. A girl with dark hair and Atlantic-blue eyes, and wearing a pretty, white apron, opened the door with a smile and then laughed. I gave my name, and she blushed as she explained her laughing.

"I never heard the knocker used before, Mr. O'Shane. That is why I am laughing."

"Ah, I'm a country boy, and I can't get used to bells. And where do you come from?"

"From Scotland. I only came over in the spring. Oh, come in, and welcome. Miss Cathleen is waiting on you."

It was a cozy room, with their own furniture from home in New England, and the girl who was looking at pictures in a book got up with a warm smile.

"Mr. O'Shane . . . Miss Cathleen " She paused. "The scones are all piping hot, and can I bring in the tea now?"

"Yes, thank you, Sheila " Cathleen signed me to a chair. "I hope you like scones as made in Scotland, Mr. O'Shane. My mother called from the hairdresser she will be a little late."

Cathleen was a very beautiful girl, with gray eyes that turned blue when she stood in the light of the window. I had a strange feeling that I had seen her before, but her father had not shown me her picture. John did not need to carry pictures to remind him of his family. They all seemed to be with (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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The Failure of the Business Schools

William Benton made history in the advertising world as the young cofounder of the Benton & Bowles agency. In 1936, at the age of thirty-six, he retired to pursue an equally distinguished career in public service.

By WILLIAM BENTON as told to Stanley Frank

The author—a fabulously successful businessman himself—condemns the narrow specialization of undergraduate business courses and calls for greater emphasis on liberal arts.

When I was a student at Yale forty years ago, I specialized in a mishmash labeled "Finance"—to my everlasting regret. My college experience was devastated by snap courses that had as much intellectual meat as a comic strip, and I'm depressed to see our largest group of undergraduates today falling into the identical trap. One of every five male students is majoring in business administration today, hoping to progress eventually to a top-level executive job. The blunt truth is that these programs too often are a waste—of time, money and the priceless opportunity to prepare for successful careers.

With few exceptions, the 587 colleges offering business degrees teach routine vocational skills which can be acquired better and faster on the job. Their "surveys of management techniques" are merely grab bags of information rather than analyses of basic principles that are the hard core of genuine knowledge. Too often their information has only transient value. It is made obsolescent overnight by scientific and social advances affecting every phase of business from production methods to the psychology of packaging frozen fish.

The public's direct stake in the caliber of business education is wrapped up in one sobering thought—the youngsters in college now will be operating America's vast industrial complex in A.D. 2000, making decisions vital for promoting our dynamic economy. The tripe I took at Yale in 1921 had about as much relevance to the present business scene as archery has to missiles. We never heard of, much less studied, such current complications as the impact of taxes on corporate planning, cost-plus government contracts, pension plans, motivation research and automation. The next forty years are certain to bring problems imposing even greater demands on a businessman's judgment and scope of knowledge.

The most shameful part of the situation is that colleges supposed to provide guidance for the future are shortchanging youngsters—and their parents who foot the bills. Virtually all top business leaders agree a solid background in the liberal arts is the best preparation to cope with the barrage of new ideas constantly clamoring for an executive's consideration. A liberal-arts curriculum in a good school cuts superficiality to the bone and requires concentrated doses of English, mathematics, the natural sciences, history, psychology, economics and the humanities. Sure, it's tough, but tough subjects that tax a student's capabilities develop the mental discipline and reasoning powers that can be projected to areas beyond a man's immediate experience.

It is not the function of an institution of higher learning to train a student for his first (Continued on Page 73)

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"He kin never work the lever as fast as I can pull the trigger of my forty-five," Zip said.

YESTERDAY'S JUSTICE

There was only one way to deal with a rustler...

By GEORGE BYRAM

At conversational distance my dad can see as well as any man, but at a hundred yards he can't tell a white-faced calf from a cactus blossom. If he could, this story would have ended sooner and differently.

Dad's name is Fred Zipson, but everybody—including me—calls him Zip. He was fifty-five when I was born, and I was twenty last summer. He is as capable and self-reliant—excepting vision—as he was fifty-seven years ago, when he settled this part of Wyoming. He has never taken a dime's worth of Government aid in the bad times, and in the good times he has put all the profit back into the ranch to keep from paying income tax. Today the ranch includes thirty-six sections of plains and mountains, and Zip runs it in the old way, with good men on good horses. I'm not bragging when I say I had to make the grade the same as any other hand.

I admire Zip, but I might as well admit we don't get along too well. It's that we grew up in different eras. I can best explain by pointing out that when I was seventeen and my mother lay dying, she didn't tell Zip to keep me out of trouble; she told *me* to keep Zip out of trouble. I knew I wasn't succeeding too well long before that morning on Horseshoe Ridge when Zip handed me the rifle and told me to shoot that "damned rustler!"

(Continued on Page 66)

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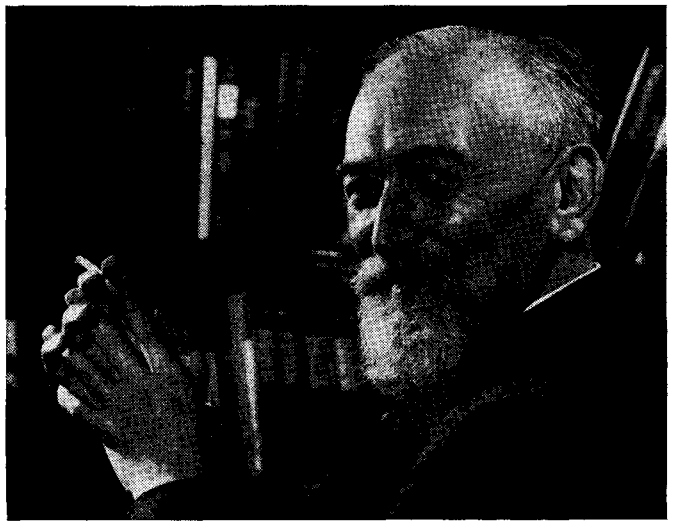
Man the

By MOSES HADAS

Will materialism destroy our traditional spiritual values? Will mechanization crush our cherished sense of individual human dignity? Critics solicitous of our spiritual health warn us that they will; we must be grateful for their admonitions, but we need not share their forebodings. Many times in the history of the race a new generation has proved able to enjoy higher physical comfort than its predecessors without losing its soul, and many times men have proved able to maintain individual human values in the face of suddenly enlarged impersonal forces that threatened to crush them. For our own situation the most instructive analogy, paradoxically, is the European society furthest removed from us in time. The ancient Greeks also cherished a strong sense of individual worth, and their experience in confronting serious threats to its survival may afford a ray of cheer to brighten the gloomy prospects envisioned for our future.

Near the beginning of human history, according to a familiar Greek myth, Prometheus stole fire from Zeus, bestowed it upon mankind and was then subjected to unending torment for his enterprise. Often the stark and brutal images of ancient myth are symbolic shorthand for universal truths of a kind more sophisticated ages would expand and refine in the subtler language of rational discourse, and the conflict between Zeus and Prometheus probably typifies some permanent tension in the human condition. What Prometheus had in mind, it is clear, was a program of constant betterment for mankind by a succession of ingenious inventions—tools, agriculture, communications by land and sea, medicine. What Zeus had in mind, we may surmise, was that the world would fare better if man remained in his state of primitive simplicity: ultimately the gift of fire must result in something like a hydrogen bomb.

As between the two positions we ourselves can side only with that of Prometheus, for it is the one to which we are committed and by which we live. Our age is Promethean in the sense that Athens of the fifth century B.C. was Promethean; in both, ingeni-



About the Author

Moses Hadas (as in "goddess"), Jay Professor of Greek and chairman of the Department of Greek and Latin at Columbia University, has taught classical languages and literature since 1925. Besides numerous editions and translations of classical authors, he has produced histories of both Greek and Latin literature, an *Ancilla to Classical Reading*, and several volumes dealing with Hellenic culture; the most recent, *Humanism, The Greek Ideal and its Survival*, deals with the subject of this article. Professor Hadas was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and was educated at Columbia and Emory universities.

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Measure

How modern man can protect his values and his individuality from the crushing forces of the world he has created.

ous invention bettered man's estate at a dizzying pace and in unexpected (though different) directions. The complex of assumptions, outlooks, aspirations out of which our contemporary upsurge has sprung is a direct offshoot of the analogous complex which gave rise to the Promethean upsurge in antiquity. No Athenian could have suggested that humanity should have rejected Prometheus's gift, and neither can our generation, though it has seen Zeus's premonitions realized.

But thoughtful men are haunted by misgivings, nevertheless. Even while we strive for or at least welcome increments to our well-being we are oppressed by uneasy apprehensions that the cost in terms of the human spirit may be too dear. Some of us feel that we may be exceeding the bounds proper to humanity and so committing the fault an ancient would call *hybris;* a theologian, the sin of pride; a plain-spoken American, "getting too big for our breeches." Others feel that elaborate organization necessitated by the increasing complexity of life imposes a dead uniformity of behavior and outlook and throttles independence of spirit. The dangers are real enough, and probably a necessary condition in a Promethean climate, for some among the ancient Greeks felt similar misgivings and expressed similar apprehensions. But if we have learned Promethean restlessness from the Greeks we may learn from them also how to allay the dangers inherent in it.

The common denominator between our own and the Athenian intellectual climate is that both are man-centered, which is to say that thought and conduct are normally governed by human understanding and human experience, not by codes imposed from without. Over large areas our motivations, our procedures, our objectives are gauged and directed, as they were in Athens, by purely human premises and horizons. Our discomfort is caused, as theirs was, by a lingering awareness of the claims of other gauges and premises. To one important segment of Greek thought, indeed, supernatural sanctions retained such validity that it consciously rejected the man-centered view. But the segment which was completely at ease in its man-centered world was also ready to acknowledge, without a sense of inconsistency or compromise, that powerful forces do indeed exist and operate beyond the sphere of humanity. This is the characteristic position of ancient humanism as it is of the humanism of the sixteenth century.

The classic formulation of the humanist code is the terse pronouncement of the Sophist Protagoras in the fifth century B.C.; "Man is the measure of all things." In our own traditional view of the relations between God and man this would appear to imply atheism, and many critics have so understood it. But it is clear that Protagoras did believe in the gods; he does not speak of them, he explains, because he cannot know about them. Actually this view eventually opened a way for a theology so lofty that it regarded any affirmation concerning the divine—laudatory or blasphemous—as being presumptuous and enjoined man to love God with no expectation of being loved in return.

What made it possible for Protagoras to make man his criterion without rejecting the divine was the view of the world shared by certain authors from Homer down, according to which gods and men belong to disparate realms and observe disparate modes of conduct. The gods behave as it becomes gods to behave, not by standards appropriate or even intelligible to man. And man must behave as becomes man, not seek to assimilate his conduct to a pattern outside humanity. The gods are indeed powerful, and a prudent man will avoid crossing them as he avoids a crashing boulder or a rushing torrent, but it is as irrelevant to speculate on the motivations of the gods as on the motivations of gravity and torrents.

If isolating the gods leaves man without "a friend behind the phenomena," it also imposes a higher responsibility upon him to manage the areas within his control as well as may be. How far can his controls reach? Here the sophists formulated a rationale based on a distinction *CONTINUED ON PAGE 40*

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If he told the lawyers the truth, he would brand his boss an incompetent . . . and a liar.

THE MEN AT THE TOP

By WILL F. JENKINS

The day Mr. Patton was fired dawned very much like other days. In Monmouth a barometric low, passing to the northward, produced what the Weather Bureau termed occasional clouds, so that daybreak was at first only a matter of increasing grayish light. But presently the sun shone through that cloud cover and sparkled on uncountable dewdrops on lawns and foliage. When day was fully come, the milkmen passed, and later the morning-paper carriers. Then there was a pause in human activities.

In time, however, small children waked, and blinking mothers bribed them with milk bottles and toys to stay in their cribs for a few more precious instants. But inevitably, though sluggishly and with reluctance, the town aroused itself. Shower baths made splashing sounds. Most men numbly waited for the water to wake them. Some of the more resolute scrubbed valiantly. A few heroic souls even sang to hearten themselves for the day. Mr. Patton was one of the mute bathers.

Mr. Patton dressed. This was a very special day in his life, though he did not know it yet. He hadn't slept well, which was customary. He drank his second cup of coffee and said, "This is the big day. The deal should be closed this afternoon."

Mrs. Patton—Martha—said anxiously, "You don't think ——"

"No," said Mr. Patton patiently. "I don't."

He didn't think that the sale of the Wellington Company, of which he was executive vice president, should make any marked difference in his life. He'd reached the point, as he realized remotely, when he only hoped to avoid disaster. Once he'd planned splendidly for achievement, and he'd done moderately well, at that. He was executive vice president of his company, and he and Martha had two children in college. They owned—by courtesy of the First National Bank—a very pleasant home, they almost had their last car paid for, and if nothing calamitous took place, they would eventually—they would —— Mr. Patton realized that he no longer cherished hopeful ideas for the future. But he resolutely explained to himself that he was busy with the present.

"You were disturbed about that—heat exchanger business, wasn't it?" said Martha worriedly. "Do you think that ——"

"I think," said Mr. Patton, "that I'll have more coffee."

His wife gave it to him. Then she said even more worriedly, "You don't often drink three cups of coffee. You've got something on your mind."

"Yes," said Mr. Patton. "My wife worries too much."

He drank his coffee, kissed his wife reassuringly and went out to the car. He had a little trouble starting it. They needed a new one. But two children in college, plus the kind of house the executive vice president of the Wellington Company should live in —— And there was the life insurance coming due, and there was going to be an expensive plumbing job before long.

He drove along the street in the now-bright sunshine. He waved to those of his neighbors who saw him, but he felt a wry envy of people who lived in the same sort of house he did and had the same sort of cars and lived the same kind of life that he did, but who didn't have to worry. Somehow other people didn't seem to be harassed by the demands of mere existence. He wondered wistfully, as he'd done a thousand times before, how they managed to get along so well.

If he didn't have to pay that life-insurance premium right now, (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"I think Mr. Patton, our vice president, can make the matter clear, gentlemen," the president said. "A very fine executive, our Mr. Patton."

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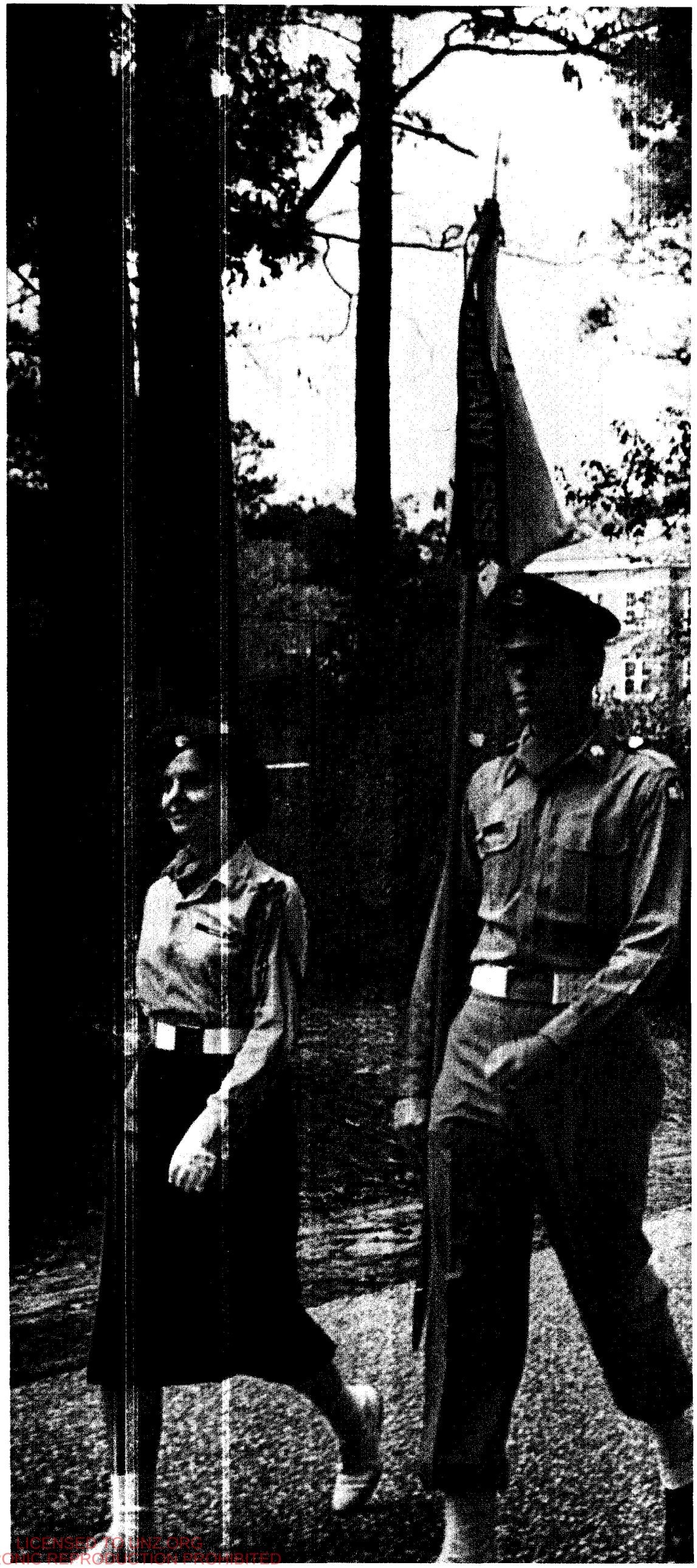
The Face of AMERICA

Lieutenant Pershing's Legacy

Eyes front, chins in, rifles at the left shoulder, Company V of the Sixth Pershing Rifles Regiment is going through its paces at Spring Hill College in Mobile, Alabama. The Pershing Rifles is an honorary military society, established as the Varsity Rifles by 2nd Lt. John J. Pershing in 1894 at the University of Nebraska. Within Nebraska's lackluster cadet corps young "Black Jack" Pershing, as professor of military science and tactics, shaped an elite drill unit which ranked second only to West Point's. The society has grown to 145 companies; there are more than 8500 Pershing Riflemen in our Reserve Officers' Training Corps establishments. Spring Hill's chapter furnishes honor guards and, with coed "sponsors," marches in Mobile parades. The unit's history dates back to 1836, when the Rev. Pierre Mauvernay, Spring Hill president and a veteran of Napoleon's army, formed a drill unit known as the Spring Hill Lancers. (The Lancers' first cadet commander became a Confederate colonel.) In the five years that Spring Hill has been affiliated with the Pershing Rifles, it has established a proud record: Last spring, in competition with companies from twelve other schools in the "Dixie Sixth," Company V marched off with the Fancy Drill and Best Company trophies.

● Photograph by Bill Shrout



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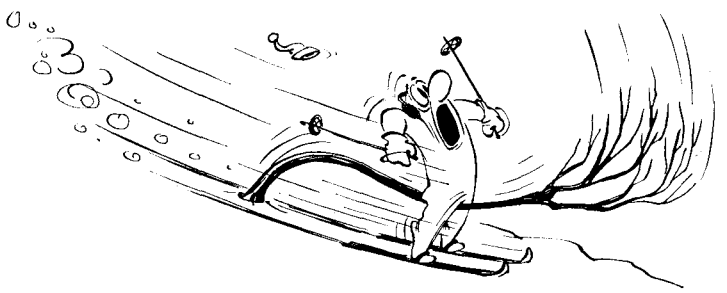
Post Scripts



Letter From a College Student to His Father (To Be Retyped)

Dear ~~Father Dad~~ Pop: ~~I'm in a little bit of a financial jam and~~ How are you? I'm fine. Everything here at college is going swell, and I've really been studying hard! Am I ever glad you talked me into following in your footsteps and studying medicine!

By the way, dad, ~~I'm in a little bit of a financial~~ I was walking through Maddux Hall the other day and happened to notice the picture on one of the walls of the immortal 1939 football team. I guess I've told just about everybody in the whole school that my ~~old man~~ father is old Number 49 in the picture, and you'd be amazed at how many people feel you were the greatest fullback ever to play for Parkinson U.

Incidentally, dad, ~~I'm in a little bit of a financial jam~~ the birthday presents you sent me were wonderful! I especially liked the ~~red and white~~ blue-and-yellow sport shirt, and I'm glad you remembered that the size I wear is ~~large~~ medium.

I'm in a little bit of a ~~financial jam~~ hurry right now, because I have to get back to my studying, so I'll close for now.

Write soon!

~~Love~~ Lots of love,
~~Dutch~~ Junior

P. S.—Almost slipped my mind, dad; it seems I'm in a little bit of a financial jam, and I was wondering if you could see your way clear to ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

"You hear a thump?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Come all the way in, Ferguson. I want to have a little talk with you about self-confidence."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Area Council Pine Pixies

February 10, 1961

Dear Mrs. Jones: It has come to our attention that, although you have been leading a group of Pine Pixies for six months, you have not taken our training course.

The bulletin which accompanied your application clearly stated that all leaders must complete training within three months of the time they volunteer to take a group of girls.

The next series of classes will be held the second week of March. We will expect to see you in attendance then.

Sincerely,
Annabel Spinster
Area Councilor

February 14, 1961

Pine Pixies
Area Council

Dear Madam: I have already had five years of Cub Scouts, two years of Brownies and one year of 4-H. This adds up to eight years of working with leather, tin, aluminum, brass, copper, kids, cigar boxes, canvas, kids and cardboard; eight years of birdhouses, ash trays, coat hangers, paper plates, bookmarks and kids.

I have gone on hikes, identified flora and fauna, warned against Poison Oak and Nettles, put ointment on poison oak and nettles, chopped wood, put up tents, built fires in the rain, cooked hamburger, onion, potatoes, apples and bananas in aluminum foil, made stew in tin cans, baked bread on a stick and with a reflector, put ointment on burns and policed campsites.

I have found lost rubbers, shoes, socks, pajamas, parents, camps, coats, kids and candy bars; rerolled sleeping bags, wiped runny noses, reassured homesick campers and concerned parents, bandaged skinned knees, stopped fights, worried over kids, egos and sibling rivalry, told stories and sung songs; hauled newspapers, magazines, parents, cookies, candy and kids.

I know why the fireman wears red suspenders, why the chicken crosses the road, that an embarrassed zebra is black and white and red all over; if you want a nickel suck a pickle; want a penny, kiss Jack Benny. I can sing *Long Years Ago There Was a Little Sailboat, Old MacDonald*—with sound effects—and *Clementine.*

Now, if you still feel I need the leadership training, I will be happy to attend classes any day but Monday (Cub Scouts), Tuesday (4-H). Wednesday (Happy Pixies), Thursday (Bluebird helper), or Friday, when I take a course on "Developing Will Power," which I should have taken last year instead of "Taking an Active Part in Community Life."

Sincerely,
Mrs. L. C. Jones

MARY O. HARDING

Lines to a Wife Over a Menu

I'm ordering strawberry shortcake
So I warn you before it's too late.
If you don't want dessert, that's
all right, dear,
But keep your fork out of my plate.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Weekend Questionnaire

1. *Who'll take this stack of reports home to check over the weekend?*

The boss came in too fast to duck;
Our hero's stuck.

2. *Who'll drive Brownie Troop 5 to Lake Ickypoo Saturday afternoon for the cookout contest?*

His youngest pipes up loud and shrill,
"My daddy will!"

3. *Who'll go down to the church a couple of hours early Sunday morning and start the furnace?*

For this slight task his wife enrolled him,
And then she told him.

4. *Where can the Dillydown Little Theater Players hold a rehearsal Sunday evening?*

His daughter's pear-shaped tones we catch,
"*Chez moi*, but natch!"

5. *Who is that fellow muttering in his beer at the end of the tavern bar?*

His face, though worn, unshorn and chillier,
Is sure familiar!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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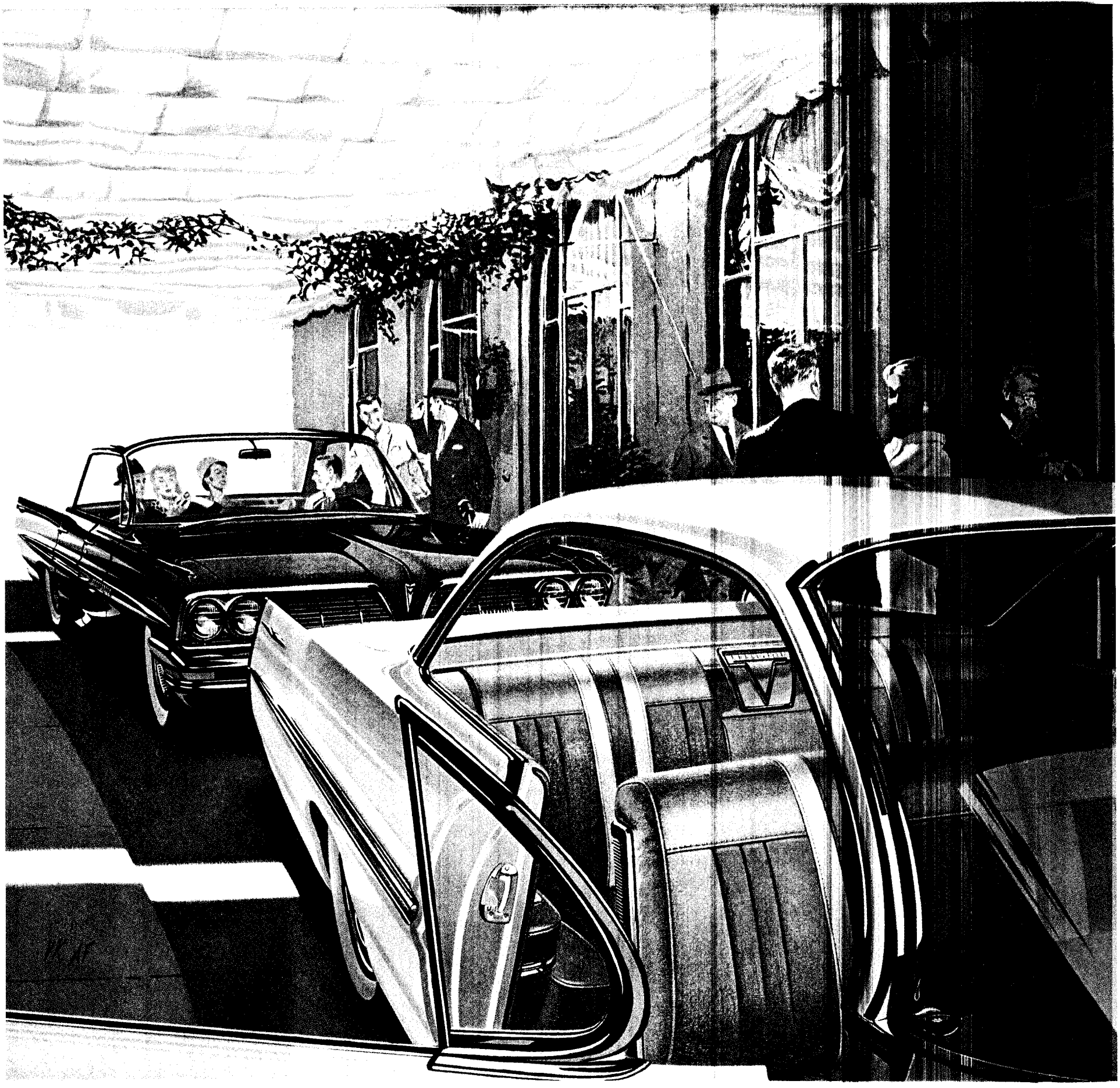


BONNEVILLE SPORTS COUPE IN THREE TONE MORROKIDE

Rich fabrics, fine appointments (and real genius) that's what Pontiac interiors are made of

This is just one of 42 interiors which make you so proud to open the door of a '61 Pontiac.

There are 14 choices of interiors in the Catalina alone.

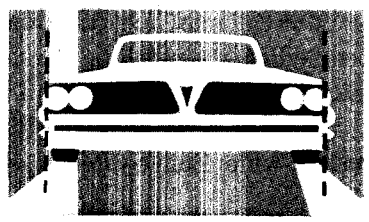
In certain Bonnevilles, you may find yourself asking if the soft wool/nylon stripe material is available to your tailor. (Only if he procures it from a Bonneville.)

Even if you look twice, you'd say the Jacquard cloth in a Star Chief is studded with real diamond chips. (An effect created by our weavers.)

Prize real leather? It's regular equipment in Bonneville Convertibles. We hand rub it. So will you. The Morrokide in the Ventura (and other models) is richly grained, lastingly handsome.

Each handle, armrest and ash tray is designed, built and fitted with Pontiac's traditional care for detail. The final inspection, of course, is reserved for you. Plan to make it soon at your fine Pontiac dealer's.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

Pontiac has the widest track of any car. Body width trimmed to reduce side overhang. More weight balanced between the wheels for sure-footed stability.

IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK!

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What it takes to dial a neighbor or a nation

When you twirl the dial of your Bell telephone, your fingertip commands a vast communications system so efficient it picks the *one* phone you want out of 70 million.

Your call may be guided through hundreds of switches and relays; be beamed over a network of radio relay towers; go through thousands of miles of wires and cables...all in the few seconds before the familiar ring.

Western Electric makes these and thousands of other parts for the nation-wide Bell System network. But simply making them is not enough. Our job is to build each part to work perfectly with every other in the network...*wherever* it's located, *whenever* it was manufactured!

This job takes teamwork. Not only the teamwork of Western Electric's thousands of men and women, but also teamwork with our Bell System partners: Bell Telephone Laboratories who design what we make, and the Bell telephone companies who serve you directly. This is the unique, three-part team responsible for creating a communications service so reliable that you take it for granted.

Manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System **Western Electric**

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THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

Had Mason found the evidence that would exonerate his beautiful client?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Susan Fisher, secretary to the manager of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, was in danger of being charged with the embezzlement of about a hundred fifty thousand dollars. Susan's boss, Endicott Campbell, seemed determined to prove Susan guilty.

Perry Mason, Susan's attorney, thought she was being framed. But Mason knew he would have to uncover some new evidence to beat the case against her. In the hope of finding such evidence, Mason and Della Street, his secretary, drove to the Mojave Monarch Mine to talk with Ken Lowry, who managed the mine for the Corning Company.

"I don't talk business with strangers," Lowry said when Mason approached him.

"All right," said Mason, "if you don't talk, will you listen?"

IV

Della Street, hurrying across the road, came up to the pickup truck. Mason said, "This is my secretary, Della Street, Mr. Lowry."

Lowry, a grizzled, leathery-faced, gray-eyed individual in his early forties, surveyed Della Street appreciatively. "How do you do, ma'am? Very pleased to meet you," he said.

Della Street gave him her most winning smile and her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Lowry?"

"I know you're busy," Mason said, "but we drove out here just to see you. Could we have a few minutes of your time?"

"What are you doing?" Lowry said. "Threatening me?"

"I can't talk."

"Will you give us a few minutes?"

"I'll listen for a few minutes."

Della Street caught Mason's eye and said, "Why can't we get in the truck with Mr. Lowry and talk there? That way we won't attract so much attention."

Lowry hesitated, and Mason said, "Good idea, Della."

The lawyer walked around the front of the truck and held the door open for Della Street. Della jumped in with a quick flash of leg which, for the moment, held Lowry's undivided attention. Then Mason got in beside Della Street and closed the door.

"I'm listening," Lowry said. He swung halfway around in the seat so that he could be facing Perry Mason.

"I suppose Endicott Campbell has been here and warned you against talking to anyone," Mason said.

Lowry merely grinned. "All right," Mason told him, "I'm talking. I'd like to know something about the Mojave Monarch mine. I'd like to know how the thing is set up, how it operated, how long the mine's been shut down."

Lowry sat silent.

Della Street said, "Mr. Lowry, would you listen to me?"

"I'm listening."

Della Street said, "A young woman, a most attractive young woman, is being charged with a crime. Mr. Mason is trying to represent her. He isn't doing this for money. She hasn't paid him as much as a nickel. She's a young woman who is working in a secretarial position. She has her whole life in front of her. That life can be ruined if the facts are distorted. We're trying to get the facts—that's all we want. There's no reason why anyone should be afraid of the truth, is there, Mr. Lowry? Or is there any reason for being afraid of the truth?"

"Not as far as I'm concerned."

"Then why aren't you willing to answer a few simple questions so that we can get the real facts? Do you have any idea what it means to a woman to go to prison? A woman only has a few of the golden years in her life when she's attractive. Even at the best, when she can get lots of vitamins, fresh air, sunshine, exercise and mental stimulation, she begins to fade after a few years.

"Think of what it means to a young, attractive woman to have the prison doors close on her and to realize that as she endures that treadmill existence her beauty is slipping through her fingers."

Lowry said, "There hasn't any beauty slipped through your fingers, ma'am, if you don't mind my saying so."

Della Street gave him her most dazzling smile. "I don't mind your saying so," she said, "but it seems to me you're a fair man, you're a square shooter—you're the type of individual who scorns subterfuge and deceit. Now, I'm going to risk getting thrown out of here right on the sidewalk by telling you that you've got yourself to think of. Don't think for a minute that you're completely in the clear in this thing, Mr. Lowry."

Lowry's face flushed. "Say," he said angrily, "what are you doing? Threatening me?"

Della Street looked him straight in the eyes and said, "I'm not threatening you, Mr. Lowry; I'm warning you. (Continued on Page 46)

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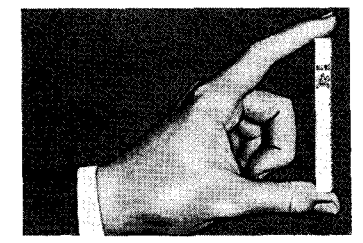
Taste PALL MALL...so GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

Good-looking, Good-tasting, Good-smoking Pall Mall!

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, good-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Outstanding...and they are Mild!



HERE'S WHY SMOKI

1 You get Pall Mall's famou length of the finest tobac money can buy.

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly

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You can light either end!

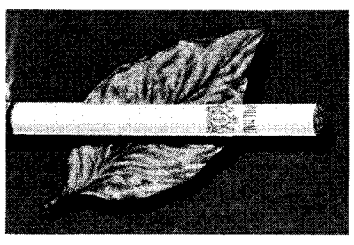
PALL MALL

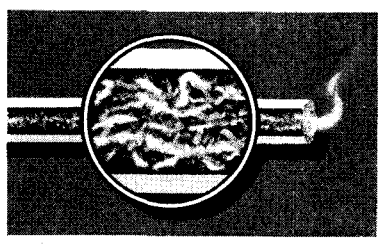
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

·IN HOC SIGNO VINCES·

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"





'RAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

) Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the ▪ smoke naturally. Travels it...

3 Over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, good-tasting tobaccos—and makes it mild!

:o your taste!

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Man the Measure (Continued from Page 29)

between aspects of social life governed by nature and those governed by convention. Things which are in the realm of nature—such as gravity or death or the impulse of the strong to rule and the necessity of the weak to yield—man can only accommodate himself to, for he cannot alter them. Things which are what they are by convention—such as class distinctions and the denial of certain privileges to women and foreigners and the illegitimate—were instituted by men for reasons of expediency, and when they prove inexpedient they not only can but should be altered. The measure is not only man but contemporary man.

These then were the intellectual premises which freed such Greeks as held them for original and assertive action. They could confront the present unrestrained by antiquated tradition. They could have high confidence in humanity and at the same time be assured that the divine element in the world was functioning in its appropriate ways. By and large our practice if not our theory looks very like the Greek, but there are significant differences, and these are worth examining for the light they may throw on our own situation. To find fuller relevance in the Greek experience we must see how the humanist doctrine affected the Promethean fifth century in Athens, how it originated, how it was inculcated and propagated, how it confronted its opposition, how it was enfeebled, and how it eventually acquired new strength.

The significance of the Greeks' achievement, from the point of view of our analogy, lies not so much in what they did or how well they did it as in the fact that they invented new things to do and perfected their inventions so quickly. Even if we discount extravagant admiration of the Greeks as partisan and romantic, we must yet agree that it was they, and not their predecessors in the Near and Middle East, who invented our literary forms, defined the subjects and methods of our philosophic discourse, established our canons of taste, created our democracy, and furthermore that in a single century they carried some of their arts as far forward as they have ever gone.

How explain the sudden upsurge? The stunning victory over the Persians at the beginning of the fifth century did indeed provide a fair field for intellectual as for political progress, but peace and prosperity alone have never been a guarantee of cultural advance, and in any case the unexpected victory was itself a product of the upsurge. If we find a social outlook, similarly unexampled in antecedent civilizations, we might surmise that the new development was somehow related to the new outlook. It happens that we do notice a particular social outlook peculiar to the Greeks, and that is that the highest value in life is individual distinction and the highest prize individual glory.

Rivalry, we know, is always an incentive to good performance, whether between siblings in a nursery or adults in arts and sciences; but nowhere has rivalry been so unquestioningly accepted as a principle of human existence as at Athens. All of life, cultural and political no less than athletic, seems to have been deliberately organized in the form of public competitions. Tragedies and comedies, musical compositions and dances, were produced not by artists working as the spirit moved but as entries in formal competitions at regular festivals organized for the purpose. The monetary rewards were negligible; the real prize was fame, which was the greatest incentive of all. Victors had monuments erected in their honor, and their names were recorded in history.

The passion for asserting one's individuality and publicizing one's name permeated the entire society. Humble potters who made the cheaper kinds of household ware were careful to sign their work. The most momentous and seminal of all Greek inventions, which is the democracy of Athens, was itself motivated by, as it encouraged, the drive for individual distinction. The Athenian assembly was not a congress of representatives; every individual citizen spoke and voted for himself. It is almost as if every Athenian boy had been bred to the conviction that he must somehow distinguish himself above his fellows.

What implanted the conviction that the business of life is the pursuit of distinction was the *Iliad*, which was the staple of education and which Greek boys possessed as fully and surely as Puritans possessed the Bible. The *Iliad* is the earliest and remains the most explicit manifesto for the assertion of individuality and the pursuit of fame. The supreme aim of life is extraordinary prowess, the highest prize, the glory it brings; young men embarking on their careers are solemnly enjoined, "Always excel, always be superior to others." A people to whom Homer was as much a part of their mental furniture as the multiplication table is of ours would accept the ideal of competitive striving for distinction and reputation with as little question as we accept the facts of arithmetic.

How stark and uncompromising the code was can be seen in the figure of Achilles, who serves to exemplify it. When he had been offered the choice, Achilles deliberately preferred a short but glorious life over a long but undistinguished one. In order to vindicate his glory, when his honor is offended, he actually prays for the defeat of his own side and refuses to help his comrades in their desperate need. Yet Achilles is never censured; on the contrary, he is gratefully admired and becomes the gauge by which lesser heroes are measured.

It is not expected of the hero that he shall conform to accepted patterns of behavior. "Hero" in the Greek sense is not the principal personage in a work of literature, but an exemplary figure of the past who had enlarged humanity by pushing back the boundaries of the possible and had in consequence been adjudged worthy of annual offerings in his memory. It was essential, in this view, that the hero be self-impelled and hence a vigorous personality, and the Greeks knew that the faults of such a personality may be as notable as its virtues. If extraordinary capacity is desired, the unlovely traits which may accompany it are gladly taken into the bargain.

For a hero to assert his special quality, for him to serve as a convincing exemplar to posterity, he must be self-impelled, not manipulated from without. A marionette at the end of a wire cannot assert individuality or inspire emulation. Yet in the *Iliad*, as in Greek poetry generally, the gods appear at every crucial turn and frequently they intervene in the action directly. They do sometimes promote self-assertion, but—and this is the significant point—more often they obstruct it. Indeed, they seem to constitute a kind of conspiracy, not always successful, to thwart human achievement.

This picture of the relations between the human and the divine is puzzling only if we insist upon judging it in the light of our own theological assumptions. Inevitable as these seem to us, the fact remains that they were not shared by the Greeks. In the strand of Greek religion initiated by Homer (there was another strand, nearer our own beliefs) men and gods for all their likeness followed their separate natures independently one of the other. Man must do what is in his province to the utmost of his capacity, and must reckon neither on the help of the gods nor on their hindrance. Frequently men whose performance is extraordinarily good by standards available to man are nevertheless tripped up by some intervention outside their control or calculation—and then we have tragedy.

In the sense that high human capacity is frustrated by an external intervention all serious Greek literature is permeated with tragedy, the epic of Homer and the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides hardly less than the tragedies composed for the stage. To regard the doom visited upon the victims of tragedy as just requital for wrongdoing by standards which man could understand and therefore foresee is to make the gods merely unjust. Oedipus was a hasty and hot-tempered man, but surely his punishment is monstrously disproportionate to these failings. So far as human intelligence and strength and responsibility could assert themselves his behavior was thoroughly admirable; the tragedy is that powers outside his control and impossible to anticipate ruin him.

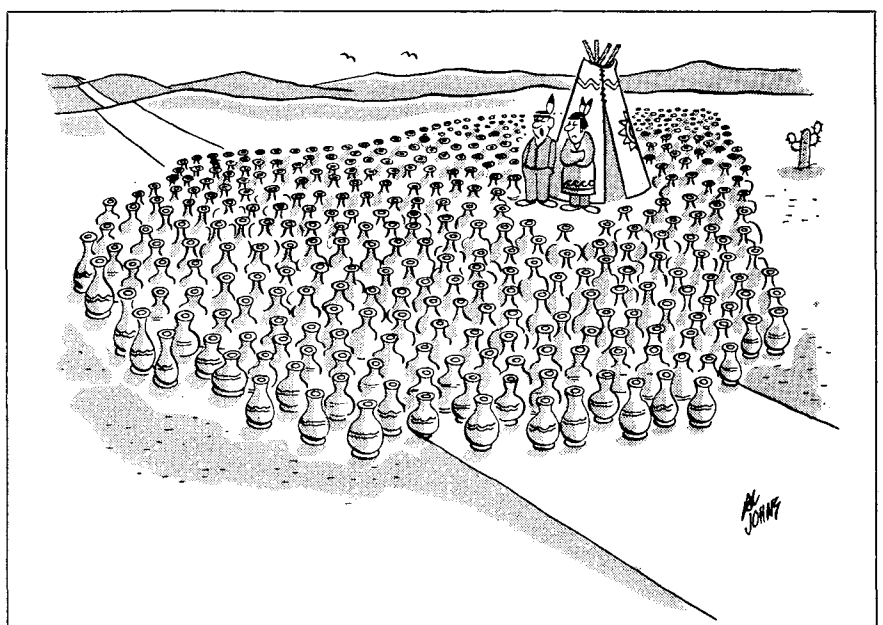
The existence and operation of these powers neither the poet nor his audience could deny, for the results are manifest, in life as in the theater. Nor could mortals, applying human gauges of good and evil, condemn these external powers, for their motivations like their capacities are beyond human range. Where spectators ancient or modern are invited to focus their attention is upon the human agent, whom we are able to assess by a scale we can know. By this scale we find the tragic victim an asset to humanity, and though he emerges bloody he remains a hero.

"Man the measure" is not then a novel invention, for its doctrine was implied in epic and tragedy as well as in the busy artistic and political life of Athens. But its crystallization into a formula, in the teaching of the sophists, was novel and to some Greeks disturbing. To glorify uninhibited enterprise in the remote past might be edifying; to uphold it as a code for contemporaries might disrupt social and political stability. That is why conservative writers, in antiquity and later, have inveighed against the sophists. The opposition's noblest spokesman is Plato, who looked away from the world of the senses as an inferior and illusory imitation of a reality outside this world and who prescribed disciplined aspiration toward the ideal reality. Plato proves his own consistency, and the man-centered premises of the poets, by barring Homer and the tragic poets from his ideal Republic on the grounds that they might subvert discipline.

Can the experience of the minuscule city-state, which afforded each individual reasonable scope for distinction, be applied to our overwhelmingly larger size and numbers? In the Roman Empire, which embraced all the civilized world except the Far East, individualism was indeed eventually suppressed, but by forces modern democracies have learned to withstand; size was only indirectly a factor. But centuries before, after the conquests of Alexander the Great enabled Hellenism to take possession of the entire Near and Middle East and reduced the old city-states to insignificance, the rampant self-confidence of the classical period was only subdued, not crushed. The man-centered view continued recognizable and operative, though its expression took new forms. The astonishingly successful cultural imperialism of the Hellenistic Greeks, to say nothing of their innovations in the arts and sciences, shows that size alone does not crush individualism.

On the contrary, when the comfortable insulation of the intimate city-state was stripped away and men found themselves reduced to puniness in an enormously enlarged environment, the response of the thoughtful was to assert their individual worth more vehemently than ever. The great philosophies of the Hellenistic world, in particular Stoicism and Epicureanism, addressed themselves, each by its own logic, to the task of redressing the imbalance between man and the world so that men could retain spiritual self-sufficiency and confidence. Each was premised on the assumption that distinctions of caste and race are conventional, not natural, and both shared the conviction that every human being, whatever his place or station, possesses an inalienable human dignity. Confidence in individual worth persisted and on occasion might even be asserted in public activity or proved in free competition. But even when strong individualism could not be displayed, because of new and oppressive tyrannies, it continued to be cherished as an inner resource.

The successors of Alexander who ruled the Hellenistic world based their authority not on the consent of the governed or on divine election but on a claim to personal divinity; in the language of their apologists they were "law incarnate." Under regimes (*Continued on Page 45*)



"Let's face it—this stuff just isn't moving."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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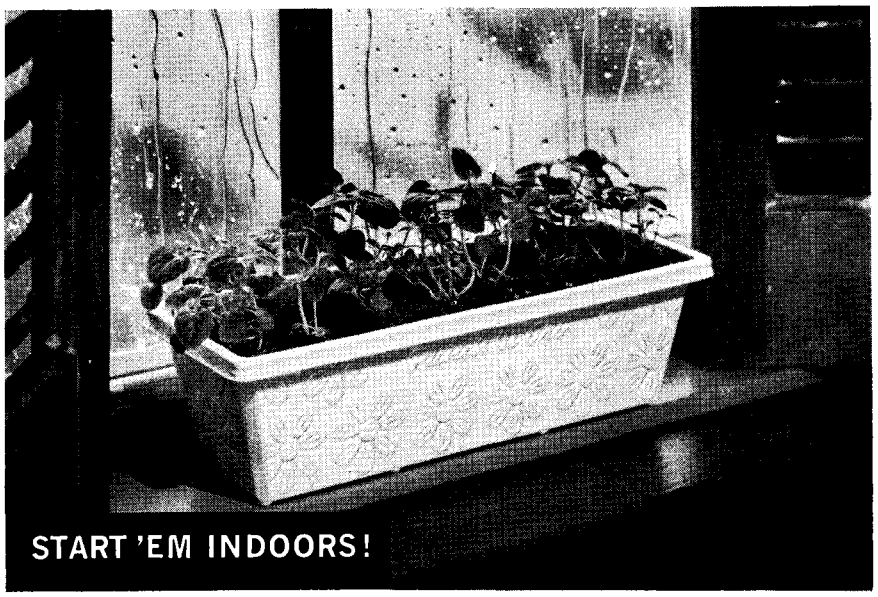
NORTHRUP KING

Lawn & Garden Almanac

FOR FEBRUARY

New from Northrup King!
PUNCH 'N GRO house plants



Now you can have house plants by the dozens . . . at a cost of only pennies each! It's easy, sure, *fun* with these new Punch 'n Gro kits. Each kit comes planted with selected seeds in a carefully developed growing mixture. You just punch with a pencil, water and watch 'em grow:

LEMON DROP MARIGOLD: A sunny yellow flower with pretty, feathery green foliage.

RAINBOW COLEUS: Variegated leaves with a whole range of rich, glowing colors.

INDOOR PEPPERMINT PINKS: Pretty, sparkling colors ranging from white through delicate pink to rich red.

KENILWORTH IVY: Shining green leaves, charming trailing vines. Fast-growing, with thick, leafy foliage.

BALSAM (illustrated): Pink, white and red flowers that look like tiny gardenias. Sharply pointed leaves, trim and shapely.

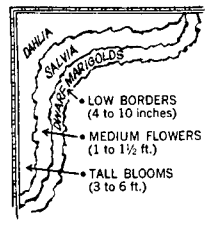
PARSLEY: Useful, ornamental. So nice to have fresh parsley on your window sill all year—wonderful for cooking and garnishing.

INDOOR MINIATURE ROSE: True little roses . . . tiny, colorful, fragrant.

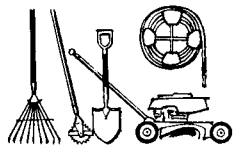
New planter is longer, narrower, deeper—for most modern window sills. And a special rich fertilizer feeds plants right to maturity. At supermarkets, hardware and variety stores, other garden shops.

"Keep these tips in mind when you're planning your garden"

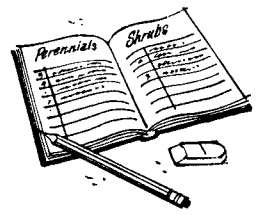
Says Northrup King's friendly Lawnscaper



IF YOU'RE PLANNING your first garden, remember that tall flowers (dahlia, aster, delphinium, for instance) look best at the back of your plot, with medium-size plants (pinks, salvia, petunia) in front of them and the tiniest ones (alyssum, dwarf marigolds, portulaca) used as colorful borders. The big news in flowers this year is Northrup King's sparkling new "Bright-Eyes" annual Phlox. Summer-long beauty for your garden in bright colors. Only 25¢ a packet at your nearby Northrup King seed rack . . . where it's fun to buy all your seeds.



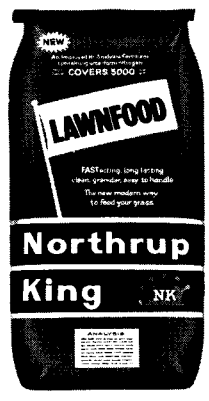
ARE YOUR GARDEN TOOLS clean and sharp? Better check them over. And take your power mower in for service before your dealer gets swamped with spring work.



EVER KEEP A "LOG" on your garden? This year write down exactly when you plant, fertilize, cultivate. Make a note of unusual weather, how you space plants, when you thin out or transplant. It's fascinating to check results against methods this way.

HERE'S A TIP that will help you if you were troubled with thin areas on your lawn last year. This spring try seeding with Golf Brand, the famous Northrup King mixture that thrives in sun or shade, on slope or grade. It's custom-formulated to give best results in your particular region — contains ample amounts of the special grasses that grow best under your local growing conditions.

ANY PROBLEMS with your lawn that you'd like solved? Write the Lawnscaper, c/o Northrup, King & Co., Minneapolis 13, Minn. for his free booklet "YOUR LAWN".



Give your lawn a head start with
NORTHRUP KING LAWNFOOD

For steady growth and root development, give your lawn a good feeding right now with NK LAWNFOOD. If snow still blankets your area, apply it on top of the snow; as the weather warms up, the chemical and organic nitrogens in LAWNFOOD will work down to the grass roots to stimulate growth and promote an early "green-up".

Northrup King's easy-flowing LAWNFOOD has no unpleasant odor, won't harden or lose strength in storage.

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The look that will live a

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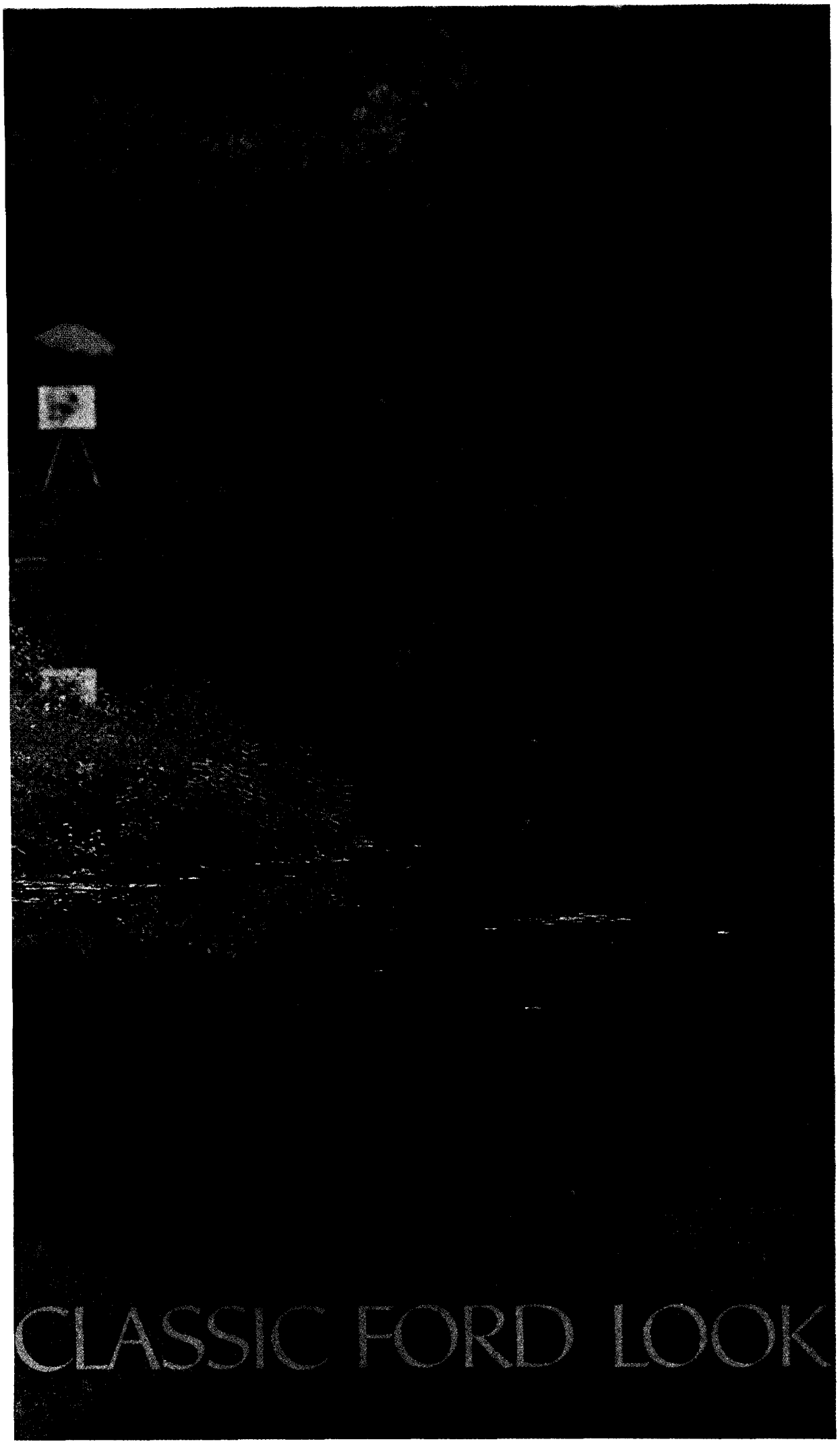
›ng as the car that's built to take care of itself



The shape and symmetry of this Ford need no explanation. The much-imitated styling will certainly tell you — this is a classic *design*, not just a passing fancy.

It is the Classic Ford Look, and like any "original" that is the sum and substance of true beauty, it will wear its years well.

Moreover, so will the car beneath it.

Here is design that also goes deep *under* the surface. To the remarkable engine that requires an oil change only once in 4,000 miles...to the ingeniously engineered chassis that can take you 30,000 miles between lubrications...to vital body parts that are armored against rust and corrosion as no other make of car has ever been before...to all the carefully crafted components that make this Ford the car that is so beautifully built to take care of itself.

This is a car worth trading for—worth living with. *This* is the Ford in your future.

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF

Lubricates itself — You'll normally go 30,000 miles between chassis lubrications (which cost only about $4.00 and take about 20 minutes) because Ford has replaced conventional grease fittings with a sealed-in lubrication system.

Cleans its own oil — You'll go 4,000 miles between oil changes because Ford's Full-Flow oil filter gives you filtration through fibres . . . trapping more dirt than *any* other type of filter made.

Adjusts its own brakes — New truck-size brakes adjust themselves—*automatically*.

Guards its own muffler — Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized to last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

Protects its own body — All vital underbody parts are specially processed to resist rust and corrosion, even to galvanizing the body panels beneath the doors.

Takes care of its own finish — Just wash Ford's new Diamond Lustre Finish and it continues to glisten like new. It *never* needs waxing.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

FOR '61

Every '61 Ford, like the Galaxie Club Victoria above, shares an honor to be proud of. It is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per l'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

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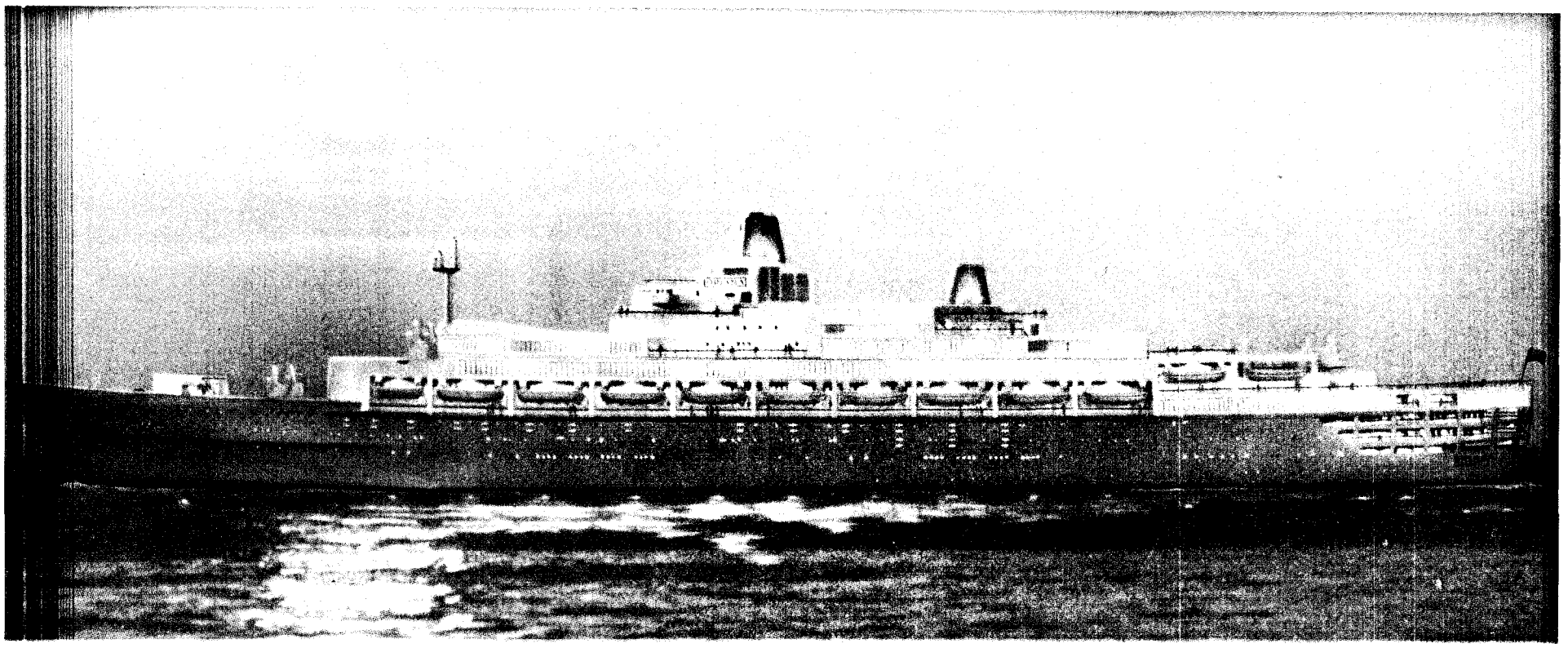


Now P&O-Orient Lines make the Pacific the world's most comfortable ocean!

Today you can sail to the Orient, South Pacific or Europe on the largest and fastest liners in the Pacific for as little as $15 a day—less than you'd spend at a resort hotel.

P&O-Orient Lines have revolutionized Pacific travel.

A glance at the ship in our photograph above will give you an idea of what we mean. She is P&O-Orient's spanking-new 40,000-ton *Oriana*. She has closed-circuit television, three swimming pools (two in tourist, one in first class), two orchestras, dozens of public rooms and cafés, and acres of deck. Her crew is British and her chefs are trained in the great Continental manner. The service aboard makes you feel positively feudal. And she is only one among many.

There are 17 big, fast passenger liners in P&O-Orient's fleet—the largest passenger line in the world. They offer you a remarkable chance to explore some of the last unspoiled lands in the world in unparalleled comfort.

For example, this year you can choose between a Spring cruise to the South Pacific and sailing to Europe through the Panama Canal on the world's newest luxury liner:

In May, *Oriana* sails to Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, New Zealand and Australia on a 35-day maiden cruise. Fares start at just $678 tourist, $958 first class.

In July, *Oriana* sails for England by way of the Panama Canal. (P&O-Orient's sparkling *Chusan* sails in June for France and England, stopping at Panama, romantic Trinidad and Spain's mysterious Canary Islands on the way.) Your fare from California, as little as $392 tourist, $493 first class.

Around the Pacific

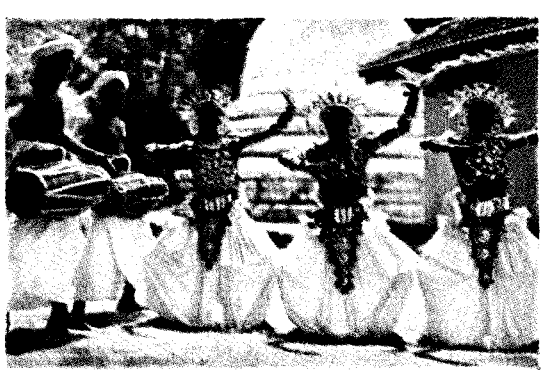
You can circle the entire Pacific on one ticket on P&O-Orient Lines. You don't have to get off here, fly there, and change somewhere else. A

"Sundowners" at a seagoing outdoor café in the South Pacific. A dry martini sets you back 20¢.

majestic P&O-Orient liner is your hotel wherever you go as you see Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and the Fiji Islands and return to either San Francisco, Los Angeles or Vancouver.

These fascinating trips take from 50 to 62 days. If you want to watch your budget, you can make the whole trip for as little as $971 in a *two-berth* cabin in tourist class. If the sky's the limit, you can go first class for anywhere from $1097 to $3575.

You have a choice of five sailing dates this year for a voyage around the Pacific: *Canberra* sails in July, *Orsova* sails in August, *Oronsay* and *Orcades* sail in September, and *Oronsay* sails again in November. Note: It's a good idea

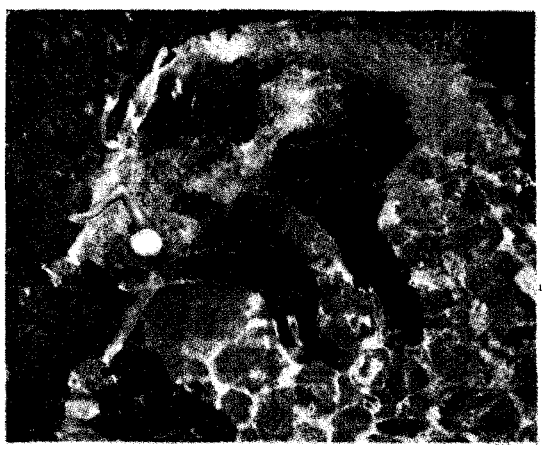


Kandy dancers at Ceylon's Temple of the Tooth, a three-hour drive from the port of Colombo.

to see your travel agent early about reservations for these trips. They fill up quickly.

See two-thirds of the world on your way to Europe!

If you plan to visit Europe this year, why not go the adventurous way? You can sail to the



Three pools on *Oriana* brim with blue Pacific water. Children have their own paddling pools.

Orient, or to the South Pacific, or both, and on to Europe on P&O-Orient. Whichever way you go, you also see Ceylon or India, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean, Naples, and Gibraltar.

You arrive in England rested and ready for a *second* vacation after seeing two-thirds of the world on your way! Fares for these trips start at just $731 tourist, $1170 first class. And if you like, you can keep right on going round the world by way of the Caribbean and Panama!

Now. Decide which of these voyages to adventure appeals to you the most. Then see your travel agent and start making plans now. For free literature on the trip you plan to take, write:

P&O-Orient Lines *(formerly Orient & Pacific Lines),* Dept. 7C, 155 Post Street, San Francisco 8, California. Branches: Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver. Elsewhere in U.S. and Canada: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.

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(*Continued from Page 40*) so absolute, man can only be acted upon, not act; that is why Stoics and Epicureans alike strove to fortify the essential self by making it "imperturbable" to all impingement from without. Individuality was masked, not effaced. It might have been expected that Rome, which observed republican forms, would, when its turn came to rule the world, make the mask unnecessary. The mask did become unnecessary, not, however, because individuality was released but because Rome succeeded in monopolizing the efforts and loyalties of individuals for its own ends. But the factors which made suppression of individuality inevitable in the Mediterranean empires, it must be emphasized, do not and need not operate among ourselves.

An important difference in the spiritual climate of their world and ours is the result of a basic difference in theories of government. Even in the huge Roman Empire political theory never got beyond what the Greeks had found appropriate for the city-state. The fatal flaw in Rome's political organization was that its empire belonged to the municipality of Rome; large modern democracies are federations of units which possess equal rights, and the federal government is not their master but their agent. The legal title of the Roman government was "The Senate and People of Rome"—the city, not the empire. When provincials came to be admitted to the senate they sat as Romans, not as representatives of their native places.

There was no government through representation. In the Athenian democracy every citizen sat in the assembly and spoke and voted for himself. The magistrates were the assembly's agents, and their administration was subjected to a severe scrutiny, with pains and penalties for any kind of malfeasance, at the conclusion of their year of office. But when the Athenian democracy acquired an empire it was as despotic a master as any tyrant. The Athenians were only observing what the sophists had declared was the rule of nature: the strong rule where they can, the weak yield where they must. There was no pretense that the imperial power was conferring benefits for which its subjects owed gratitude or loyalty.

Actually Rome was no less master of its enormously larger empire than Athens had been and exploited it no less thoroughly. But Rome surrounded its sway with a mystique which demanded a loyalty rather religious than patriotic. Romans were taught to believe that theirs was a civilizing mission divinely ordained to keep the peace of the world, rule it efficiently and justly, preserve its cultural accumulations, and carry their benefits to areas heretofore uncivilized. Service to this mission took precedence over individual ambition and was the only appropriate avenue for individual fulfillment.

How far the ideal of man the measure had been left behind can be gauged by the difference between the hero of the *Iliad* and the hero of the *Aeneid*. The glory of Achilles is an individualism so pronounced that he can flout constituted authority and be indifferent to the welfare of his society. The glory of Aeneas is that he suppresses his individual preferences in order to obey the charge destiny has laid upon him. Not of his own choice or to promote his own fame but by divine behest Aeneas brings his people and their sacred symbols to Italy and starts Rome on its divinely ordained mission. The *Iliad* was highly regarded as a great and wise work of art and a useful schoolbook, the *Aeneid* was revered almost as a sacred scripture. Its lesson, increasingly insistent as the empire grew older, was that men must surrender their energies and loyalties to a cause infinitely grander and more enduring than their individuality. In the end individualism was smothered, but enough spark was left in the ashes to flare up again at the close of the Middle Ages.

Athenians indubitably had been patriotic but they had held the view, not unreasonable even in much larger societies, that winning individual distinction is the highest service a man can render the group of which he is part. In Rome we can measure the decline of this view by the diminishing number of individuals whose names are recorded in our books. It is the lapse into anonymity which is the sign manifest of incipient medievalism. In antiquity any well-informed person could name the architects who designed the Parthenon and the sculptor who carved its statuary; the architects of the great cathedrals are nameless. The cause is immeasurably more important than, and effaces, the individual who serves it.

Just as the lapse into anonymity is an index to the complex of changes which mark the transition to the Middle Ages, so the emergence of a new insistence on individuality is an index to the transition from the medieval to the modern world. After the Renaissance, artists again strive for originality, cultivate an individual style, and are careful to sign their work, either with their names or by a notable idiosyncrasy that serves as well. Philosophers write treatises on the dignity of man and sometimes point to themselves as examples. Biographies of distinguished personages are again written, and provide another promise for men ambitious of fame. When Alexander's conquests showed the Greeks that the world was much larger than they had thought, their corporate pride was deflated, but they cultivated their sense of independent individual worth all the more assiduously; so when earthlings learned that the sun, not the earth, was the center of the universe they could no longer be sure that they were the crown of creation, but their sense of individual worth and individual responsibility for progress was enhanced.

If we think of humanism as proceeding in a single stream from Homer onward through the classical age we can see the stream disperse at the end of antiquity and then gather force again as one after another of the great humanist authors brought one aspect or another of the ancient outlook back into the great channel. New achievements fostered by the man-centered outlook, such as the invention of printing and the discovery of the new world, were quite as momentous for human progress as those of Promethean Athens had been. After the upsurge the pace of innovation slowed down, as it had in Athens, but the new ground was firmly held and furnished the base for further advances.

In our own generation the pace of advance has again been accelerated, as it was in the fifth century before Christ and the sixteenth century after. The modes of expression and the objectives of our Promethean upsurge are different from those of its predecessors, but it is quite as much concerned with the enlargement of man and quite as powerful as the earlier upsurges, and historians of the future will surely so assess it. Where they may find a significant difference is in psychological reactions. The mood of the Greek humanists was one of serene confidence, that of their successors at the beginning of modern history one of exhilaration; the mood of some contemporary humanists is one of foreboding—not of physical disaster the gift of fire may yet bring, but of the price in spiritual values it may entail.

Specifically, it is feared that expansion in itself may dwarf the individual, that the degree of regulation which our complex technological and economic structure necessitates may cramp his independence of action, that the preponderance of technological over individual capacities may humble his pride, and that the weight of mass communications which technology makes possible may regiment his mind. None of these fears has force unless the will to resist is already compromised. The analogy of the Greek experience shows how this will can be maintained.

The Hibernator

By Carleton Drewry

What can he say or sing of
summer now
Who is wound with winter in
a tight semisleep?
Nothing is left of all that he
would keep.
Lying under under the eaves,
he hears a birdless bough

Scrape at the house wherein
he lives alone.
He stirs, and lets his eyes look
vacantly
Beyond the window. But all
that's left to see
Is earth grown gray and still
and bleak as stone.

Now every image made within
the mind,
Spring, summer, autumn, has
been laid away,
The April evening and the
October day.
No reel of recollection may
unwind

Him back to that green
amazement when and where
The season struck him loud
and dumb at once.
Though he wake in March or
through slow summer
months,
He will be too sleepy or too
cold to care.

Size, as the ancient paradigm shows, we may dismiss as a bogey. Unless, as in authoritarian regimes, it is accompanied by a mystique which demands surrender of self and by an irresponsible power to exact compliance, it neither crushes the individual's sense of independent worth nor hampers his drive to excellence. And in a democratic society the regulation which complexity requires is in the nature of police measures, intended not to constrict the individual but to protect and hence allow him freedom. Only people who submit to a mechanical, not a human, standard can be humbled by powerful and ingenious machines. Actually these are our greatest source of pride, and the men who devise them are our analogy to the heroes of Greece who were esteemed for pushing back the boundaries of the humanly possible. The ancient heroes and their achievements could also prove prickly housemates, but society willingly digested the discomfort for the sake of human enlargement.

It is in the same light, surely, that we should consider mass communications. They have been the single greatest source of enlargement in our time, and only a man uncertain of his own spiritual firmness would willingly forgo their advantages. The danger implicit in mass communications is not so much vulgarity, against which informed taste is an adequate defense, as the tendency to impose uniformity. Just as regional variations in speech are worn down to standard patterns by the effects of nationwide broadcasting, so may variations in intellectual premises and outlooks and aspirations and tastes tend to be standardized at a uniform level. The uniform level may well be higher than the average of the variants it might displace, but we must not lose the intellectual independence which makes variation possible, for it is the variant, like the Greek hero, who has kept culture vital.

For securing and retaining intellectual independence the one device whose efficacy has been proved in earlier Promethean periods is liberal education. Americans have always known this; our national character has been shaped in no small part by our liberal-arts colleges, which have made humanistic education available to larger proportions of our population than it has been in any society since the Athenian. Liberal education, which means "education appropriate for free men," implies that literature and language, mathematics and philosophy, the natural and social sciences, are studied not for use in some trade or profession, but to form and furnish the intellect and give it independence. Today, it is true, our way of life and national safety demand high professional competence in competing fields of study, and we must make sure that our proficiency in these fields is as high as we can make it. But the measure must continue to be man. If the humanism of the liberal arts is neglected, even technology must eventually prove sterile.

It is the doctrine of man the measure which has motivated our progress as it motivated the progress of the Greeks, and our institutions and resources make it easier for us than it was for the Greeks to maintain the validity and the effectiveness of the doctrine. If we do so we may look forward not to stagnation but to a great new flowering of our society. Today, as in classical Greece, man is again invited to strive for the highest excellence of which he is capable, to push back the boundaries of what is possible, to regard himself and the world with pride and confidence.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Baldry, H. C.
Greek Literature for the Modern Reader
Cambridge University Press
$1.95

Bowra, C. M.
The Greek Experience
Mentor
$.50

Hadas, M.
Humanism: The Greek Ideal and its Survival
Harper
$3.50

Toynbee, A.
Hellenism: The History of a Civilization
Oxford University Press
$4.50

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The Case of the Spurious Spinster

(Continued from Page 37)

You're a pretty good specimen of manhood. I wouldn't like to see you spend the next ten years behind bars."

Lowry doggedly shook his head.

"All right," Mason said to Della Street, "get your notebook, Della." She took a notebook out of her purse.

"Put down the date and the time," Mason said, "and take this statement: This is dictated in the presence of Ken Lowry, manager of the Mojave Monarch. We called on Mr. Lowry and asked him to tell us something about the operation of the mine. We pointed out to him that a young woman was being charged with a crime, that she was innocent, that circumstances had conspired against her and that she was quite possibly the victim of a frame-up. Mr. Lowry would make absolutely no statement; he refused to discuss anything, thereby indicating his own bias and that he was trying to cover up the facts."

"Now, wait a minute," Lowry said. "Since you're writing that down, you just put in there that I said I'm not covering up anything, that I've simply been instructed not to discuss the matter with anyone, particularly Perry Mason."

"Who gave you those instructions?" Mason asked.

"Endicott Campbell."

"All right," Mason said grimly, "before I get done with Endicott Campbell, he may not be giving anyone instructions. And if you want to tie in with him, go ahead. But before you plunge along in blind loyalty to Campbell, you'd better find out something about what Campbell has been doing and what the facts are."

Mason opened the door of the truck. "I'll probably be cross-examining you in court, Mr. Lowry. Don't say that I didn't give you every opportunity."

Lowry said angrily, "All right, you've given me every opportunity. I don't have to talk to you and I'm not going to."

Della Street turned to him and put her hand impulsively on his arm. "Listen, Mr. Lowry," she said, "please let's not misunderstand each other."

"I'm not misunderstanding anybody."

"Perhaps we're misunderstanding you. But let me put it to you this way. You've had an opportunity to see Endicott Campbell. You've known him for some time and ——"

"Yesterday was the first time I ever set eyes on him," Lowry said.

"All right," Della Street went on, glancing significantly at Perry Mason. "You probably pride yourself on judging character. How do you judge Endicott Campbell? Would you go out on a prospecting trip with him? Would you like to have him as a partner?"

"I pick my own partners," Lowry said, "and I pick 'em carefully."

"No, you don't," Della Street said. "Endicott Campbell picked you as a partner and he's sold you a bill of goods."

"He isn't my partner," Lowry said.

"That's what you think," Mason said. "You're not his partner in a mine; you're his partner in something that may be a criminal enterprise."

For the first time, Lowry turned, took his eyes off his visitors, looked down the long street. "Why should I tell you anything?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't you?" Mason said. "If you have nothing to conceal. I'll put it another way. Why should you go into partnership with Campbell just because he comes out and tells you what he wants you to do?"

"Because in a way I'm working for Campbell."

"Following Campbell's instructions?"

"Well, following instructions from headquarters."

"And do you think Endicott Campbell is representing headquarters?"

"He said he was."

Mason's smile was enigmatic.

Lowry narrowed his eyes, took a deep breath. "All right," he said, "I want to explain my position in this matter. I did some peculiar things, but everything I did was as the result of orders I received directly from Miss Corning."

"Personally?" Mason asked.

"Over the long-distance telephone."

"How many conversations?"

"Two."

"From South America?"

"No. She called me up from Miami. She made two business trips up to the States and she called me personally."

"You know her personally?" Mason asked.

"I've never met her."

"In other words," Mason said, "you listened to a voice on the telephone. The voice on the telephone told you to do certain things. Those things were highly irregular. Then a man whom you've never seen before comes out here and tells you not to discuss those things. It seems to me you're rather credulous, Mr. Lowry."

"You mean that wasn't Amelia Corning on the telephone?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "Furthermore, you don't know. Let me ask you this: Did Endicott Campbell tell you that a woman showed up yesterday who impersonated Amelia Corning?"

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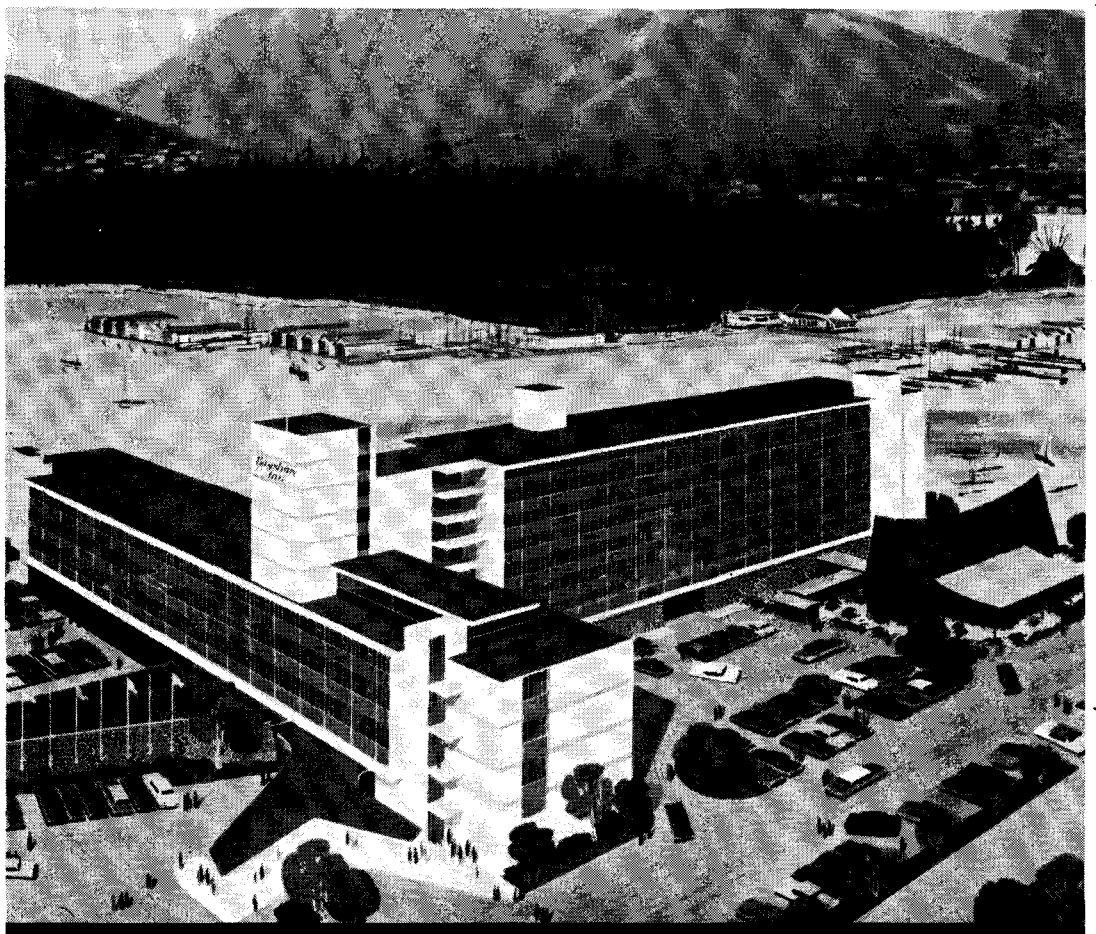

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"Good grief, no!" Lowry said.

"Well, she did. If anyone is desperate enough to impersonate Amelia Corning in a personal interview, it wouldn't be hard to do it over the phone."

Lowry thought things over. "All right," he said at length. "I'm not going to buy Endicott Campbell as my partner. I don't like the guy. He's a little too smooth and a little too slick. . . . I guess you opened my eyes, Miss Street, when you asked me if I'd like to camp out in the desert with him. I wouldn't share blankets with that guy on a bet. I don't think I'd trust him."

Mason said, "Now is a good time to get the situation clarified.

"I'll tell you this much," Lowry said. "I was hired by a letter from Amelia Corning. She had taken over the Mojave Monarch. She'd bought all the mine—lock, stock and barrel. She told me to go ahead and run it in accordance with her instructions."

"What about the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company?"

"That's an affiliated enterprise," Lowry said, "but I was working directly under Miss Corning and I was making reports to her. Well, we ran into trouble. The vein faulted on us, and I didn't know what to do. I wrote to her, and she told me that she'd let the Los Angeles Company give me instructions. Then the next day she called me up and said she'd changed her mind. She asked me what I thought about closing the mine up, and I told her that I thought it was the only thing to do, that we might spend a fortune trying to find that vein.

"All right, she told me, she'd let me know. Then she called me up a little later and told me that for tax purposes she couldn't afford to have the mine closed. She told me she'd turned the thing over to the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company with headquarters in Los Angeles, that I would write every month and send them figures which would purport to show a payroll and expenses, that as far as the books were concerned, I'd be having twelve men working here on each of three eight-hour shifts, which would make a total of thirty-six employees.

"I was to tell the Los Angeles office how much money I wanted for all my expenses each month, and they'd send me a check which I was to cash in one-hundred-dollar bills and then I was to mail those hundred-dollar bills into Los Angeles. In that way, she said, it was just a cash transaction. All she'd be out would be the employer's liability insurance and incidental expenses, but as far as the books were concerned, for tax purposes it would show that the mine was still being operated. Now then, was that crooked?"

"What do you think?" Mason asked.

"That's what bothers me," Lowry said. "I followed instructions all right and did what she told me, but I didn't like it."

"All right," Mason said, "you sent the money to the Los Angeles company?"

"No. I sent the money to the Corning Affiliated Enterprises in Los Angeles. I sent it to a post-office box there."

"You sent it in the form of cash?"

"I just got that check cashed at the bank here in hundred-dollar bills. I'd wrap those hundred-dollar bills in a plain package. Now, that's the thing that I didn't like about the whole business. She told me not to register the money, not to have it appear that there was anything of value in the shipment; to just wrap it up and send it parcel post to this Corning Affiliated Enterprises at the post-office box.

"I'd get checks from the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company to cover all operating expenses. Every two weeks I'd make out this phony payroll and endorse the check and take it in to the bank here."

"Didn't the bank know something was wrong?" Mason asked.

"What do you mean, wrong?"

"Well, I mean, didn't the bank think there was something unusual?"

"Sure, the bank thought there was something unusual, but the bank wasn't blowing the whistle. I told the bank that I was acting under orders from headquarters and—well, the bank knows me."

"How much money did you send all together to Los Angeles?"

"Somewhere around a hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars."

"You sent in money for Social Security and ——"

"No, I didn't send anything in. I didn't have to because there weren't any employees. I made payroll figures, but they were all merely figures."

"Did you ever get any receipt?"

"I never got so much as the scratch of a pen from the Corning Affiliated Enterprises, but I'd receive a telephone call after each shipment, telling me that the shipment had been received O.K."

"Who made the call?"

"I don't know—some woman."

"Then you've heard two voices over the telephone," Mason said, "the voice of the woman who acknowledged the shipments and the voice of the woman who told you she was Amelia Corning. Could it have been the same voice?"

"I don't know. I—I—I'm beginning to get bothered about all this, Mr. Mason."

"How about the voice that reported the receipt of shipments to you over the telephone? Do you think you could recognize that voice if you heard it?"

"I have an idea I could."

"Where were those calls received?"

"At my house at the mine, the manager's house."

"During office hours?"

"No. Every one of them would come in in the evening."

"And Endicott Campbell told you not to say anything about this to anyone?"

"He told me not to say anything to you; but the more you come to think of it, the more you realize that I'm in a peculiar position here. I'm not buying Campbell, sight unseen, as a partner."

"That's right," Mason told him, "you don't want him as your partner. Now, then, have you heard anything from Amelia Corning lately?"

"Not a word."

"Did you make reports on what you were doing?"

"No, I was told not to."

"Didn't that impress you as being a peculiar way of running a business?"

"Sure, it did. But I figured that there was a tax angle in it somewhere—and, of course, you hate to have a mine close down. It gives it a black eye. Of course, people around here know the mine's closed, but as far as the books of the mining company are concerned, the company would send out a big payroll every month, and every month it would get back a shipment, which I suppose they'd claim came from ore. Since it was in the form of cash, it couldn't be traced."

"That's your supposition," Mason said.

"Say, what are you getting at?" Lowry asked.

Mason opened the truck door and said, "Just be careful who you pick as a partner, Lowry. Perhaps truth is the best partner you can pick. It was awfully nice meeting you."

Lowry watched Mason and Della as they walked back to the service station.

"Thanks, Della," Mason said. "You pulled that one out of the fire very nicely. That was good psychology, telling him that he'd bought Endicott Campbell as a partner."

"What do we do now?" Della asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we beat it back to Los Angeles. But first we get Paul Drake on the telephone. We concentrate on Endicott Campbell. We also find out all we can about this Corning Affiliated Enterprises. And I'm afraid we're not going to find out very much."

From a telephone booth at Lancaster, Mason called Paul Drake. "Put a tail on Endicott Campbell," Mason instructed. "This thing is even bigger than I thought it was, Paul; and somehow I have a feeling it's deadly dangerous. Get a tail on Campbell and try and find out where that son of his is."

Drake said, "That's going to be a pretty difficult assignment. He anticipated you'd be looking for the boy and he planned the coverup well in advance."

"See what you can do anyway," Mason said. "I'm on my way back to the city. Wait in the office for me. I want to see you when I arrive."

"What did you do up there, any good?"

"I think so," Mason said.

"Let's hope so," Drake told him, "because you're sure as hell running up a detective bill, Perry."

"My credit still good?" Mason asked.

"Up to a million," Drake told him.

"All right. Keep going," Mason said and hung up.

He called the number of the Arthenium Hotel so that no one except the exchange operator would know it was a long-distance call and asked to be connected with Amelia Corning's suite.

When he heard her voice on the line, Mason said, "This is Perry Mason, Miss Corning. I'd like to see you sometime in the early part of the evening."

"Oh, that will be wonderful, Mr. Mason. I enjoyed talking with you and I think you and that client of yours can do me quite a bit of good. For your information, my talk with Endicott Campbell was not in the least satisfactory."

"I see," Mason said noncommittally.

"Now, I've just received a wire that my sister and my Brazilian agent have left Miami and are due to arrive here on the ten-twenty-five plane. I'd like to see you and your secretary before they arrive. Could you run up now? Where are you?"

"It would be inconvenient for me to come up right now," Mason said, without divulging his location, "but how would seven-thirty do?"

"There's one thing perhaps I should tell you, Mr. Mason. I'm a demon for being prompt. If you can be here at seven-thirty, we'll fix that time. If there's any question about it, we'll make it seven-forty-five."

"Seven-thirty will be all right," Mason told her. "I'll be there."

"Thank you, Mr. Mason. Good-by."

Mason returned to the car and said to Della Street, "We have a date at seven-thirty with Amelia Corning. Paul is putting a tail on Endicott Campbell."

"How did Endicott Campbell get along with Amelia Corning? Any clues?" she asked.

"More than clues," Mason told her. "Miss Corning didn't make any bones about it. She said the interview was highly unsatisfactory."

Della Street grinned. "I just had a feeling that fellow was going to overreach himself."

"He can still make trouble," Mason said. "We're going to have to move right along, Della, and Miss Corning emphasized particularly that she wanted her appointments kept on the dot. By the way, her sister and her business agent have flown up from South America. They wired her from Miami and they're coming in on the ten-twenty-five plane."

"Then the net is closing around Endicott Campbell," Della Street said.

"It could be closing," Mason said. "But don't ever discount a man of that type. He's ingenious, clever and daring and he very probably has been anticipating a situation of this sort for some time and has planned ahead."

"But what good do his plans do him?" Della said. "Sure, he had his getaway money all neatly tucked into a shoe box, and then his son took it and gave it to Susan Fisher."

"And then what happened to it?" Mason asked.

"Well," Della Street said, "either the person who was impersonating Amelia Corning got it or ——"

"Go ahead," Mason said as she paused.

"——or," she said, "Endicott Campbell went back to the safe and got it—of course he did, chief."

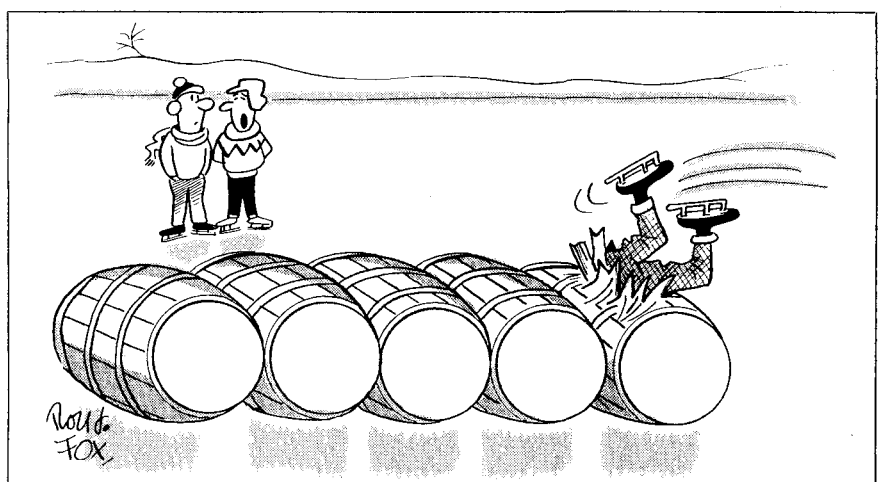
"He had the opportunity," Mason said, "and undoubtedly he went back to the office and opened the safe. But remember, if the woman impersonating Miss Corning had taken the box, it wasn't there by the time Campbell arrived."

"But, chief, I don't see what difference it makes. They were working hand in glove. He deliberately planted this imposter and set the stage so that Susan Fisher would fall for it. She gave this woman all of the documentary proof that would indicate irregularities and ——"

"That, of course," Mason interposed, "was the reason she was sent up there. But a shoe box full of hundred-dollar bills is something different."

"You mean she may have double-crossed Campbell?"

Mason said, "Campbell is acting in a most peculiar way. You know, there's just a possibility, Della, that someone double-crossed him, and he doesn't know for sure whether it was Susan Fisher who got the money and secreted it after telling



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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him the story about leaving the shoe box in the safe, or whether his accomplice, the woman he got to pose as Amelia Corning, decided she would look at the side of the bread that had the butter."

"In other words, you feel, from the way he's acting, that he doesn't have the money?" Della Street asked.

"It's a possibility," Mason said. "Let's let it go at that."

Mason eased the car up to the legal limit of speed and concentrated on his driving. As they neared Los Angeles, Della Street consulted her wrist watch several times, glanced apprehensively at Mason. "Are you going to try to call on Paul Drake first?" she asked.

"We won't have time," Mason said. "The road was a little slower than I thought it would be, and we're going to have to go right to the Arthenium in order to keep our appointment. I think we have some information now that will prove of the greatest interest to Amelia Corning. I wouldn't be too surprised if she wanted to swear out a warrant for Campbell's arrest. There is, however, one thing that bothers me."

"What's that?"

"I think Campbell must realize that we dashed out to the Mojave mine, and he'll wonder what we've found out."

"Does that make any difference?"

"It makes this difference," Mason told her. "If he wanted to find out just how much we had discovered, what would he do?"

"Why, he'd—I guess he'd call Lowry."

"Exactly," Mason said. "And when Lowry talks with him on the telephone now, Lowry isn't going to be the same co-operative conspirator that he was earlier in the day. So Campbell is going to ask him if he told us the story of what had happened, and Lowry would make a poor liar."

"He wouldn't even try to lie," Della Street said. "He'd tell the truth, and that isn't a reassuring thought."

Mason nodded, gave the Sunday-evening traffic his frowning concentration and arrived in front of the Arthenium Hotel at seven-twenty-seven.

Mason handed the doorman a couple of dollars. "You've got to take care of that car for me," he said. "I haven't time to park it. We'll let you know if we're detained beyond ten or fifteen minutes."

Mason and Della Street hurried across the lobby to the elevators, then up to the Presidential Suite.

As Mason and Della Street walked down the corridor toward the Presidential Suite, Della Street said, "It looks as if the door is open."

Mason observed the oblong of bright light which was coming from the door of the suite. He quickened his pace.

The door of the Presidential Suite was standing wide open. All of the lights inside were turned on. There was no sign of the wheel chair, no sign of Amelia Corning.

"Now what?" Della Street asked.

Mason, standing in the doorway, said, "I would presume, Della, that knowing she had an appointment with us, she left the door open so we could come in and be seated."

They entered the room. Mason gestured toward the half-open door to the bedroom. "Better see if she's in there, Della," he said.

Della Street flashed him a quick apprehensive glance, started to say something, then checked herself, moved toward the half-open door, knocked on it and called out, "Hello, Miss Corning. We're here."

There was no answer. Della Street pushed the door all the way open and walked into the bedroom. "Anybody home?" she called.

She heard quick steps, and Mason was standing behind her.

The room gave evidences of feminine occupancy—an open closet door, dresses on hangers, creams on the dressing table.

Mason, beating a hasty retreat, said, "Look around, Della, just be sure there's no one here. Try the closets—even under the bed."

"Chief," Della Street exclaimed apprehensively, "you don't think that ——" She checked herself and hurried toward the closet.

Mason returned to the parlor and seated himself. Some two minutes later Della Street returned and shook her head.

"Look every place?" Mason asked.

"Everywhere."

"The bathroom?"

"Yes."

"All right," Mason said, indicating a door at the other side of the parlor. "There's another bedroom there. Try that."

Della Street hurriedly opened the door, this time without knocking, again made an exploration and returned. "No one," she said.

"No wheel chair?"

She shook her head.

"How many suitcases?" Mason asked.

"I didn't notice particularly. I think there are —— wait a minute, let me think. That's right, two suitcases and a bag."

Mason said, "I guess we wait."

Della Street seated herself. "Couldn't we ask the elevator operators?" she asked.

"We could," Mason said, "but we won't. Not right at the moment."

"One would have thought she'd have left a note," Della Street said.

"Well," Mason said, "she left the door open and ——" He broke off as they heard the sound of voices.

"Someone coming down the corridor now," Mason said.

A rather portly woman in her middle forties appeared in the doorway. Behind her was a dapper individual with dark hair, dark eyes and a short mustache. Behind them were two bellboys with bags. Mason got to his feet.

"I beg your pardon," the woman said. "Isn't this Amelia Corning's suite?"

"It is," Mason said. "We are waiting for her."

"She isn't here?"

"Not at the moment," Mason said. "We had an appointment and found the door open. We assumed it was an invitation to come in and be seated. Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Perry Mason, an attorney, and this is Miss Street, my secretary. And you are?"

"I'm Mrs. Sophia Elliott," she said. "I'm Amelia's sister. And this is Alfredo Gomez, her business agent."

"Oh, yes," Mason said affably. "I understand she was expecting you. She told me over the phone you were arriving, but I didn't think you were coming until later."

"We found we could catch an earlier plane," Sophia Elliott said and turned to a bellboy. "All right," she said, "just bring the suitcases in."

Alfredo Gomez, slim-waisted, quick and catlike in his motions, came forward to bow low in front of Della Street, holding her hand in his for a moment, then moved to shake hands with Mason.

"With much pleasure," he said.

Della glanced quickly at Perry.

"I presume you talked with Miss Corning over the phone from Miami?" Mason said.

"We sent her a wire," Sophia Elliott said.

Mason said, "I am representing a client who had some dealings with Miss Corning, and Miss Corning asked me to meet her here." Mason looked at his watch and said, "Nearly ten minutes ago."

"Well, if she told you to be here ten minutes ago and she isn't here, she isn't intending to meet you here," Sophia Elliott said. "When she makes an appointment, she keeps it. . . .Now, where are we going to put these things?"

The question was addressed not to Mason, but to a bellboy. "There are two bedrooms in the suite," the boy said.

Sophia Elliott strode across the parlor to the bedroom door on the north, pushed it open, looked inside, came back to the parlor and, without a word, strode across to the other door, pushed it open, looked around, came back and said, "All right, Alfredo, you take that bedroom. Have the boy put your bags in there. There are twin beds in this other bedroom. I'll move in with Amelia."

Alfredo Gomez bowed his acquiescence, then indicated a suitcase and a bag. "Those are mine."

The bellboys took the baggage into the bedrooms. Sophia Elliott supervised the placing of the baggage in the one bedroom, but Alfredo Gomez stood waiting, silently watchful while the boy deposited his bags in the other room.

Sophia Elliott returned and said to Gomez, "Tip the boys." Gomez reached into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills and gave each of them one dollar. The bellboys muttered their thanks and left the room.

"I gathered," Mason said to Sophia Elliott, "that your wire came as something of a surprise to Miss Corning."

She pivoted slowly to regard Mason with an appraisal which lacked cordiality. "You say you're an attorney?"

"Yes."

"Representing my sister?"

"No, representing someone who has business dealings with your sister."

"Were you invited in here?"

"I was told to be here at seven-thirty."

"What time is it now?"

"Nearly seven-forty-five."

"All right," Sophia Elliott said. "She isn't here. She didn't leave any note for you. I'll tell her you called. If she wants to see you again she'll send for you."

"I beg your pardon," Mason said. "No one sends for me."

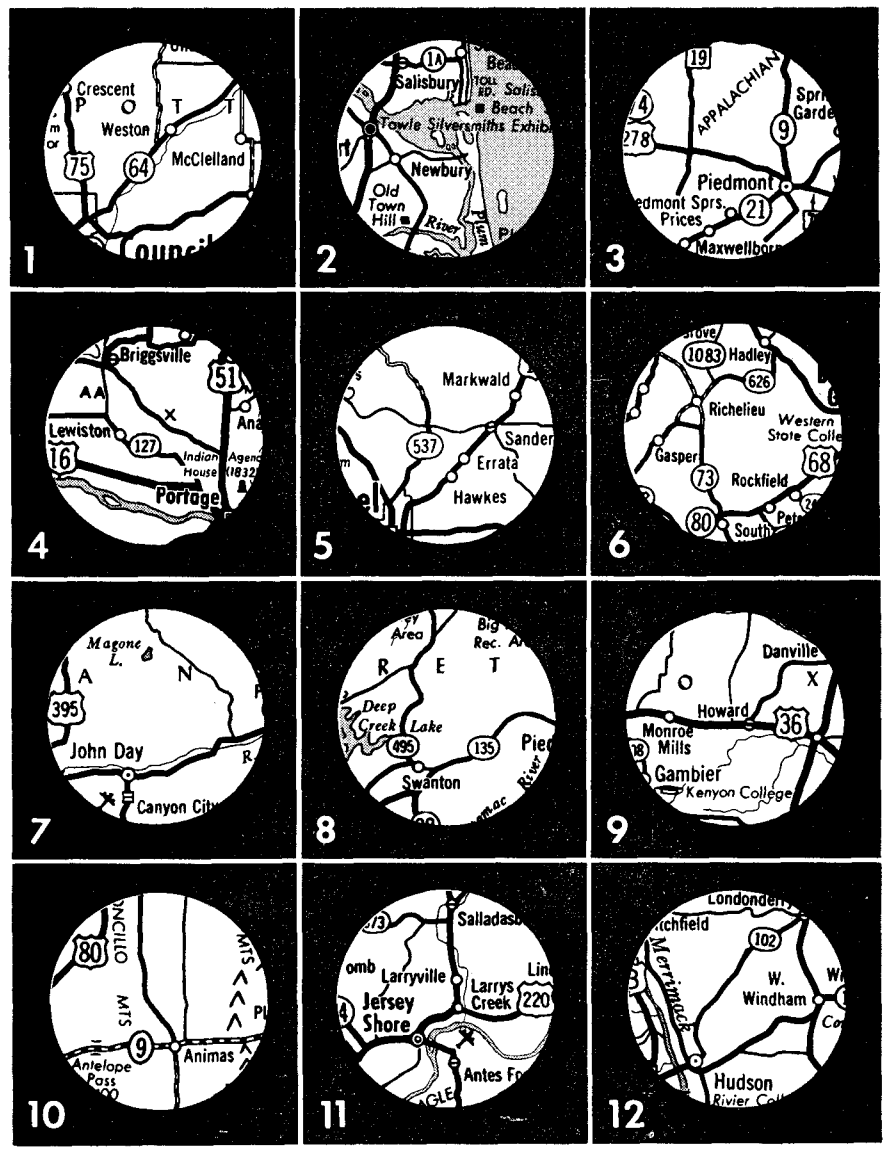
"All right. If you're so touchy about it," Sophia Elliott said, "if she wants to see you again, she'll ask for you to call and you can agree to be here. That's all now. I'm moving in."

She walked over to stand by the door, holding it open.

Mason bowed. "It was a very great pleasure to meet both of you," he said and stood aside for Della Street to precede him into the corridor.

"Humph!" Sophia Elliott grunted.

"And," Mason said, "you might tell Miss Corning that if she wishes to see me, I will be (*Continued on Page 50*)



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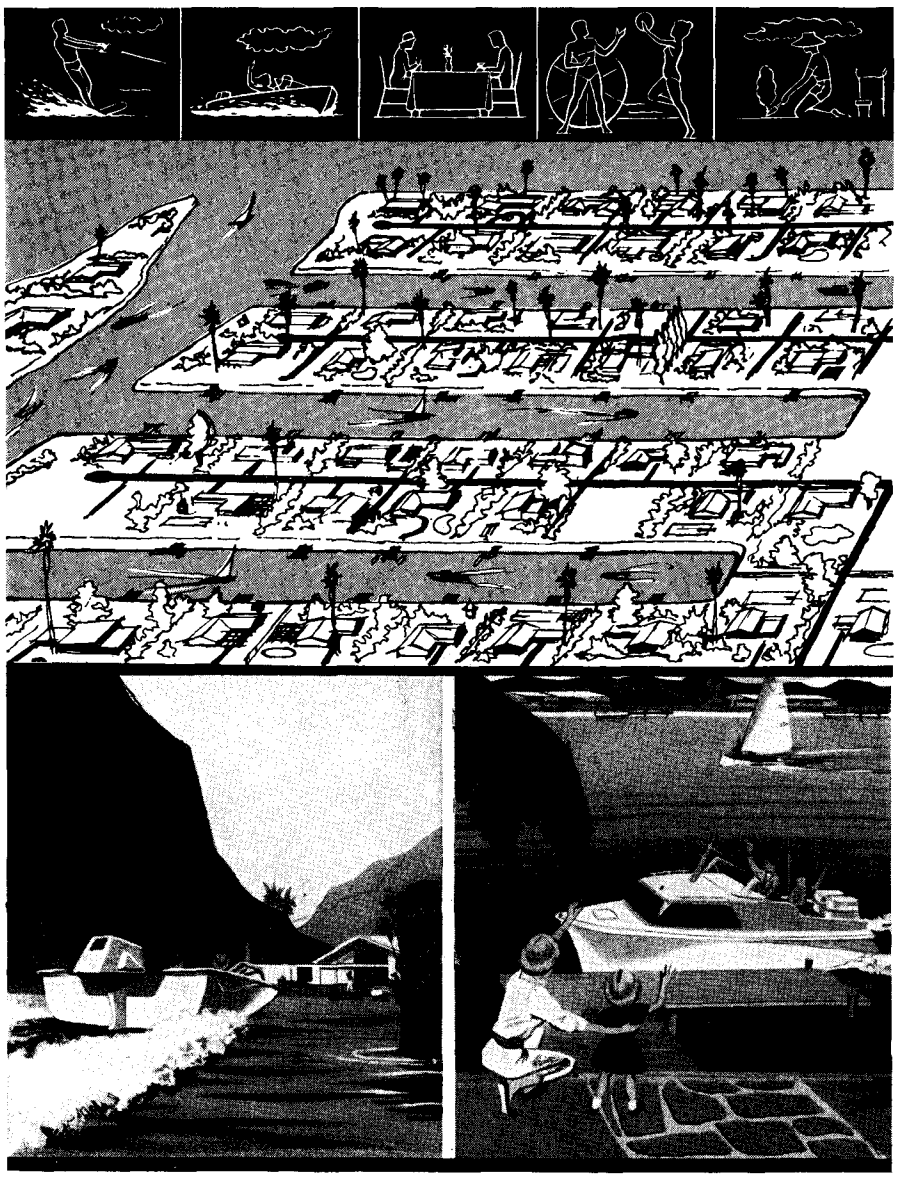

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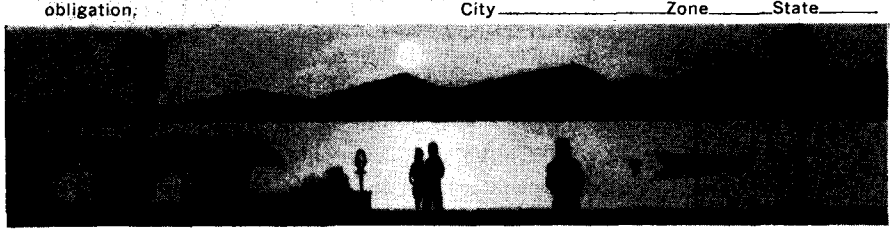

(*Continued from Page 48*) in my office at nine-thirty tomorrow and she can telephone for an appointment."

They stepped out into the corridor, and Sophia Elliott pushed the door shut. Della Street raised quizzical eyebrows.

The lawyer smiled, took Della Street's arm and started with her toward the elevator. "What one would call a rather dominating personality," Mason said.

"That," Della Street observed, "is quite an understatement. One wonders how Amelia Corning reacts to all this."

"One really wonders," Mason said. "Quite apparently she didn't send for her sister and the dashing Alfredo. They came of their own accord and presumably at their own invitation—and quite probably to protect their own interests."

"Evidently didn't want Miss Moneybags out of their sight," Della Street said.

The elevator cage slid to a stop, and the door opened.

"Where now?" she asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we are going to see our client, Susan Fisher."

Perry Mason rang the chimes in Susan Fisher's apartment and received no answer. He frowned at Della Street, then tried the door. The door was locked. Again he sounded the chimes.

"I can't understand it," Mason said. "I told her to stay in her apartment and be where she could be reached instantly on the telephone."

"What do you suppose has happened?" Della Street asked.

"Whatever it was," Mason said, "it was something of sufficient importance to cause her to break the promise she made me and—let's call Paul Drake. She must have left a message there."

They went back down to the ground floor, found a telephone booth and called Drake. "Perry Mason," the lawyer said. "What have you heard from Susan Fisher—anything?"

"She telephoned at six o'clock," Drake said. "She told me that something had come up which was so exceedingly confidential she didn't dare breathe a word of it, but that she was going to have to be out for a while. She asked me to relay the message to you."

"O.K.," Mason said. "I'll keep in touch with you. She'll let you know when she gets back."

The lawyer hung up the telephone, emerged from the booth and shook his head in response to Della Street's unspoken question. "She's gone out," he said. "She left rather a cryptic message for Paul Drake. Under the circumstances, Della, I guess we go and eat. Everybody seems to be standing us up tonight."

"Those," Della Street announced, "are words that ring musical chimes in my brain. Those words tinkle upon my eardrums with the effect of music—we eat."

Mason said, "Well, we'll do it on the installment plan, Della. I notice there is a cocktail lounge a couple of blocks down the street. We'll do down there, have a cocktail, then get back here in about twenty minutes, check on our client once more and then, if she isn't in, we'll go get a nice dinner."

Della Street said, "May I offer an amendment?"

"What is it?"

"Long experience has taught me that the bird in hand is far, far better than two in the bush. In place of having a cocktail now and eats later, let's forget the cocktail and put in that half hour at the restaurant around the corner. I would much prefer a meat loaf which is all ready now than the promise of a *filet mignon* later."

"O.K.," Mason said, "but I want to keep in touch with things here. Something about this case worries me."

They went to a little restaurant around the corner, where the service was prompt. Mason called Paul Drake's office twice, then after half an hour or so, drove back to Susan Fisher's apartment house.

Mason was escorting Della Street to the door when a slender figure in a long raincoat and with a hat pulled down low, started to push open the door, then stepped back with a gasp.

"Mr. Mason!" Susan Fisher exclaimed.

Mason looked at the garb—the man's hat, the sweater, the slacks, the raincoat, the flat shoes—and said, "Now, what are you doing masquerading as a man?"

"I—I don't know," Susan Fisher said. "Oh, am I glad to see you! Oh, I—I was hoping that I could get in touch with you."

Mason said, "You could have been in touch with me if you'd only followed my instructions and remained in your apartment."

"I know, I know; but I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because she telephoned me."

"Who?"

"Amelia Corning."

"What did she want?"

"She wanted to do something without anybody knowing about it."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "What happened?" he asked.

"I—is it all right to talk here?"

"Probably not," Mason said. "Let's go up to your apartment. Look, child, you're shaking."

"I know I'm shaking. I'm so nervous I feel I could wilt on the doorstep."

The lawyer escorted her to the elevator, then down the hallway. Della Street said, "Let me have your key, dear, and I'll unlock the door."

After they had entered the apartment, Mason said, "All right, Susan, let's have it."

Susan seated herself and started twisting her gloves nervously. "Go on," Mason said encouragingly, adding, "We may not have much time, you know."

Susan said, "She telephoned and told me exactly what to do. She told me to take a pencil and write down her instructions in shorthand."

"What were they?"

"I have them in my notebook, but they're etched in my mind. She told me to go to the office of the drive-it-yourself car company that is only four blocks away, to rent an automobile, then to go up Mulholland Drive to an intersection she described, then go one and three tenths miles to a service station. At the service station I was to go on down the road for another two tenths of a mile. There was a wide place there, and I was to park the car. Then I was to walk back to the service station and ask for a one-gallon can of gasoline. She said I was to take the can of gasoline, pay for it, take it down to the car and not return it—you know, not return the empty can. I was to toss it into the brush nearby."

"And why was all this?" Mason asked.

"She said that she wanted to get me to drive her to Mojave and she didn't

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 48)

1. Iowa	2. Mass.	3. Ala.
4. Wis.	5. Miss.	6. Ky.
7. Oreg.	8. Md.	9. Ohio
10. N.Mex.	11. Pa.	12. N.H.

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want anyone to know what she was doing. She said she absolutely had to interview a man in Mojave before the banks opened tomorrow."

"Did she say why?"

"No."

"Or what name?"

"No."

"And what about the clothes you're wearing?"

"She said I was to get a man's hat that had a good broad brim, that I was to wear slacks, a sweater and a raincoat, that I must wear flat shoes so I could do quite a bit of walking, if necessary."

"I see," Mason said. "Tell me exactly what happened next. What instructions did she give you, and what did you do?"

"I did exactly as she told me. I knew that there was a broom closet here where the janitor kept some old clothes and I knew he had this broad-brimmed hat there, so I borrowed it. I had a heavy opaque raincoat. I left so that I got to the designated place on Mulholland Drive a good twenty minutes before the appointed time. I parked the car, went to the gasoline station, got the one-gallon can of gasoline and went back to the

... ...

Each and All

By May Richstone

You're an angel, a lamb,
And to be more specific,
You're gallant, engaging,
A guy who's terrific.

But don't make the mistake
Of feeling sublime—
You're each of these, love,
But not all of the time!

... ...

place and waited and waited and waited and waited."

"The man gave you the one-gallon can of gasoline," Mason asked, "the man at the service station? He didn't offer to drive you down to where your car was standing?"

"No. Miss Corning told me that if he did that, I wasn't to encourage him. She said she didn't think he'd do it, however, because only one man would be on duty."

"What about the rented car?"

"I waited and waited and waited, and when she didn't show up, I took the rented car back and paid the rental. She had told me to do that if she didn't meet me there by seven-fifty. She said if she wasn't there by that time I was to leave at once and return to the apartment, turning in the rented car."

"Where did you get the money to pay for the car?"

"This other woman gave me money for expenses when I was working there at the office yesterday morning. Mrs. Corning told me to use that money and that she'd replace it."

"What time did she tell you she'd be there?" Mason asked. "At this rendezvous on Mulholland Drive?"

"She didn't tell me. She told me to be there at exactly fifteen minutes past seven and to wait until exactly seven-fifty. She said that she would join me during that interval if she could."

"When did this call come in?"

"Oh, I guess it was five-forty-five."

Mason glanced at Della Street. "That must have been very shortly after we talked with her."

"She told me that she had talked with you on the phone, Mr. Mason. I wanted to know if she knew where I could reach you, and she said no, you couldn't be reached, that you were out of the city, but that you'd telephoned her."

"You're sure it was her voice on the telephone?" Mason asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm quite sure. She has certain little mannerisms of speaking, and I have a good ear for voices on the telephone. I'm quite certain it was she."

"You turned the car in and walked here from the car-rental agency?"

She hesitated.

"Did you?"

"No. I know I shouldn't have; but I was so upset, I stopped at the cocktail lounge and had a drink. I needed it."

"They know you there?"

"Yes. The bartender is very nice. I stop in there once in a while."

"How long were you there?"

"Not long—ten or fifteen minutes."

"Then you came here?"

"Yes."

Mason frowned. "The thing simply doesn't make sense," he said. "You can't fit it together any way so that it does make sense. Did Miss Corning tell you anything about her sister or her business manager from South America?"

"Not a thing," Susan said.

"Look here, Susan," Mason said. "This woman is from South America. She hasn't been here for years. She couldn't have given you all that detailed information. She couldn't have known about the distances, whether or not the attendant at that service station was alone, or ——"

"Oh, but she could," Susan interrupted. "She said she'd engaged a detective agency and that all of these things were bits of a puzzle that would all fit together. She said the persons who had been planning to loot the company were planning a meeting that we were going to walk in on. She said that by the time you returned to town, we'd have all the evidence you needed. And it was Miss Corning, all right. I knew her voice. There couldn't be any mistake."

Mason said, "I'm afraid you've either been a credulous little fool or that Miss Corning has exposed herself to danger and may have been injured—and in that event, you're really in trouble."

"But, Mr. Mason, what could I do? Absolutely everything depends on having the confidence and the backing of Miss Corning. I couldn't do anything except what I did. She said her detectives had just reported and that there was no time to spare. She said she'd have given ten thousand dollars if they'd reported a little earlier, before you had phoned her. She said you were in Mojave."

Abruptly Mason started pacing the floor, his eyes half closed in concentration.

"What's the matter?" Susan Fisher asked. "Do you suppose ——"

Della Street, knowing the lawyer's habits of thought, motioned Sue to silence with a finger on her lips.

Mason paced back and forth for nearly two minutes. Suddenly he whirled. "All right, Sue, can you draw me an accurate diagram of the place where you parked the car?"

"Of course. She gave me a description in mileage, and I took it down in shorthand and ——"

"Where's the shorthand?"

"Right here."

"Have you transcribed it?"

"No."

"Do you have a typewriter here?"

"Yes."

"Write out the description," Mason said, "just as fast as you can. Then sit right here in this apartment. Don't leave until I tell you to—no matter what happens."

TO BE CONTINUED

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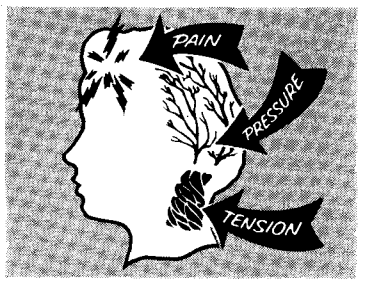

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★ *Largest Selling* PAIN RELIEVER

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Softly Speaks the Heart

(Continued from Page 16)

Lights blazed and the place was immediately alive—technicians, members of the cast, and workmen. A group of children thronged through the aisles, herded by a tall slim girl in dark slacks. As Steve strode past she turned and flashed him a smile and said, "Good work."

He lifted a hand and went backstage to his cubbyhole. Later, bending over sketches, he found himself returning the smile. *Glad you liked it.*

The workshop was full of people; the staff, visiting dignitaries from New York and Hollywood here for seminars and lectures or just to observe a new mechanism; a couple of big names for leads. Upward of 300. You didn't get to know everybody. The girl who had just smiled at him had been around for weeks. Once she'd been given a bit part—just a couple of lines—and he understood why she had been chosen from a hundred other starry-eyed, would-be actresses. Her voice was low and throaty, beautiful, and she moved with a light easy grace. He'd heard somebody say then to Phil Baden, "You want to keep an eye on that kid."

Steve had turned to look at her, but she hadn't registered, and maybe that was because like everyone else here he was totally absorbed in his own job, and at that moment he'd been down on his knees propping up a wall that must be steadied without adding material.

He was creating a sea-splashed fishing village. Out there—the audience—was the sea. Where an orchestra would be, if there were such a thing, the towering breakers dashed against a rocky coast. Herb Cumby said that Steve had it so realistic that he wanted to don his skin-diving outfit to negotiate the aisles.

Winding narrow lanes ran among Steve's houses, his two thatched cottages, shop fronts and a slender two-story structure with a window up there. This was Steve's dream. The lighting effects were Rock's dream. The whole experimental theater was a nucleus for dreams. Even the kids were dreams, and some of them so good you didn't dare let the little witches on stage, because they'd steal the show. Why? It was the why of things that knotted Steve. If someday he were to be a director, he had to analyze the whys, find the torch—whether in a tiny doll or tailored slacks or a piece of ocean-silvered driftwood.

At noon he walked three blocks to Bob's Flying Saucer, popular eating spot for the students. Hamburger and coffee cost thirty cents.

Elbowing his way through noise and shoulder slaps and greetings to the counter, he picked up coffee and a sandwich and glanced around for a place to set them down. At a small table by the window the girl who had smiled at him sat alone, an open book propped up in front of her. He crossed the floor and said, "May I?" and pulled out the chair.

She put away her book. "Oh, hello."

"Thanks for the big hand," Steve said.

Her eyes laughed back at him. They were brown eyes flecked with gold. "It was wonderful. It hit me here." Tapping her chest.

"There's an effect I want. Just what did you see?"

"I've watched all night at the high window," she said. "There's a lamp in my room, and you can see me occasionally pull back the curtain, as I keep vigil through the black storm-tossed hours. How many countless women have watched through the endless nights for how many ships to come home! At last, day is breaking over the ocean. Now I see the ship wallowing helplessly, going to pieces on the reef. Drift begins to wash ashore."

None of this was what Steve had expected, and at first he thought she'd bypassed his scenery for the acting part, and then he realized she'd touched the core—not the design itself, but the effect this design produced.

He made a mental note about the curtain. *Better to have Saraith pull back the curtain than just to appear at the window.* The girl opposite had something that the run-of-the-mill dramatic student didn't. Why had he never noticed her before?

She opened her eyes and came back to find Steve regarding her gravely. He said, "I'm Steve Lindsley, scenic designer over there."

"Oh, I know that! You're one of the personalities. I'm Autumn Adair."

"A bit stagy, but it will look good up in lights."

"It's not stagy!" she said. "It's a perfectly good Irish name. My father was Orrin Adair."

He admired spirit in a woman. "But you would like to see your name in lights, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, but that's not the main objective."

"What then?"

"I don't know." She leaned toward him. "Maybe you'd understand." The slightest emphasis on you. "It's to do a good piece of work—true, sincere. Is that stuffy—or beat?"

"No."

He looked away from her, out the window and down the winding lane toward the theater. He knew that something had happened to him right here at this small table with a catchup bottle on it and a closed book and a hand that was delicate and made into the emphasis of a fist. With the roomful of noise and laughter and the clatter of dishes and, outside, the smooth routine of the park in which sat the theater building. This girl was serene, and she was exciting, thoughtful and lighthearted, gay and quiet.

Throughout the afternoon he found himself whistling and, as he closed his desk for the day, decided he'd ask her to go to dinner with him. One of the modest restaurants nearby. He ran a hand into his pocket, and it jingled money.

When he went to find her, Herb Cumby was just helping her into his long, white convertible. They sped away, leaving the flash of a bright scarf in the air. Herb was the workshop's one well-heeled student.

Mel Arnold, assistant director, was watching the bright scarf also. "Is she lucky!" he muttered.

"Why lucky?" asked Steve dryly.

"He can give her the earth. Isn't that what women want—the earth?" He finished, "Besides, he's a nice guy."

Steve walked the two miles to his one-room apartment. He spread all of his money on the dresser top. Seven smackers and some trading stamps. *All right, Herb, you can have the girl.*

Rehearsals were shaping up. For this production of *Driftwood*, Hollywood star Yetta Burnell was their drawing card. Phil Baden had been fortunate to find her resting between New York and Hollywood assignments and willing to experiment with a new toy. Gorgeous to look upon and richly talented, Yetta was being dined and feted and was basking in adulation. She was also being temperamental about Steve's sets. "Do I have to climb that ladder?"

"It isn't a ladder, it's a stairway."

"Then give me a ladder. At least I'd have something to clutch."

Herb said in Steve's ear, "There she goes, Steve, clutching her way up."

"I'm barefooted, and you've wet down the stage," she stormed.

"You're supposed to wear your thongs," he explained gently.

She complained to Baden about everything. "All this unimportant minutiae. It's schoolboyish. Remember, Phil," instructing him patiently, "the *lines* are the play. Nothing must overshadow the spoken word. Scenery is all right as a background, but it must not be diverting. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Baden, "I see."

Later he chuckled to Steve, "I see the sets are better than she wants them."

The moment rehearsals were over, the script writers rushed into a huddle—rewriting, eliminating and revising. Yetta had instructed them, "Please, give me a chance to act, not just mime." So her part was fattened. Rock experimented with lights; the technicians labored over the rigging system; Phil Baden scrapped scenes, then put them back. In apparent chaos the production moved forward.

Occasionally Steve saw Autumn, and they paused for a casual word, as if there had been nothing between them that day at Bob's. Steve told himself that he had put the girl out of his mind. So, how did it happen that he found himself crossing the park with her in the late afternoon? A little stream wound through the trees, and steps led down to a bench, and a small boy was fishing on the bank.

They sat on the bench and talked of the play and of Yetta, who was wonderful but so very precious to herself, and they talked of the part of Saraith that had such dramatic possibilities. They talked of Steve's second-act set—a rocky shore line. And they talked of themselves and what they wanted of life.

"To live," said Autumn, throwing out her arms to encompass a world, "but I don't mean to live it up. To feel, to take all this inside me. There's something out there that speaks—you feel it pull like an undertow in the ocean, and you move with it, never understanding what it is."

"Beauty?" he suggested.

"Yes, a good definition. And beauty can appear in so many guises, like the old woman in the play—homely, grotesque, gnarled hands and lined face—who welcomes home her boy thought lost at sea. Every expression of her body is suddenly translated into beauty as real as Saraith's."

"Do you like the part of Saraith?"

"I love it! I'm absorbing it." She laid a hand on his arm, cool small fingers, browned and strong. "You, too, possess beauty, Steve. You are an artist. You can bring a stick of wood to life with its history there visible in it."

"Me? I'm only a plodding student."

"Plod on, old student. Give it the good college try."

A yellow leaf drifted down from the trees, touched the water, found its bearings and sailed beautifully away.

She said, "It's under the bridge now."

A small yellow leaf sailing under the bridge and above it the howling tide of late afternoon traffic. They lived in two worlds—the hurrying, shrieking city life and this quiet world of dreams. They could be a part of both.

He looked down at the hand on his arm. "Are you Herb's girl?"

"I'm nobody's girl. But Herb is sweet. I've known him always. Our families are old friends. Herb needs to ——"

I'm nobody's girl. Someday he'd do a scene with a yellow leaf floating down.

When they strolled back, Herb was waiting—easy, self-assured, genial. "Ready to go, Twinkle?" His pet name for her. And to Steve, "Come along with us tonight, Steve. Get away from the grind. Shake the cobwebs out."

Steve moved away. "Thanks, I'll stick with the cobwebs."

He needed old pieces of wood, rusty hinges, rusty nails and an ancient, barnacled boat. He was surprised, later, when Autumn appeared in his door. "What's tonight, Steve?"

"For me?"

"For us."

"Where's Herb?"

"I told him to trot along."

He had to do research at the library. They went on the bus, searched and searched for books and jotted notes and made sketches. Soon the librarian was hovering over them.

"Sorry, it's closing time."

"What?" They looked up in amazement. They'd just come.

Autumn said, "Leave this marker in the book for tomorrow night. We'll be back."

Steve found himself whistling as he went about his work. He told himself, *Watch it*, knowing it was too late for that.

A reporter slipped in to catch a rehearsal, and the next day his column announced a treat for those fortunate enough to secure seats. Taft Welsh, wealthy and interested in the arts, made cautious intimation that an endowment might result if *Driftwood* seemed to merit it. This would mean scholarships and many difficulties ironed out.

And at once everything went wrong. The lighting system went haywire. The rigging developed a squeak. Yetta's understudy came down with the mumps. Blunders and mishaps piled up at every point. And, to add to their jitters, word came from the box office that Taft Welsh had bought up a block of tickets and was bringing a party. Baden, shaking in his

"And here, in contrast to the Working Group . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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boots, tried to hold together the other shakers.

Two days before the opening someone told Steve of a beached and barnacled boat that had washed up on an island 150 miles away. Steve wanted that boat. He had to have it. If he started right after rehearsal tonight, he could get back in time for the final dress rehearsal tomorrow night. Of course, Baden would veto the trip. "No, too near opening. Can't risk it. Enough has happened to us already." So Steve said nothing. He bargained with a trucker, Ham Hod, and Autumn went with them. There was no keeping her from going when she found what was afoot. Starting a little after midnight, they headed south, splitting the black night into halves with their swift headlights. They paused for coffee at an all-night café, then went on.

Finally, they left the paved road and drove on the beach.

"A big sign just ghosted past," said Autumn. "I wonder what it said?"

"Advertising a boat service, I guess," said Hod, "or a fishing pier."

Day broke, and they found the boat—a honey and not too heavy. Heave ho, easy does it. Steve and Autumn ran on the beach and got wet sand in their shoes. They gathered seaweed and big shells. The sun was turning the ocean scarlet and gold when they dumped the stuff in the truck. Ham Hod came lugging a contribution of his own—branched driftwood that had washed up.

Suddenly he uttered a disgusted "Damn. Look at that."

The truck's tires had sunk a good four inches in the wet sand.

"Your sign back there, Autumn, must have said 'Danger—don't drive on the beach.' What now, Ham?" asked Steve.

"Dig."

They had no shovel. They dug with their hands and a stick and a big shell. Ham started the engine, shifted to low. The wheels spun helplessly, settling down farther. He tried it again, over and over.

Hod gave up. "Must be somebody on this island. I'll walk till I find a house."

They all walked, going in different directions. An hour later they were back—two discouraged men and a bedraggled girl with a shiny nose. They'd found only a closed dance pavilion. The season had ended.

Steve looked at Autumn ruefully. "What a mess I've let you in for," he said bitterly.

"Hush. I came of my own free will," said Autumn.

"I could do with some coffee," said Ham hungrily.

"Don't start that. I'm starving," Steve said. They all were.

Steve began to be harried by the element of time. "If you two will stay here, I'll walk back to the last town for a wrecker."

"It's ten miles," Ham reminded him.

"I'll cut across."

"I'm coming too," said Autumn.

It was slow plodding through the deep sand. The sun grew hotter and hotter. Sandburs. Mosquitoes. Lily vines wrapped about their ankles. Finally Steve said, "This was one more error. Let's go back to the road."

They went back to the paved road and started the ten-mile hike. "I always wanted," said Autumn, "to hike miles and miles along a beach and over a causeway."

He tousled her hair. "Quite a girl!"

At a quarter of seven that evening a truck pulled up at the stage entrance of the workshop theater, and three dishevelled figures alighted and slipped cautiously inside. The place was deserted.

He and Ham Hod lugged in the boat. On the revolving stage Act Two was the back of Act One. They could put everything in place—the old, barnacled skiff, the stacks of seaweed, the silvered piece of driftwood. The effect was impressive. Steve's spirits skyrocketed. This was worth the day's drudgery and frustrations.

Autumn freshened up in the ladies' lounge, and she and Steve walked to Bob's and held hands under the table.

"Steve, you'll think I'm heartless, but that's the most fun I ever had."

He just looked at her. Everything that he felt—wonder, admiration, love—swam up in his eyes. But Bob's was not the place to tell her. When they returned to the theater Phil Baden was grinning like a possum. "Where'd you get it all?"

Other members of the cast coming in crowded about, thrilled and delighted. "Boy, is that something?" . . . "Steve found his barnacles." . . . "Old Barnacle Steve." . . . "Driftwood—ties up the title."

Yetta, the last to arrive, dashed in, called, "Hello, everybody," waved a hand and went straight to her dressing room. Soon she emerged, radiant and charming, in peasant blouse and full skirt and thongs. She said sweetly, "Phil, darling, am I keeping you waiting ——" Abruptly she stopped—galvanized. Her glance took in

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the barnacled boat, the seaweed and the old log. "Seaweed! No. Oh, no!" Her voice rose shrilly. She turned on Phil. "I'm allergic to seaweed. I never go near the coast. What idiot dragged in that stuff? Oh, our boy wonder." Now her fury blazed out at Steve. "You did this on purpose."

Phil hurried over. "Now, Yetta, don't get upset. Here, you fellows, dump this stuff outside right away."

"Outside? What good will that do? It's all over the place." Suddenly she sneezed, and her eyes began streaming, demolishing the make-up. "I'm finished." And indeed she looked it. She sneezed again and again. Between paroxysms she gasped out furiously, "Phil Baden, I've stood all I can. I did you a service to come here, and this is the treatment I get. I'm through. I'm quitting. Your precious prodigy can have the place to hang his ridiculous trinkets in. From the first he's done everything he could to thwart me, but this final insult does it. Where's my chauffeur?"

"Yetta, honey, listen. We'll deodorize and ventilate. You can't just walk out on us on the eve of opening."

"*Can't* I? Watch me." And she was gone.

For a time nobody spoke. Phil was a pathetic sight.

Mel Arnold said, "She'll be back. Give her time to cool off."

"Shall I cart this out, Phil?" asked Steve.

"Listen," said Phil gently, "just don't touch one thing further." He added with bitterness, "A sold-out house, and no understudy."

"Everybody subside," said Mel, "and we'll wait an hour until she's quieted down and then phone her at the hotel. Let me handle it. After all, she's human; she can't do a thing like this."

Steve went into his cubbyhole, shut the door, sat down at his desk and put his tired face in his scratched-up hands. How right Yetta was—schoolboy stuff, exactly. You let these things run away with you. He had driven 300 miles, had got stuck in the sand, had walked Autumn ten miles and had put in soak his watch and her expensive bracelet—to wreck the show just before opening.

Oh, they'd give a show—repeat the last one. They might even use *Driftwood* next season—with the inspiration gone and the glamour worn off and the whole thing gone cold. And what made a show a big show was inspiration, glamour and enthusiasm.

The hour dragged by. When he heard Mel Arnold calling the hotel he came out. Mel said, "Yes, yes. . . . What? . . . Well, thank you." His hand moved automatically to hang up. His face was white. . . . "Checked out. Caught a plane for Hollywood. Gone."

Phil Baden shouted, "Just junk the whole thing, the whole damn pile of trash. Throw the book in the garbage can. Toss out the costumes." His heart was broken.

In the stillness that followed, somebody ran across the stage. It was Autumn. She ran out front, held up her arms to signal Rock and stood there with her arms up until she had everybody's attention. Rock got her message and darkened the house and cut his beam downward.

For a moment longer she stood—a slight, swaying figure in the beam of light, but every move poetry. Then she began to speak. She went into Saraith's big scene near the end of the play.

There are actresses and actresses. Yetta had been super. But this was something else. Yetta had played the part of Saraith beautifully, but this *was* Saraith. What the difference was, you could not say. The same lines, and yet Autumn put her own interpretation, so that the words held a depth of feeling and emotion that Yetta had not put into the part.

Phil Baden let the book lie limp in his hands. The members of the cast stood about, unstirring.

She reached the end of the scene, her head fell forward and her hair fell over her face. Her lover had been lost in the sea—the exultant, triumphant sea—mere driftwood. The beam faded slowly and left them in darkness. Then the lights blazed.

There were tears on every face. It was Autumn herself who spoke first. A little frightened by what she had impulsively done, she turned to Phil—a slim girl with apology in her outthrown hands. "Was it—would it do, Phil?"

"Yes. Do you know the whole part?"

"Letter perfect. I've lived it."

He stood up. He took a deep breath that almost lifted him from the floor. "Everybody. Ready for Act One. Curtain."

Caught up in a wave of surprise and relief, the cast threw themselves into their parts, and the whole imaginative and sharpened performance went forward with grace and power. Act One and then Act Two moved in splendor across the stage. Autumn was wonderful.

Nobody had known she could do it. That was the thing that hit Steve hardest, sitting out front, chin in hand, under her spell. *He* hadn't known. As her performance mounted into beauty and wonder, there was exultation within him, and there was also a sense of personal defeat and emptiness. Holding himself up as a wise theater man whose first qualification was spotting talent in anyone, he was merely a gauche, ignorant undergraduate wrapped up in his own work. Yanking her across the state last night, racing at high speed in the darkness to get himself a handful of barnacles . . . when he was towing genius, precious and rare.

The curtain was down. The rehearsal was over. Phil Baden crossed the stage; he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Herb!" he yelled. "You take this child home safely. Safely, do you hear? You can do it. Do you hear? Phone me when you get there. I'm going to stand right here in this spot until I know." And to Autumn, "Go home and rest, my dear. You've saved our show. No more rehearsing. Everybody go home and relax—until tomorrow night."

One thing about Phil. He wasn't blasé. Things struck deep.

Herb received Autumn into his care and bore her cautiously out the door.

A first night. The thrill of an interested, excited crowd, witnessing the discovery of a new brilliant star. The right people were here. The audible catch of breath as the curtain rolled up on Steve's seaside village. Then Autumn.

After the last word was spoken, after the seventeen curtain calls, after Old Hardtack had slipped away to get his piece written against the deadline, Taft Welsh flung a party. Champagne flowed. The crowd went on to the Paisano Club for supper.

Steve, remembering that she had said "good work" to him once when she didn't even know him, tried to reach her to say "good work" to her, but he couldn't get within shouting distance. The last he saw of her, she was being swept away by a tide of happy celebrating workshoppers—with Herb, at Phil's instigation, taking care of her.

Steve stood a moment watching the wacky scene, then he went through the backstage door and out into the night. Wending his way past the jam of parked and whirling-away cars, he started his two-mile walk home. Traffic had subsided to a low hum. He walked over the bridge and remembered the yellow leaf and the sweetness of those days when both of them stood on the edge of tomorrow, and the difference now was—she had stepped over the line.

He reached his apartment, went in and, without turning on lights, sat on the edge of his bed. In the dark there and the privacy of his four walls he faced a thing, and it was this: A river now flowed between them. He was still a struggling student with years of apprenticeship ahead of him as he tried to catch the hang of this thing. Autumn had arrived. Well, he knew the follow-up of tonight's success. All the big boys had scouts out, and by morning her phone would start ringing. There would be flattering offers; she could write her own ticket. They'd had some wonderful times together, and that was that. A clock somewhere chimed three. And so, to bed.

A streak of sunlight woke him up. It was early—too early to say congratulations. She'd need her sleep. He showered and dressed. At the door he stumbled over the morning paper and kicked it aside. Why rub it in? Avoiding the Flying Saucer, he went to a strange café, had a strange cup of coffee and found himself heading for the theater. All the others would be sleeping it off. He could go in and sit alone in the dark and eat his fool heart out.

Along the winding path an old man with a cane had paused and was looking up and breathing in the soft music of the air as it filtered through branches. Life is dished up in three sections: the years of study and dreams when everything seems possible; the hard struggling years—the cruel years of sink or swim; and after that the long stretch downward. He wanted to ask this old man what it felt like to be on that downward slope with everything over and all the chances gone. And it came to him that perhaps the old man didn't know he was there. He was still looking for tomorrow.

He pushed through the heavy glass doors and groped his way to a seat. No spot on earth is so sensitive as a theater. Empty, dark—it speaks and tears out your insides.

He was a lonesome guy, but he had felt close to this girl. And now he had to acknowledge that he hadn't known the slightest thing about her. He hadn't known that she'd learned the part of Saraith or that she was a superb and finished actress. He hadn't known it because he'd been thinking in terms of himself and his work. The trips to the library; the race to the beach to get the boat—imagining it mattered. He was happy for her, but he knew where this left him, and he thought, *I deserve it.*

Behind him he heard someone enter. He slid further down on his spine until the steps should go past. They didn't go past. They stopped in the aisle. She slipped into the seat beside him. She didn't speak, and for a time he didn't.

Then, "I tried to congratulate you last night, but they were ten deep around the new luminary."

"Steve, where were you? We looked and looked. Your place was dark and locked. Have you sat here all night, for goodness sake? Why didn't you call me?"

"I thought you'd need your beauty sleep."

"What beauty? What sleep? Have you seen the papers? Yours was rolled up on the floor at your door. Did you see what Old Hardtack said?"

"No. Let's have it. He like you?"

"Well, in a way. I was in it, of course. But the thing that held the whole production together, that put a spell on the audience, was the wizardry of Steve Lindsley's nostalgic and living stage sets. 'If a man's heart could be opened, this is what we'd see. Who is this Steve Lindsley?' "

"Huh? He say that?"

"And a lot more."

"What about you? You're a star this morning."

"You can't coast on one small success, Steve. You and I know that. I've studied this part day and night, absorbed it, lived it. It's a very wonderful part. But it's merely a springboard. Or rather a challenge. You've got to do better the next time and the next and the next. Quite a deal."

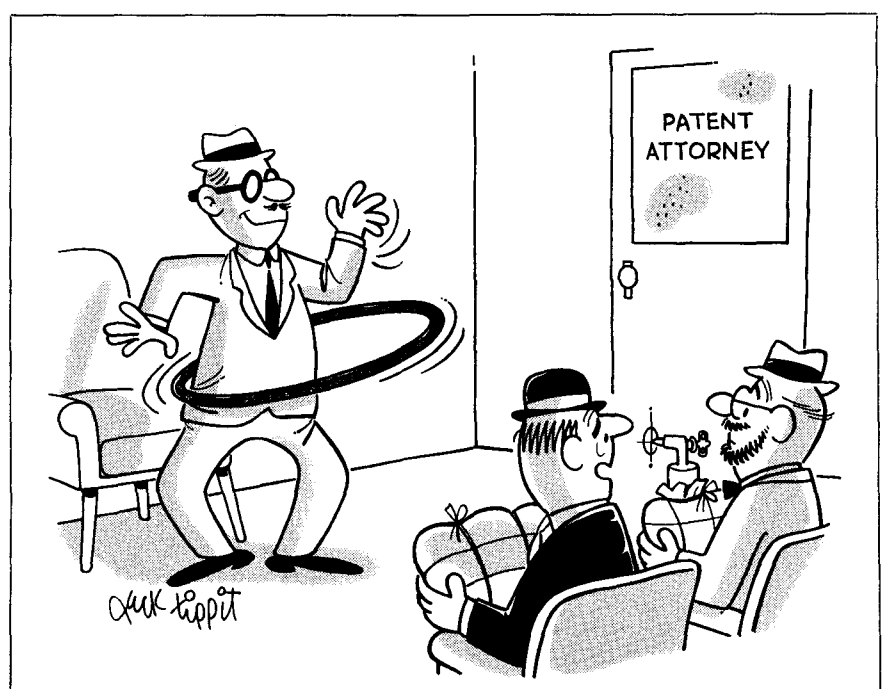
Presently he shook his shoulders and found them light. It came to him and hit him like a sock in the chest—no river flowed between them. She was the same—still looking forward to success, yet knowing that, even when it came, this was better.

His glance climbed the walls of his beloved theater. What a school, what a hard-knock school! And he wouldn't have it easier. He got to his feet. He felt like a million.

"Want to race me to Bob's for breakfast?"

She stood up, facing him. "All right." She didn't move. Her voice dropped. "First, kiss me."

He could do that. THE END



"I haven't the heart to tell him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Missile Murderer (Continued from Page 21)

tired. Now relax." He made himself smile. "Happy New Year."

"I am afraid it is not, Martin. But I thank you."

Martin's own house was filled with light, warm-seeming. And there was Lou in a party dress, to kiss him, take his briefcase and hat, to urge him, smiling, down the hall. "I was afraid the fog would hold you up—never mind. Hurry. Shower. Dress." And her smile turned full-blown. "A party. Here. It's New Year's Eve, silly."

She was perched on the arm of a chair when he came out of the shower. "Do you mind, Marty? Having a party, I mean?" There was sometimes, as now, a little-girl quality to her. "I thought it was time. A few people ——"

Martin said, "The Schmidts, Wolf and Karle?" Thinking now of the lights, the wreath, the futile attempt to conform. And Wolf, talking ——

"No," Lou said, and there was that in her voice that turned him to face her. "I didn't even consider asking them, Marty." The room seemed filled with sudden silence. "*Doktor* Wolfgang," Lou said then. "*Doktor* Karle." She shook her head. "I'm just an ordinary female type, Marty. I can't compete in that direction." She stood up.

Martin said, "Now, Lou ——" It was then that the doorbell rang. It rang again. "Damn," Martin said. "Look, Lou ——"

Lou said, "I'm not a very good wife, am I, Marty? I haven't even asked you how your—your shoot was. Did the bird thrust and vector properly? I forgot to ask. But Karle wouldn't have forgotten, would she?" Her voice stopped. She caught her lower lip in her teeth. Then slowly, "I'm sorry, Marty. These are just ordinary people tonight. Not an egghead among them. They're just like me." She was gone.

It was then fifteen minutes past nine. In the bowl of the valley the fog lay thick and heavy, blanketing sound, shutting off sight. There may have been a cry, even a scream. Who is to say?

Someone after a while had switched on the television set in Martin's study—faces on the screen laughing, singing, kissing, in New York, then Chicago, then Denver, across the time zones of the nation; balloons flying and confetti and tin horns and masks and *Auld Lang Syne* played over and over again. Martin felt depressed, even a trifle sick inside. He wanted to talk to Lou and straighten out at least that one problem, and it was not possible—too many people, too much noise.

And down at the factory Pete Carter, Ross Sommers and Joe Parks, the third man, would be at work feeding the telemetered data into the big electronic computer. And somewhere within that data was the explanation of failure. *And we were so sure this time!* He was back again to what Schmidt had said in the car, disbelieving still, and yet reluctantly admitting now that there could be a germ of truth in the fear Schmidt had expressed. At what point, after how many failures, did one begin to wonder if the mistakes causing the failures were accidental—or planned? He told himself that he was merely tired, disappointed, upset. And still there was no chance to talk to Lou.

Someone turned up the volume of the television and the announcer's voice said, "We take you now to San Francisco, where in ten minutes ——"

Martin walked back to the bedroom. He had a drink in his hand, untouched. *What was it Schmidt had said? "I should not like to see you come to trouble because of me." And what had that meant?* He walked over to the bed and picked up the phone and dialed Schmidt's number. It was Karle's voice that answered. Martin said, "I wanted to wish you and Wolf a Happy New Year."

"You are sweet, Martin." Her English was as good as Wolf's. "Thank you. I will tell Wolfgang when he returns."

"When he returns," Martin said, and he tried to keep it light. "And where has he gone at midnight? Don't you have him better trained?"

There was a smile in her voice. "I allow him a little freedom. There was a telephone call. Perhaps it was another woman. Do you think that was it, Martin?"

"No fear, Karle," Martin said. And he looked up then. The door had opened. Lou stood there. Into the phone Martin said, "Good night." He stood up from the bed, vaguely shamed. "They're all alone, Lou."

"Of course," Lou said. "Our guests are all alone too. Had you thought of that?"

"Lou ——" Martin began. The phone rang. Martin looked down at it almost in shock, even fear from a cause unknown. It rang again. He picked it up, spoke his name.

"This is Pete, Marty." The voice was quiet, too quiet. "I think you'd better come down. We've had an accident."

And it was all at once as if the entire day and the night, the dull bitterness, the failure, the worry, the confusion—all of these seemed to focus on this moment. "Accident," he said, merely that.

Pete Carter said, "It's Ross. He's—well, he's dead. They've got a resuscitator on him, but it isn't going to do any good."

"Wait a minute," Martin said and he tried to gather himself. Then, "Make sense, Pete."

"He drowned. In the test tank. If that makes sense. I don't know what he was doing out there, but that's where he was. The lights were on. Wolf Schmidt walked past and saw him there on the bottom."

Martin said slowly, carefully, "What was Wolf doing there? I drove him home. He ——" He stopped there, controlled at last. His mind felt cold. "I'll be down in twenty minutes, Pete." He straightened from the phone. Lou watched, seemed to wait. "I'm sorry, Lou," Martin said.

"An accident," Lou said. "Somebody made a mistake in multiplication, Marty, and you have to run to put it straight."

He had no words, only the thoughts, jumbled, confused. *Ross is dead. And Wolf is there, where he shouldn't be.* And he could hear again Wolf's voice saying, "*I should not like to see you come to trouble because of me.*" He walked past Lou. "I'm sorry," he said.

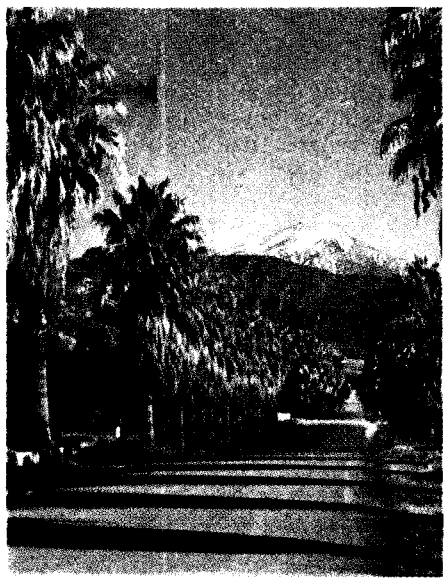
From the study the announcer's voice screamed suddenly, "There it is, folks! Midnight! Happy New Year!" Martin walked out to his car.

Driving to the factory was a time of waiting; and when the lights of the factory seemed to spring at him out of the fog, the feeling Martin had was merely a sense of relief that the waiting was over. The guard said, "O.K., Doctor Holmes. If you'll wait just a minute."

Beside the guard a second man had appeared, short, solid, angry. He put his face to the car window. "You in charge here?" And his hand came out of his pocket. It held a badge. "Andrews," he said, "lieutenant, Valley Police. You've got a dead man. I want in."

Martin looked at the guard. The guard said, "Orders, Doctor Holmes. You know that. I need clearance for anybody." In the simple statement there were sanity and a re-establishment of values.

"Look," Andrews said, "just who in hell do you longhairs think you are?"



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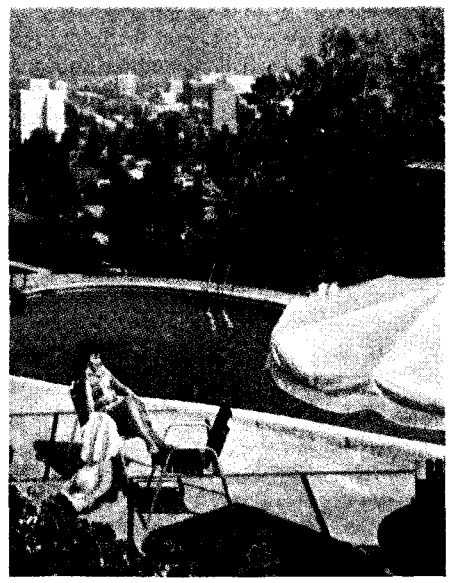

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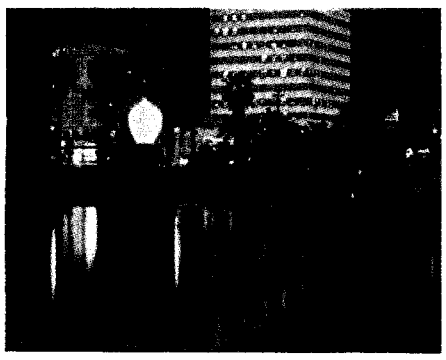

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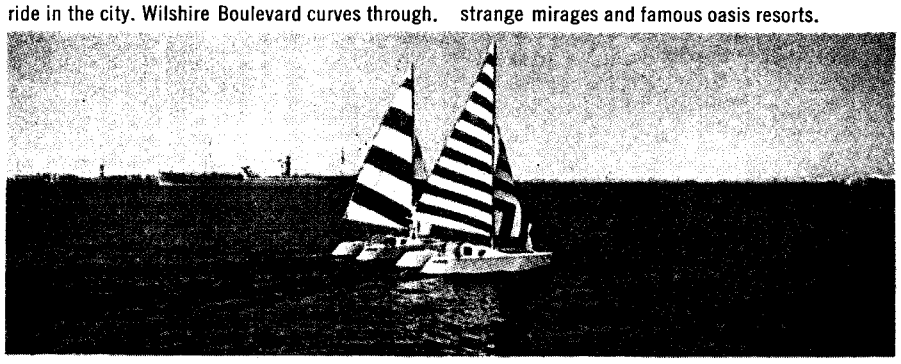

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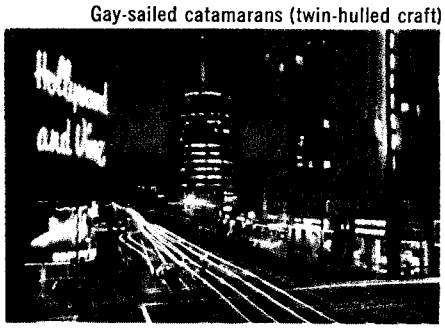

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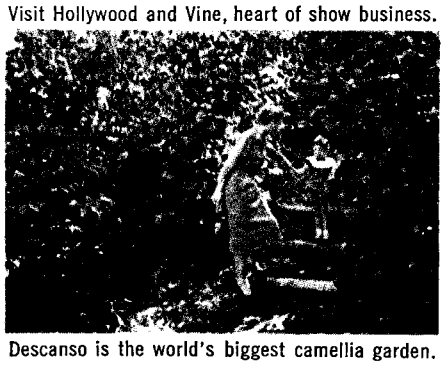

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And this, too, was part of the familiar pattern; this was the way things were—a wall built between Martin, his kind, and the rest of the world. Including Lou.

"We don't make the rules, lieutenant," Martin said. "They're made for us. I'll arrange clearance." The gates closing behind him shut out all confusion; here on the job he was at home.

He walked down the hall of the main building, merely glanced in the doorway of the data-reduction room, where the cabinets of the computer lined the walls and extended in rows; here the only sounds were the spinning of tapes on their reels and the quiet clacking of the printer. He walked on to his own office.

Pete Carter was there, and Wolf Schmidt, and Doctor Stevens, the plant physician. Wolf Schmidt's hair was wet and he was shivering. Martin said, "Call the Navy, Pete. Get clearance for a Lieutenant Andrews of the Valley Police. He's at the gate." And then, "Doctor?"

"The man is dead," Doctor Stevens said. "He drowned. Now if you'll excuse me ——"

"The police will want to talk to you," Martin said. "To everybody."

Doctor Stevens said, "In case it slipped your mind, tonight is ——"

"New Year's Eve," Martin said. "Yes. A man is dead."

"I can't bring him back to life," the doctor said. But he sat down.

Pete Carter turned from the phone. "The Navy's coming down. They'll bring the cop in. Now I'll get back to the electronic monster."

Martin walked behind his desk and sat down. He sat there, getting his thoughts in order. Then, "You found him, Wolf? On the bottom? That's what Pete said."

"Yes." His eyes, on Martin's face, were wide, frightened.

"You'd just come in?"

"No. I had been in the building. I had talked with Pete and with Joe Parks. I had watched the printer for a little time."

"Why?" Martin said. "It's too early to tell anything."

"I do not know, Martin. I ——" He swallowed. "I was the bird watcher on this shoot. I feel a responsibility."

"We all do," Martin said. And then, "You saw him, Wolf. Then what?"

"I shouted. I ran to the door of the building and shouted again. Then I went up to the tank platform and took off my clothes and dived in to get him. It was not ——" He shook his head. "The net was on top of him, Martin. I had to dive three times. The net is heavy."

Doctor Stevens said suddenly, "Will somebody tell what the man was doing out there in the middle of the night?"

"I don't know," Martin said. . . . "Do you, Wolf?"

"I do not know, Martin."

Martin said, "Why were the lights on?"

"I do not know that either, Martin."

"Wolf," Martin said then, "why did you come back to the plant?"

Something flickered behind Schmidt's eyes, quickly gone. "It is a—silly thing, Martin. Someone took the wrong suitcase—mine. I did not notice at first. I went to unpack because I had brought back a small gift for Karle, a sea shell I had found on the beach in Florida."

Martin thought of the phone call Karle had mentioned. "Go on."

"But that is all. My suitcase was here. I came to make the exchange. It is no more than that." He shook his head. The shivering had not stopped. "I had better telephone Karle. She will worry."

"Sure," Martin said. He listened to Schmidt's German on the phone, too fast for him to understand. Pete Carter would have understood; Pete's German was almost as good as Schmidt's own. No matter. There was nothing now to do but wait for the Navy and the police.

The Navy resident, whose name was Wright, Commander Wright, wore civilian evening clothes. Lieutenant Andrews was with him, angry still. And there were two other men, one of whom, a doctor, went off with Doctor Stevens to have a look at the body. The fourth man, in his neat, quiet, polite way, took over the office. His name was Potter, and he was middle-sized, wearing a neat dark suit and an attitude of quiet calm. "You were here, Doctor Holmes?" he said to Martin.

"I was called from home," Martin said. He glanced at Wolf Schmidt. Schmidt's shivering had not stopped, and there were tiny beads of perspiration now on his forehead and lip. "Tell them, Wolf."

They listened. Lieutenant Andrews said, "He was having a moonlight swim? In the fog? And what is the tank?"

It was Potter, polite, but firm. "Within the bounds of security, lieutenant, we'll do our best for you." And then to Martin, "Your test firing—was it successful?" His eyes watched Martin's face.

"No," Martin said, and the consciousness of failure was strong now, bitter. "We destroyed the missile after eighty seconds of flight. It was misbehaving."

Potter merely watched him. "Do you know why it misbehaved?"

"Not yet."

"But you will know?" And, "How will you know?"

"Yes," Martin said, and now the stiffness, the sense of pedantry was on him, as it always was, when he tried to explain, to lecture really, to the people on the other side of the wall. *Egghead.* Lou had said that tonight. *Lou!* "The bird," he said, "the missile, is loaded with instruments. It is also loaded with transmitter equipment. It broadcasts all during its flight, relaying to the ground the information the instruments are recording. The broadcast is received on tape. We brought the tapes back with us on the plane. The information on the tapes is fed into the computer down the hall. The computer analyzes it in certain ways and prints the results for us to study. We call this process data reduction. It will take twenty-four hours, more or less, before all of the data is reduced."

"And then?" Potter said.

"Then with study we'll be able to tell precisely what went on in every part of the bird. We'll know why it misbehaved."

Doctor Stevens walked in. He said, "My colleague and I agree. The man drowned."

Potter said, "And now may we see the tank where Sommers was found?"

It was a massive structure rising in the fog. Floodlights covered it; within the tank other lights turned the water green, glowed through the portholes set along the tank's sides. Andrews said, "Most people dig a hole in the ground to hold water, but I guess that's too simple."

And again Martin was conscious of the stiffness, the sense of pedantry. "We built it this way," he said, "above ground, in order to study the behavior of the launcher under water. We've built a model of the launching device. It's there, inside that tube. In practice it will be mounted in a submarine." Looking through the porthole, seeing the green water, the clean tank bottom where Ross had been lying—*Ross.* It was then, for the first time, that the actual fact of death came to him with all of its force. *Ross—on the airplane, drinking coffee, eating, leaving his mail bags to stretch his legs in the aisle, to sit for a little time with Wolf Schmidt—Ross! Lying on the bottom of the tank, pinned there by the net, struggling, trying desperately not to breathe* ——

"Go on, please," Potter said.

Martin brought his thoughts back into focus. Wolf Schmidt watched him. "We run tests," Martin said, "launching a dummy missile under varying conditions. We produce waves in order to see how surface conditions will affect the missile's stability before it reaches the air and goes into powered flight." He led them up the steps to the platform surrounding the tank. The heavy net hung overhead. Martin glanced at Schmidt.

"Pete and Joe Parks raised the net," Schmidt said. "It was only then that I could get Ross out."

Potter seemed to study Schmidt; then to Martin, "The net's purpose?"

"It's there," Martin said, "to catch the dummy missile. We don't want it flying away from the tank, damaging itself. These cameras record the missile's attitude as it breaks the surface ——"

"Cameras," Potter said.

"Yes," Martin said. "There was light. The cameras could have been running." He took out the film magazines.

"I will take them to the darkroom, Martin," Wolf Schmidt said. "I ——"

Potter's movement was smooth, unhurried. He took the magazines from Martin's hand, dropped them in his pocket. There was silence.

Schmidt said, "Why do you not say it? You do not trust me with the film!"

"Wolf!" Martin said. And then, "Nobody's accusing you."

"Let us face it, Martin." And his voice was under control again. He spoke to them all. "I am Wolfgang Schmidt, a physicist, by Act of Congress a citizen of the United States, or I should not be allowed to work on a secret project." He paused. "I have been checked, rechecked. It proves nothing. I know something of police. Not your kind, Lieutenant Andrews. You are concerned with ordinary criminals." He looked at Potter. "Your kind, which is never satisfied, never."

Potter silently watched Schmidt's face.

Schmidt said, "I will finish, Martin. I am suspect. The bird failed. A man is dead. I am—I was a German from the wrong part of Germany." Like a syllogism, an exercise in logic.

"That's silly, Wolf."

"No, it is not. Loyalty is never proved, Martin. There is the tragedy. It can never be proved, only disproved, and so the vigilance never ends. Only tonight we spoke of this." He stopped suddenly.

Potter said in his quiet voice, "On the airplane, Doctor Schmidt?"

Schmidt's face had changed. There was resignation in it now. "On the airplane. You have guessed that it was with Ross Sommers that I discussed loyalty."

"Yes," Potter said. "I thought it might have been."

They left Lieutenant Andrews at the tank and returned to Martin's office. Potter said in his mild voice, "By the way, Doctor Schmidt, did you find your suitcase when you returned here?"

"Excuse me," Schmidt said. He was gone only briefly. He had a suitcase when he returned and he unlocked it, opened it for them to see. From the wrapping of a sweater he took out a perfect shining conch. And for the first time there was a trace of anger in his voice, in his eyes. "It is a silly thing, you will think, to bring across this country as a gift for my wife. We had such a one in our home in Germany. One holds it to his ear and pretends to hear the sound of the sea. Why do you not laugh, Mr. Potter, at such childishness?" In the silence he rewrapped the shell, closed the suitcase. His voice was normal again. "I will ask Pete to come to you now, Martin." He was gone.

Martin looked angrily at Potter. "Is this how it's done? Accusation without words? The pressure of silence?"

There was no answer, none.

Pete Carter was tall, and broad without fat; calm, intelligent. "I'm Marty's assistant. I get the New Year's Eve assignment." There was no malice in his voice. "Ross, Joe Parks and I came in, dumped the luggage, opened the mail sacks, got out the tapes and started to work. I didn't nursemaid Ross or Joe. I didn't watch to see if they left the room. Obviously Ross did leave, but I didn't know it, and I don't think Joe did. I left once myself to go to the men's room, three, four minutes, maybe five. I didn't go near the tank, in case you were wondering, until Wolf Schmidt yelled from the door. Anything else?"

Potter was silent for a few moments, studying Carter's face. Then, "How long have you been employed here at Coast Aircraft, Mr. Carter?"

"I'm the old hand. I came in 1940, when we were working on aircraft contracts for the British before the Buck Rogers stuff even began. Propellers then, and pistons."

"Thank you," Potter said.

Martin said, "One question, Pete." He kept his voice under tight control. He was thinking of his talk with Karle. "Did Ross make any phone calls?"

"I don't know," Carter said. "I didn't keep track of him, Marty."

Potter waited until Carter was gone. Then, "Phone calls? To whom?"

"I'm just guessing," Martin said.

Potter nodded. "Of course."

They spoke to Joe Parks. Lieutenant Andrews came in and stood silent, listening. Parks, who was small and who looked through heavy glasses, had seen nothing. He had been busy. Ross must have left the room: "It's obvious, isn't it?" He had not noticed whether Carter had left or not. Wolf Schmidt had come in, but Parks didn't know exactly when. "He watched the printer for a while, not that it could tell him anything yet. He was the bird watcher ——"

"I'll explain that," Martin said. "Coast Aircraft is the prime contractor, but we don't manufacture all of the components. And final assembly of the bird is done at the launching site. The man in charge of that we call the bird watcher. That was Schmidt's job. He feels responsible. We all do. Believe it or not, Mr. Potter, in our strange egghead way we are just as interested in success as you are, maybe more."

Potter said, "Then if the failure was due to faulty assembly ——"

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Any woman who will listen to reason is probably thinking of something else.

If a boy follows in his father's footsteps these days, his father doesn't walk very much.

A traffic cop is one who sees red if you don't.

Anybody who still thinks the sky is the limit has no imagination.

There is no substitute for taxes. Unless, of course, it's a prison term.

When you can't get to first base with a girl, she probably thinks she'd have trouble reaching home.

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"You and I," Martin said suddenly, "don't even talk the same language. A missile is not a bullet shot from a gun that goes where it's aimed. It's a thing that is almost capable of thinking for itself. An airplane is a child's toy by comparison. The possibilities for failure are finite, of course, but close enough to infinity to make little difference. We're all responsible. If there's human fault, it's mine. I'm in charge. To pick out one of my men ——" He shook his head, suddenly weary now. "I'm not getting through to you, am I?"

Parks left. Lieutenant Andrews stirred. "I'm just a simple cop. A guy is dead. I can tell you how it maybe happened, but it isn't a fancy explanation that has to go through a computer." In the silence he looked at them all. "There's that platform. There's that net. One rope holds it up. You jerk the rope and the net comes down. Simple as that."

Potter said, "Go on, lieutenant. We are interested."

"Good for me," Andrews said. "O.K. A guy loses his balance. He grabs for something to keep from falling. The only thing to grab is that one rope; and he doesn't have time to think, he just reacts and grabs. The net comes down. He's already part way over the edge of the tank. The net catches him and takes him right down to the bottom. If nobody's there to get him out fast, he's had it." He paused. "I know. I tried it. You almost had a second corpse on your hands."

Commander Wright let out a sigh of relief. Potter shook his head. His eyes were on Martin. Martin said slowly, "It doesn't explain why Ross was out there in the first place. The accident ——"

"It was no accident," Potter said. He spoke directly to Martin, and now for the first time there was iron in his voice. "Sommers worked for you. But he was one of my men, too, even if you didn't know it. And he did make a phone call tonight—how did you guess that? He said that he'd picked up something on the airplane and was going to follow it up." Still calm, still polite, but implacable now. "No accident. Murder. He flushed somebody, one of your people. And he let the man get too close."

Martin's house was dark. He let himself in and switched on a single light in the living room. The room was neat, all signs of the party cleaned away. In the study he mixed himself a drink, stood there sipping it, staring at nothing.

Lou's voice, unexpected, said, "I'll fix you a sandwich." She was in a robe, and her hair was tousled, but there was no sleep in her eyes. She walked past him into the kitchen. She was not gone long. "Eat, Marty," she said then and she sat near him. Her eyes did not leave his face. "I threw a temper tantrum at you last night. I apologize. No, don't say anything. Eat your sandwich." And then, "Do you want to tell me what's wrong?"

"It shows, Lou?"

Lou said, "I'm not a genius. Maybe I think with my stomach the way you say too many people do. But I've lived with you for ten years, Marty. Start at the beginning. Something went wrong at the shoot?"

Always it startled him when her mind, without knowledge or evidence, nevertheless sprang like this straight to the core of the matter. "Potter thinks that's the beginning," Martin said, "and he's starting to build a case. Potter is ——"

"Explain him when he fits," Lou said. "I'm listening, Marty." And when he was done with it all, from the destruction of the missile to the lonely drive home just now, she said merely, "Where is Wolfgang now?"

"Home, I suppose," Martin said. "Potter said he'd know where to find him if he wanted him." Potter, quiet, polite and now implacable. "Wolf's probably talking to Karle the way I'm talking to you."

"No," Lou said. Her voice was quiet. "There's a difference, Marty." And she stood up. "You'd better go to bed. Sleep is what you need."

"Sleep." He shook his head.

"You can't do anything more now," Lou said. "You can't study the missile data until it's—whatever you call it—reduced. And you don't want to talk to Wolfgang until he's had some rest and talked to Karle." She saw his faint frown of puzzlement. "The phone call, Marty, the one Karle told you about." She raised a hand. "You haven't thought it through. You're tired. I upset you. You want to ask Wolfgang about that phone call."

"Of course," Martin said, and the frown was a smile now. "You ——"

"Don't say it." She stood there, facing him. "I don't know if I'm good for you, and you don't know either." And then in a different voice, "There's something else, too, that I don't think you've seen." And she paused there, and the tension that was in her showed plainly. "You defended Wolfgang tonight. Hear me out. You defended him automatically because you're a good man and he's one of your people. You're going to have to decide after you talk to him whether you keep on defending him. Because he said it himself, Marty, that loyalty can't be proved, only disproved. And once the doubts begin—in Potter's mind or in anybody else's—you're vulnerable too." She turned away then. Over her shoulder she said, "Go to bed, Marty. Please."

He was already asleep and breathing deep in exhaustion when she came into the bedroom. She looked at him for a long time. She did not touch him. In her own bed, with the lights out, she wished that she were a little girl again, because once, so long ago it seemed now, she had believed in the efficacy of prayer.

Breakfast was a quiet time, with no mention of last night. "New Year's Day," Lou said; "no snow, no ice, bright sunlight—it seems almost indecent." She was in shorts, her fine legs bare. She watched him rise from the table. "Good luck, Marty." And then, "You face up to things, don't you? You never avoid them. You've always been like that."

Martin sat at his desk in the study, the telephone in his hand, and while he waited for Pete Carter's sleepy answer he thought that Lou had it wrong, that it was not a conscious action, this facing up to things; it was rather something that could not be avoided because your mind, like an electronic computer, working even in sleep, came up with answers that, however distasteful, could not be ignored.

Pete's voice, the sleepiness suddenly gone, said, "What's happened now, for heaven's sake? Didn't we have enough last night?"

"Just a question," Martin said. "How do you say 'wrong number' in colloquial German?"

Pete said slowly, amused, "Crossword puzzle? O.K. The phrase is *falsche Verbindung*." He spelled the words. "If the husband answers when you're calling the wife, *falsche Verbindung* is your best bet."

"Thanks, Pete. Go back to sleep."

Pete said, "You haven't forgotten our bet, have you, boy? You've got the Coast team and six points, for a dollar, in case it slipped your mind. I'll be over to sit in front of your TV and gloat."

Lou was at the sink. Martin said, "I'm going over to see Wolf and Karle. I'll be back before Pete gets here. I'd forgotten we had a bet and a date to watch the Bowl game."

"In ten years," Lou said, "I've never known you to forget anything."

"Maybe Pete just wants company," Martin said. "It doesn't matter."

The wreath was gone from the Schmidts' door and the Christmas tree from the picture window. It was Karle who answered the ring, smiling, friendly, tall, strong, magnificent. "The Valkyrie type," Pete Carter had said once, "the Aryan ideal." Strange description, but true. She said, "I told Wolfgang that you would come, Martin. We are grateful." She led the way back to the sunny, immaculate kitchen. "We will have coffee." Wolf Schmidt was there, calmer this morning. Karle poured coffee.

Martin sat down. He gathered himself, set out in order the distasteful thoughts that could not be ignored or avoided. "You lied to me last night, Wolf." He saw the sudden change, the fear in Schmidt's eyes, quickly gone. "That's why I'm here. I'm sorry."

Karle's hands, large, strong, beautiful hands, lay flat on the table, motionless. Her face, turned to Martin, showed nothing. She turned her head to look at her husband, but remained silent.

Schmidt said, "You are joking, Martin."

"You know better, Wolf." And he had to go on in his own way, as implacable as Potter himself. "You had a phone call. Karle told me. It was important enough for you to leave her on New Year's Eve to go down to the plant. The call was from Ross Sommers, wasn't it?"

Schmidt said, "No." He shook his head, eyes closed. "No, Martin." His eyes opened again. "It was not from Ross. It was nothing; merely—a wrong number. . . . Is it not so, Karle?"

"*Falsche Verbindung*," Martin said, and he saw the sudden shock in Schmidt's face. "I thought that was what you'd say because I heard you say it to Karle on the phone in my office." It was a lie. It was unfair. It was necessary. The part of his mind that never slept had worked on the problem and told him that this was the way it had to be. He went on, pitiless.

"When you talked to Karle and she told you that I had called and knew you had had a phone call, you had to invent an explanation—*falsche Verbindung*, a wrong number. You told Karle to say that, if I or anybody asked. But it wasn't a wrong number, was it, Wolf? It was Ross, calling from the plant, telling you to come down. Not asking, Wolf; *telling* you. And you were afraid to disobey."

"Martin." Schmidt's eyes were wide, appealing. "Martin, it is not so. The suitcase, the seashell ——"

"That was just a cover," Martin said. "There could have been a switch of suitcases. Pete and Joe Parks would have been too busy to notice whether they had the right luggage or not. It was your own suitcase you took down. Why, Wolf?"

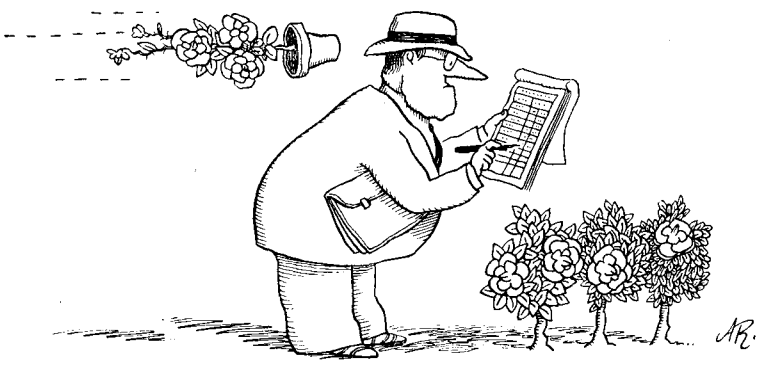
Schmidt's eyes were closed again and his throat was working. There was silence. And then he stood up suddenly, and his chair went over with a clatter, and he ran out of the kitchen and down the hall. A door slammed. There was silence again.

Karle said quietly, "He is being sick, Martin." She faced him in her calm way. "Always, since he was beaten so badly in prison ——" She stopped. "But you would not know about that. Once he was as strong as you. I do not mean physically. Now he is afraid." She stood up and picked up Schmidt's chair.

Martin said, "I'm sorry, Karle." There was bitterness in his throat. "I'm not cut out for an inquisitor."

One of her hands touched his shoulder, briefly, gently. "No, you are not, Martin. But it is, I think, better this way. I will go to him. You will wait?" And then, still quiet, controlled, "We have no one else to turn to. There is only you."

(*Continued on Page 60*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Horticulturist Harry grew thousands of rosebushes for sale. In listing his property for state-tax purposes, he omitted the roses because the state constitution exempted "growing crops." The tax assessor, however, assessed the bushes. A lawsuit ensued.

"By 'growing crops,'" the state's lawyer argued, "the constitution means things which have to be planted and harvested yearly, not a bush or vine or tree which continues to grow from season to season."

"Rosebushes are crops just as much as beans or corn are," Harry replied stoutly. "I have to prepare the ground, then plant, irrigate and harvest just like other crop growers do."

If you were the judge, would you tax Harry?

• •

Harry had to pay. The court agreed with the tax assessor that "growing crops" meant something which required an annual harvest rather than rosebushes which were intended for transplantation elsewhere.

Based upon a 1959 California decision.

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(*Continued from Page 58*) Martin was never sure afterward how long he sat, waiting, trying to keep his mind open and free. *I'm vulnerable, too;* Lou had said this, and it was so. Loyalty was as nebulous a thing as innocence; it could not be proved, only disproved. But between loyalty and innocence there was a basic difference: law presumed innocence; but where security was involved, no such presumption of loyalty existed or could be allowed to exist. A difference, basic and frightening.

And then Schmidt was back in the sunny kitchen, and Karle with him, one of her hands resting lightly on his shoulder as he sat down. Schmidt's face was pale and there was fear still in his eyes, but his voice was under control. "You were right, Martin, in what you guessed. I will tell you what happened last night."

"The coffee is cold," Karle said. "I will pour hot."

Schmidt said slowly, carefully, "It was Ross who called, Martin. He told me that he had been thinking about that which we discussed on the airplane—loyalty, Martin, as I told Mr. Potter last night. Ross told me that he was a policeman and that I was to come to the plant."

"I didn't know he was one of Potter's people," Martin said. "I hadn't even thought about the possibility until Potter told me."

"You will think about it now," Schmidt said. "You will never forget it. You will look at this man and that—no matter." He seemed to gather himself. "On the airplane Ross and I had talked of loyalty in Germany beyond what you call the Iron Curtain. There is an almost pathological fear there that every man of importance, every scientist may be a planted agent, a spy. Such things have happened. Men have lived for years unsuspected. They have risen to positions of great trust. And yet all the time they have been disloyal. It is said that there was a man, an Englishman, who between the wars lived in Germany and rose to the rank of general and was never suspect." He paused. "These things we had spoken of. When Ross telephoned me, what was I to think, Martin? In my place, what would you have thought?"

"Go on, Wolf."

"I was frightened," Schmidt said. "I did not want Pete and Joe to know why I had been summoned. And so I took my suitcase and pretended to make an exchange as excuse for being at the plant. Ross was not there. I watched the printer. I waited. Ross did not appear." His hands, on the table top, were clenched. "Finally I went to look for him. I found him, Martin, as I told you last night."

"In the tank."

"Yes. And that was—was worst of all. The launcher in the tank is mine. I designed it. Had he gone there to study my work? He had watched the shoot. He had seen the bird fail. I was the bird watcher, and this time, when we were all so sure of success, the bird had failed again. Was it then that Ross began to wonder, as I did myself, if the failures were—planned? Did he suspect me and everything I had done? Was that why he went to the tank?"

"I don't know, Wolf." He studied the man's face in silence.

"But you are thinking, Martin, that my fear must have a basis, roots. I cannot blame you. I will try to explain." He looked at his hands. "Once before, Martin, on the other side, I was suspected of disloyalty." He looked up then. "That time the suspicions were justified. I was planning with others to defect. That is the word. Our plans failed. Karle could have gotten out safely, but if she had fled, my guilt would have been evident. And so she did not go. I protested innocence under questioning. In the end I was released, but watched. When I had recovered from the questioning, I was even allowed to return to my work. It was two years before we again made plans, and that time they were successful. It is now five years more, and seven years is a long time, but it is not enough, Martin, for me to forget what suspicion can bring. This is not the other side. This I consciously understand. But the animal part of me, the animal part that is in all of us—this part refuses to forget what happened once, and over my fear I have no control. That is all I can tell you, Martin."

Martin said, "Why didn't you tell me last night, Wolf? Trust me?"

"I was alone and frightened. Even this morning when Karle explained to me that I was wrong, I did not believe her—until you came. But already you knew, and then ——" He shook his head.

Martin turned to look at Karle. Her eyes were steady on his face. She said, "You do not know what to believe, Martin. And you are weighing even now the possible effect upon yourself, your position, your reputation, if you believe wrong. We cannot blame you for that." And for the first time her control, her calm, began to fade. There was a faint tremble in the large beautiful hands resting on the table top. "I think it is better that you go now, Martin. You will want to think alone. We will understand."

... ...

Chapter One

The Hero Sees a Girl

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

Books, I notice, often say
About the heroes they
portray:
"He caught a glance of
sun-soft skin,
Blue, daring eyes, a cunning
grin,
Long, well-made legs, and
blondy hair."
All at a glance? All at a
stare!

... ...

Leaving the Schmidts' house, Martin drove slowly in the bright, warm day, trying to set his thoughts in order and view them with the dispassionate logic they required. The process was familiar and contained neither sorcery nor magic, regardless of what the nonscientific world beyond the wall might think. One started with facts and built slowly, carefully, checking each step of the way until hypothesis became theory which, demonstrable, became law. And yet this was not quite true either, because before the facts lay something else which was at the root and core of almost all discoveries. Call it a hunch, a blind, unreasoning conviction that this or that was true; here was the actual starting place, and he had never thought of it in precisely this way before. A hunch, as vague as one of Lou's illogical fears or beliefs that he had always found amusingly endearing. *And now I'm doing it*, he thought; *because with no basis other than emotion, I believe Wolf and Karle. Now I'm thinking with my stomach.* And a new thought appeared out of nowhere: *Would I believe Wolf without Karle?* No matter. The conviction was there. He drove, no longer slowly, in the direction of the plant.

He had no idea what he was looking for, or whether, indeed, he was looking for anything at all. He walked to the test tank and stood for a little time peering in through one of the inspection ports, studying the clear green water, the tube that contained the missile launcher, the bottom of the tank itself. Only one thing suggested itself.

Ross had been on the bottom; all stories agreed on that. The heavy net had carried him down, pinned him. And Wolf Schmidt, merely walking past the tank, had discovered the body. Not true. Not possible. In order to see the bottom of the tank one had to walk right up to the port and look in and down. *So?* He climbed the steps to the platform.

The net was overhead, secured in position. And it was true, as Lieutenant Andrews had pointed out, that the single supporting rope was close at hand, too close. *We'll have to change that*, Martin thought, *before we have an accident*. Idly he walked to one of the cameras, opened it. It was empty; the film taken by Potter last night had not been replaced. Something crawled in the back of his mind, and he reached for it, but it was gone. No matter. Sooner or later it would show itself. He walked down the steps and away from the tank. At the corner of the building he stopped, turned, looked back.

He had not realized before how isolated the tank was, hidden by the windowless bulk of the building from even the nearest guard. An ideal place for an execution, a murder. Particularly in last night's fog. He walked into the building.

Two of his men, replacements for Pete and Joe Parks, were in the data-reduction room amid the faint humming of the reels, the clacking of the printer. To one Martin said, "How are we doing?"

"It marches." The man smiled. "The monster hasn't missed a beat yet." He paused. "Say six o'clock, give or take a little, and we'll have something for you."

Martin nodded. "I'll be back." *With Pete and Wolf Schmidt and Joe Parks. And then we'll know*, he thought, *why the bird didn't fly*. As he walked down the hall to his office, it occurred to him that what he had felt yesterday and early last night had been merely deep disappointment at the fact of failure. Now it was more, almost a dread of what the analysis might show. And the mere fact that an hour had been set to look forward to seemed to heighten the dread. It was suddenly as if he, all of them, were at the mercy of the computer, which was an electronic monster, emotionless, inscrutable, infallible.

Potter was sitting at Martin's desk, and he had the telephone to his ear, and he merely looked at Martin and then said into the phone, "I'll call you back." He hung up.

"Just make yourself at home," Martin said, which was childish. He sat down. "Will you tell me one thing, Mr. Potter? Was Ross Sommers on this project merely as a standard security precaution, or was he here because of a specific suspicion?"

Potter shook his head. "That's immaterial, doctor. What happened last night proves that mere suspicion is understatement."

"And you've already picked your victim, haven't you?" The anger he felt astonished him with its force.

Potter said, "You mean Schmidt, the German?"

"American, Mr. Potter. The Congress of the United States said so. Or do you suspect the Congress too?"

Potter showed no anger, no annoyance. "You don't like me, doctor. I'm sorry about that, but it isn't important. Suspicion is my job. I haven't picked my victim. I suspect everybody, including you."

Martin said, "I wasn't even here when Ross was drowned. I was ——"

"Murder," Potter said, "is usually a private affair. One man kills another for personal reasons. This murder wasn't private. Personal protection was probably the immediate cause, but behind it there were larger reasons, involving many people. That's why you're a possibility."

"There is no such thing," Martin said, "as the presumption of innocence, is there? Where security is involved, that protection doesn't exist." It was a statement, not a question. Then, "What kind of a world do we live in when it comes to this point?" Angry still, but with a sick feeling now arising from impotence.

For the first time he saw a change in Potter's face, a faint softening, no more. "Sometimes I wonder too," Potter said. "But neither you nor I can change it." The softening was gone; Potter's face was expressionless again. "When will you know what caused the missile's failure?"

Martin stood up. "I'm coming back here at six o'clock. With Pete Carter and Joe Parks, yes, and Wolfgang Schmidt, Mr. Potter. He's still one of my people. They all are." As he walked out, he heard Potter begin to dial the phone.

If he needed one more reminder of his own vulnerability, which he did not, it was waiting for him. Lou, in slacks now instead of shorts, handed him a slip of paper. "Long Distance Operator Forty-five," she said. "I heard the voice in the background. It's Paul Harvey." Harvey was vice president and general manager of Coast Aircraft. "Don't be defensive with him, Marty. Please."

Paul Harvey started out jovial enough. "Happy New Year, Marty."

"Thank you, Paul. And to you." He waited and here it came.

"Messy business last night. And after the shoot failed too. Some official-type people aren't happy, Marty. The Navy isn't happy ——"

"Then it's unanimous," Martin said.

Paul Harvey's voice altered a trifle. "Don't get your back up. I'm not interfering yet. You're there and you know the situation. Just bear this in mind. We're in business. The customer isn't always right, and sometimes, when we know better than he does, we'll put up an argument. But we have to know better, not just guess."

"Will you make it a little plainer than that, Paul?"

"If you think I need to." Sharper now. "On a sensitive contract we have to be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. We're not in the business of defending anyone, no matter who he is, period."

Martin said, "That includes me, Paul?"

"You said it, Marty. I didn't." The voice turned jovial again. "How're you betting on the Bowl game?"

Lou was in the living room. Martin sat down to face her. "Did you hear my side of the conversation? What there was of it?"

"Eavesdropping isn't one of my vices, Marty."

Martin stared at her then. He said, "What's happened, Lou? Am I giving you a bad time?" He paused. "Can you explain? Will you try?"

"Face up to it, Marty?" And then slowly, "All right. You saw Wolfgang and Karle?" She watched his nod. "Wolfgang *and* Karle," she said, and the emphasis was plain. "Hear me out, Marty. Wolfgang needs her, leans on her. You don't need anybody. You make your decisions and accept full responsibility. Aside from other feelings, Marty, I admire you more than anyone I've ever known. The only thing is, where do I fit in? What's my role—housekeeper, hostess, cook, bedmate?" She shook her head. "That doesn't add up to much. It's hardly enough to keep a girl in ego. I'm sorry, Marty." She looked around as the doorbell sounded. "Here's Pete. I fixed some sandwiches and stuff."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The Women of America . . . and France

(Continued from Page 19)

women on the living and loving habits of the other that I think it's time to throw some strong, cold light on the subject. Invariably the key questions asked me are: Who has it better, the American woman or the French? Who does a better job of being a woman? Who is happier, and whose men are happier? American and French women may pose these questions innocently or with narrowed eyes. Either way, simply by posing them they are measuring themselves against each other.

First, let us recognize their similarities—that they are both women, that they are both interested in their own security and in the security of their children; that they range in intelligence from the vacuum-packed brain to the knife-sharp intellect. But that, sharp or dull, they both feel this is still a man's world in which women must step smartly in order to get along. That admitted, we can recognize their first big dissimilarity—the way they approach the simple fact of being female.

For all her rights and liberties, the American woman tends to regard being a woman as something to be overcome, something to be compensated for. She strives to stand on an equal footing with the men, to discharge her responsibilities in as competent a manner as a man would, and somehow to overcome the disadvantages of being born to housework and home. In America, womanhood is generally equated with wifehood and motherhood, the togetherness and happiness the family.

In France, being a woman is not just an accident of birth, something you can't help; it is a lifelong career. It is a role, handed to you by the Creator, which must be played to the hilt, with every nuance of expression and emotion possible, with no stage business left undone. If this includes wifehood and motherhood, why, so much the better. Wifehood and motherhood are two normal aspects—but only aspects—of the great, all-embracing, starring role of Woman which you have been put on earth to play.

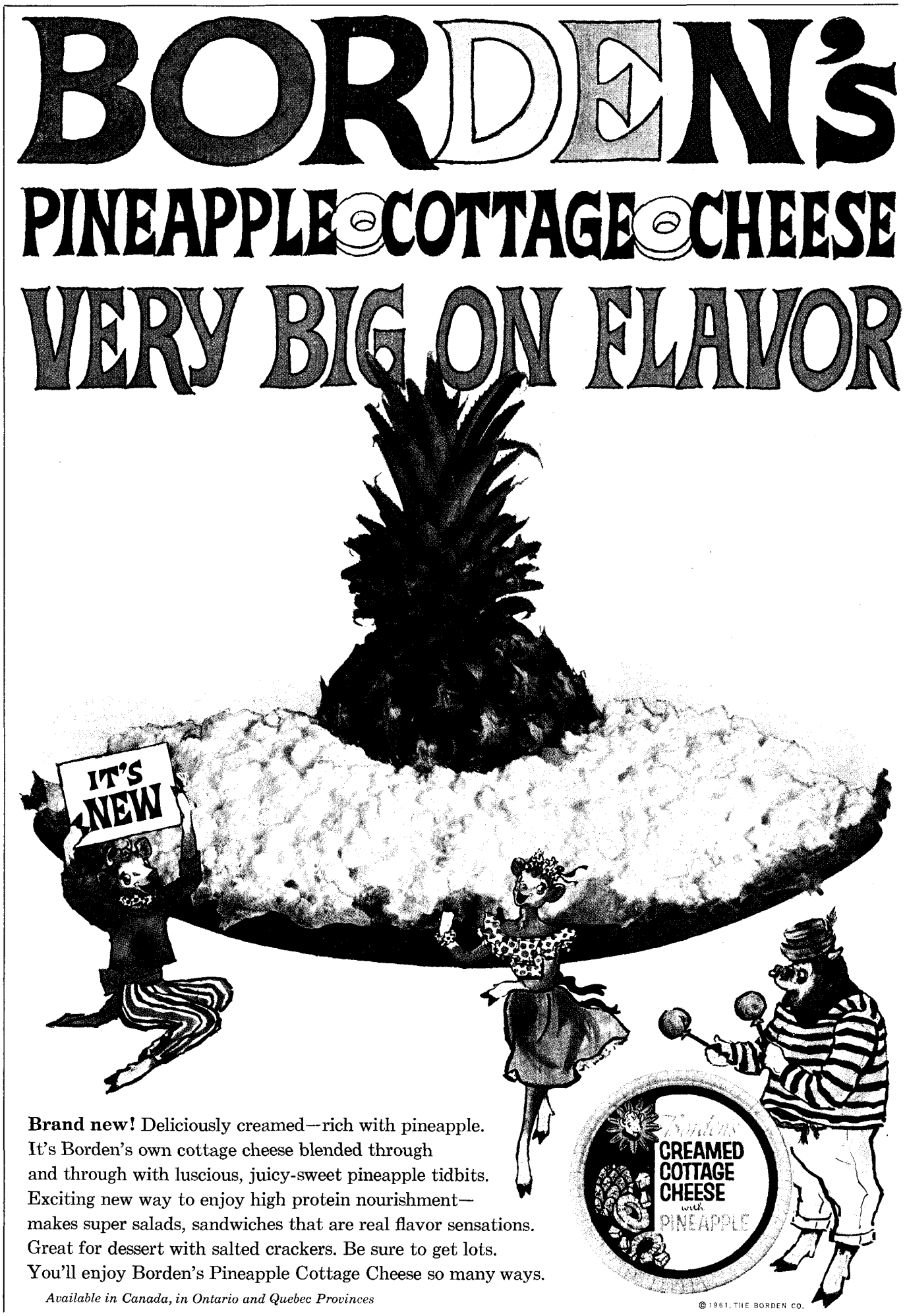
In this, the Frenchwoman does not *have* it better; she *makes* it better. She puts foot into it, and a lot of other things, including passion and humor and drama. To do this, she has got to be something of an actress. But she *is* something of an actress, mostly because she is not afraid to be. Being both more whole and more wholesome, the average American woman is afraid of making a fool of herself. She is honest and forthright, and would rather "just be herself." The Frenchwoman wouldn't think of such a thing.

For one thing, she can't afford it. Where the American woman, confident of her power and independence, can walk up to life squarely and insist on what she considers her due, the Frenchwoman must be as devious as a crab. She must go at life obliquely, taking one step forward and one step to the side, and at the same time pretend she is doing all this for her own delight and amusement and the delight and amusement of the men. It is an act, there is no doubt about it. But we who have watched it consider it a pretty artful one. American women can argue all day that the *Française* lives half her life in make-believe; the Frenchwoman knows she has to.

Moreover, if she's anything of a woman, she has come to enjoy it. Whether one approves or disapproves, it is impossible to watch the Frenchwoman in all her poses and pursuits without realizing that in France femininity is a perpetually burning issue, and that it is the women themselves who are constantly tossing fuel on the flame—not only for the advancement, as we might put it, but also for the sheer play-acting fun of it. Many Americans complain that the Frenchwoman insists on making a production of being female, as if she were the only woman who ever came down the *route nationale*. And there's a certain amount of truth to this.

Yet, as usual in France, there is a sound reason too. Behind all her make-believe lie certain stony realities which make the Frenchwoman's path a difficult one. Having fewer rights and protections than the American woman, fewer conveniences and services, and more duties and traditions to observe, today's Frenchwoman is forced to follow a more circuitous route toward her own fulfillment as an individual. This is the main reason why she depends so heavily on her femininity. It is the only built-in security she has.

Unlike her American sister, today's *Française* is not an emancipated woman. She is a semiemancipated one living under a civil code that was considered pretty progressive in 1804. The Code Napoléon has been much amended and reamended and counteramended since it first went into effect on the 30 *Ventôse* of Year XII of the French Revolution, but it still holds the Frenchwoman in an antiquated antifeminist vise. A misogynist himself, Napoleon had only one interest in women, and that interest had nothing to do with their emancipation. Legislators still share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this comfortable masculine point of view. Although in 1946, at the end of World War II, the Frenchwoman was finally granted the right to vote, she remains in 1961 virtually a second-class citizen.

Legally and financially the average Frenchwoman is under masculine control all her life. Until she is twenty-one she is under the control and supervision of her father. After twenty-one, unless she elects to be an old maid, she is under the control and supervision of her husband. American women, used to handling their own affairs and doing pretty much as they please with their own time and possessions, take the right of ownership for granted. But the Frenchwoman of today is still encased in a kind of financial and legal chastity belt, a variation of the old medieval male slogan: "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own."

Unless explicitly spelled out in a document we will discuss later, from the day she gets married a French girl owns nothing by herself, not even the clothes on her back. She cannot dispose of property or money, even if left to her personally as an inheritance, without her husband's permission. Early this year she was finally allowed by law to open a bank account, but she still cannot rent or sell anything or incur a debt without his signature. Even if her husband is convicted of a crime, thereby losing his civil rights, she must go to court to get a mandate which will permit her to take the necessary decisions on such joint problems as the home, the children, the money or property.

And that is not all. She cannot engage in a profession to earn any money on the side unless her husband signs her work permit. She cannot get a passport without his signature. According to the French Code of Law, she is required to live with him wherever he chooses to live, with or without in-laws. Only if she can prove to a court that the home he chose for her is doing her harm "of a physical or moral nature" can she refuse to live in it without taking the rap for desertion.

As a result, unless her husband is putty in her hands—which few Frenchmen are—the Frenchwoman can exert no real control over the neighborhood in which her children will be brought up, over their education or the choice of school. Father arranges all, pays all, enrolls the children and signs the report cards. When serious decisions are to be taken, it is the husband who takes them. In a nation in which the question of Catholic or secular education is still hotly debated, this is of immense importance. And the Code Civil does not mince words. "The husband," it states, "owes protection to his wife, and the wife obedience to her husband." In everything.

Having seen her mother cope with this state of affairs, and perhaps her grandmother and a married sister as well, it is small wonder that the average French girl quickly learns what her few weapons are and how to use them. It is small wonder that when someone asks a Frenchwoman of any age what she would like to eat or drink, she instinctively turns to father, husband or escort for a sign of approval before replying. She has been taught that the only way she can get what she wants—in life, as in a restaurant—is by pleasing and manipulating the male.

Naturally the men have nothing against this at all, and so are in no hurry to pass legislation to put an end to such a delicious autocracy. According to most French lawyers I have talked to, the entire problem of women's rights in France is "a false problem." "Either they get along," one of them put it, meaning a married couple, "in which case he does anything she asks him. Or they don't get along, and so split up and get a divorce." This lawyer knows as well as I that in France no woman can get a divorce, if her husband opposes it, without running through half a dozen courts, millions of francs and several years. But this lawyer is a happily married man. His wife has learned how to please and manipulate him, and he likes being pleased and manipulated. So to him divorce, too, is "a false problem."

It is the same with the spending of money. Whereas in the United States women control an estimated 60 per cent of the nation's buying power, *la Française* wields no such financial force. Most French females receive a set allowance from their fathers or husbands and must make do within its limits. If they want to splurge on something, they must wheedle and cajole, pout or weep, seduce or hold out—in short, play the role of Woman.

Recently, I must admit, some Frenchwomen seem to be waking up. One in four now insists on having a financial settlement written into her marriage contract, a document that allows her to have some money or property of her own and administer it herself. Yet this one in four is almost invariably an upper-class marriage to which the wife brings considerable wealth, or the second marriage of a woman who *remembers*. The average young bride never thinks of such things. On their wedding day she and her bridegroom haven't enough money to worry about, much less pay the legal fees for all that financial-settlement jazz. And besides, they're in love. And who thinks of financial agreements when she's in love? As a result, more than 70 per cent of French marriages still take place under the rusty old Napoleonic system of the disinheritance of the wife. Occasionally some technical changes are made in the civil code, but as usual in this unrepentant country, the reforms are not sweeping. The female Declaration of Dependence is needle-pointed into the fabric of French life.

Legally and financially, then, the *Américaine* is infinitely better off than the *Française*. Materialistically too—but the American woman knows about that. She knows that with the highest standard of living in the world, she has all other females tremulous with envy of her home, her kitchen, her household appliances, her cars, her clothes and luxuries. In the field of education—if one believes in quantity rather than quality—she is also far ahead of her French counterpart, with 123,000 American females a year receiving college on normal-school degrees against only 29,000 each year in France receiving the college-entrance equivalent of the *baccalauréat*.

Consider now the question of health and hygiene. Here the American woman is one of the best informed in the world, the French woman one of the worst. Contrary to popular belief, the French female is not born sophisticated. Most young French girls, even today, are told nothing at all about their physical selves or about the processes of life, but walk into whatever they walk into, ignorant and vulnerable. In a recent Kinsey-type French national poll, 82 per cent of the women questioned admitted that they had been malinformed, misinformed or totally uninformed about sex until it happened to them. The consequences of this are just what you would expect. One French girl in two goes to the altar a virgin, one in four in a shotgun wedding. After that, since there are no Planned Parenthood clinics or federations in France, and contraceptives of any kind are forbidden by law, babies come when babies come. "Rhythm" literature is permitted, but nothing more.

One or two courageous women doctors have tried to start a Women's Crusade against this tyranny of ignorance. However, like the Children's Crusade in the early Thirteenth Century, its zeal is praiseworthy, but its accomplishments nil. The abortion racket remains one of the black disgraces of France, a dirty back-alley business that flourishes like a rank weed in every major city, craftily carried on by clumsy old women known in the trade as "angel makers." Day after day the newspapers teem with stories of girl suicides and babies abandoned in garbage pails or railway stations. There are no statistics, but doctors estimate that in France one pregnancy in four ends in abortion.

Add to all this the fact that after a Frenchwoman has borne and reared his children, her husband in dying can still cut her off without so much as a sou to pay for her widow's weeds. And you will see that from adolescence to old age the Frenchwoman's security rests solely on her ability to attract and please the male. Under the law in almost all states an American man cannot in his will disinherit his wife. In France he can if he wants to—but he almost never wants to.

This is the other side of the coin, the brighter, shinier side I mentioned earlier. Precisely because she has to please the male in order to survive, *la femme Française* has made pleasing the male her lifelong career. She has taken the one thing she has, her femininity, and made it into an entire way of life for herself and for him. And what's more, the very challenge of it has exhilarated and inspired her. From our point of view, she is living imprudently, on the razor's edge of total insecurity. From her point of view, she is at least living.

She would like to have some of the rights and privileges the American woman enjoys, the conveniences and services of the American home and the luxury of an American income to spend. But in her heart she feels that somewhere along the line the American woman has sold her birthright for a mess of security and has come out poorer for the bargain. This is not disdain. She simply feels that the American woman, having won her battle for legal and social equality, has become too sure of herself; that she is so used to getting her way without coquetry or playacting or sex that she has let her weapons as a female rust with disuse and now doesn't know how to use them. I would not like to take this position myself, but there are those in France who feel that if the Frenchwoman has too little security and too few rights, the American woman has too much and too many.

But there is another factor working here. In Europe, where there is not such an unremitting scramble for money and more money and status and more status, the men have time to watch their women and appreciate their performances. They pay attention—they are worth playing to. To my mind, this is where the Frenchwoman has a distinct advantage over the American woman, who lacks an audience. To the Frenchwoman, wherever there are men there are spectators to be amused, entertained, attracted. And when there are no men around, she can still go on rehearsing her part for the time when an attentive audience finally materializes.

Too often in the United States the male is so busy getting ahead, and so tired after he's got there, that he has neither the time nor the energy to constitute a good audience. And the female too often is so taken up with homemaking and child rearing and perhaps holding down a job on the side that she hasn't the time or energy to play to him. In France, where homemaking and child rearing are not the be-all and end-all of existence, and where getting ahead tends to mean simply holding your own, both audience and actress are forever in place and waiting for the other. When the Bard said, "All the world's a stage," he must have been judging by France, where 45,000,000 men and women long ago decided that nothing in life is nearly so much fun as playing to and for each other.

This, incidentally, has a lot to do with the French reputation for promiscuity, and also with that endless dress rehearsal for love known as *le flirt*. Although, in that public-opinion poll I mentioned earlier, one *Française* in five admitted having been unfaithful to her husband, high infidelity in France is not a serious issue, but simply another manifestation of the French penchant for putting drama into life. And the same goes for flirting. One gets tired of playing the same part for the same audience. So one alters the part a bit and plays it for someone else, sometimes seriously, sometimes not. Love, in France, has much in common with experimental theater.

On the shores of the New World there are those who disapprove, who consider the *Française* immoral and self-conscious. Immoral she may or may not be—it depends on the individual woman—but self-conscious she is always. Indeed, it is a rare Frenchwoman of any attractiveness at all who is not constantly aware of herself, of her voice and gestures, of her entrances and exits. Even as she arranges a dozen roses, puts the children to bed or goes through a *scène d'amour*, some part of her is standing off somewhere observing.

Every woman is, I suppose, the repository of a long tradition of femininity that has molded the tastes and preferences of her country. Some women are simply more conscious of this tradition than others are. The American woman, living amidst the comforts and conveniences of

"That's why I hate to bring Walter along."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the United States in 1961, has behind her a dual tradition—that of the courageous pioneer woman and that of the fragile, clinging Confederate belle. And, whether she realizes it or not, these two female tendencies still exist in her today.

The Frenchwoman of today never forgets for an instant that she is the end product of a long and brilliant line of courtesans and queens, adventuresses and chatelaines, saints and shepherd girls who have illuminated the history of France like a procession of meteors across a night sky. Yet she, too, incorporates two basic tendencies out of her country's past. These two tendencies can best be illustrated by two heroines of the time of Charles VII—Joan of Arc and Agnès Sorel, the one pious and pure, the other wicked.

Joan of Arc was a horny-handed peasant mystic who wanted Charles to fight the English. Agnès Sorel was a luxury-loving and voluptuous little royal mistress who wanted Charles to fight the English. (Charles fought the English.) But outside of their agreement on this key point, no two women could have been more dissimilar in appearance, manners, morals and temperament. They were the perfect complement of opposites, for Charles VII or any other man. Contemporaries, they epitomized the two strains that inspire today's *Française*—the saint and the sinner, the *mystique* and the mistress, the astute peasant and the frivolous courtesan. Both are French heroines, the warrior saint and the spoiled court darling, and both are still revered today—Joan for her piety and courage, Agnès for one fabulous nude breast as painted by Fouquet.

This is not to imply that the French and the American woman suffer from ready-made historical split personalities.

The most incomprehensible thing about the United Nations is what the "United" stands for.

ERIC STRUTT

It is only to suggest that female traditions go a great deal further back in both countries than many of us think, and continue to exert a deep influence on both women today. And who knows that the American woman, driving her car to the supermarket and picking up the children and making do without servants, is not unconsciously playing a role too, the role of the capable, strong-minded woman of the expanding frontier? Who knows but that both women are playing roles handed to them by their men, and both have been molded by the conception their males have had of them over the centuries? It may be as simple as being what the men want.

In comparison with the French, America's list of heroines is of a paucity indeed, both in quality and quantity. Granted, France has had nine centuries in which to grow legendary women and the United States—even including Colonial times—but three. But even if one takes only those centuries since the United States has existed, American heroines seem by contrast a tame and colorless bunch. In considering the ideal female of both countries, think what one could deduce by comparing a Betsy Ross with a Ninon de Lenclos, a Carry Nation with a Charlotte Corday, a Harriet Beecher Stowe with a Madame de Sévigné!

Is it the fault of the democratic form of government that it has evolved no more than a handful of bland, wholesome heroines? Possibly. Maybe the more flamboyant heroines, like orchids, grow best in fetid, unhealthy climes. But I think it tells us a lot about the temperament of the American woman too. Unlike her self-expressive French sister, she doesn't want to be a heroine or act out a role, she doesn't want to lead a life of risk and uncertainty. She wants to get along, and rear her children in the best possible environment, and lead a comfortable life in a pleasant community. Even if she takes on a career, in competition with the men, she wants her benefits and guaranties right there in front of her, in bold type. Being more security-minded and less adventurous than the Frenchwoman, she will throw away the role for the reality, and be happier for it.

Yet if one judges by the dissatisfactions so often heard in America, the neuroses and self-searchings and the high divorce rate (more than two and a half times that of France), one can only conclude that in this one very important way the Frenchwoman is happier than the American: She is making her man happier, and she knows it. If this means spoiling the male, then very well. As one French friend of mine put it, laughing, "*Eh bien*, why not? We spoil them; so they can spoil us back."

Frenchmen regard this as a very sage attitude for the Frenchwoman to take. They come up with arguments designed to prove that such an attitude gives their women themselves, and society as a whole, great advantages. And in truth it does have its advantages for everyone, not the least of which is that the battle of the sexes has never broken out in France. Peace between the sexes is wonderful, and both men and women want to prolong it as long as they can.

It is in this sense that the Frenchwoman has it better than the American woman. As for the man concerned, he never had it so good. THE END

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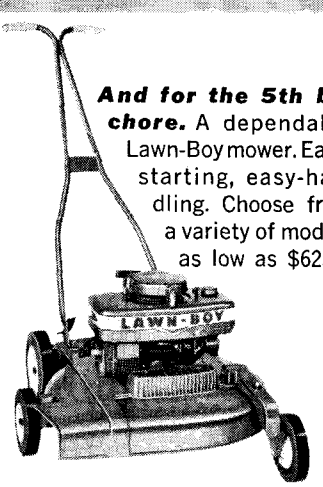

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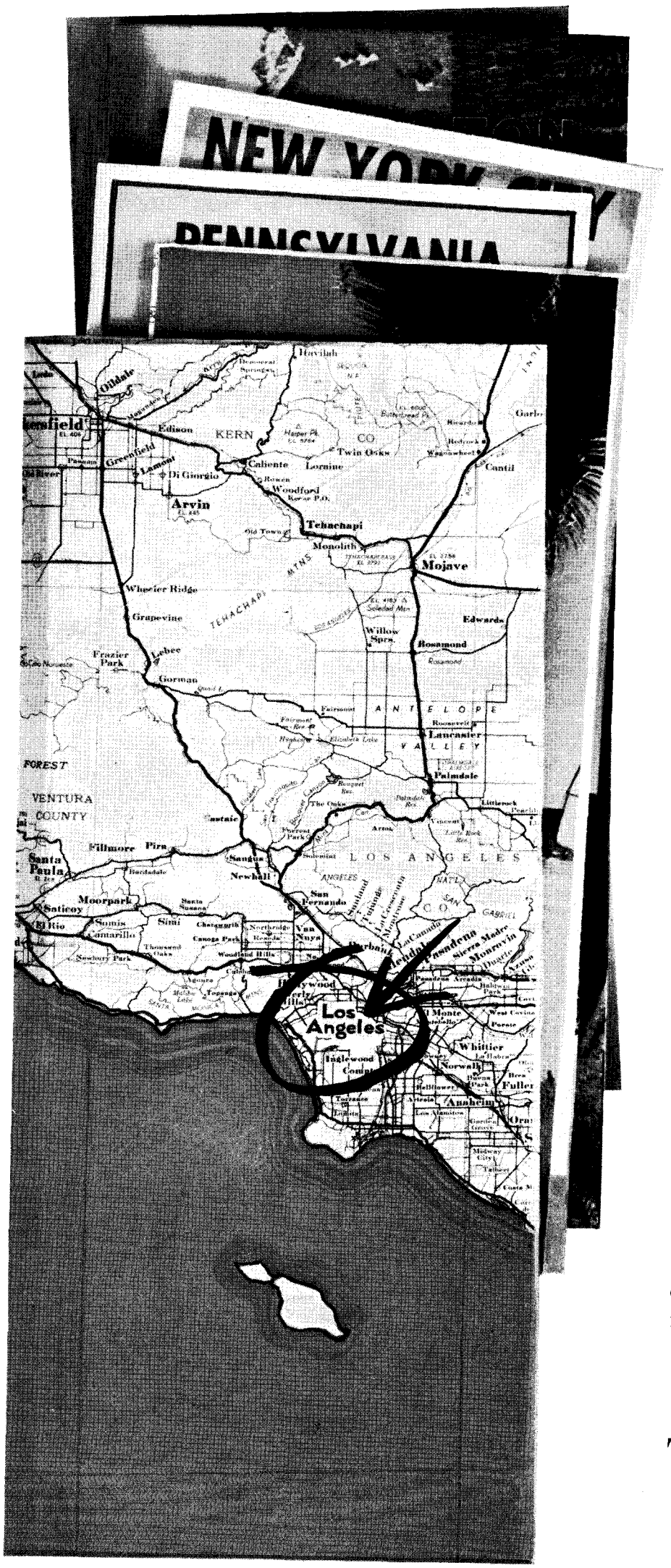

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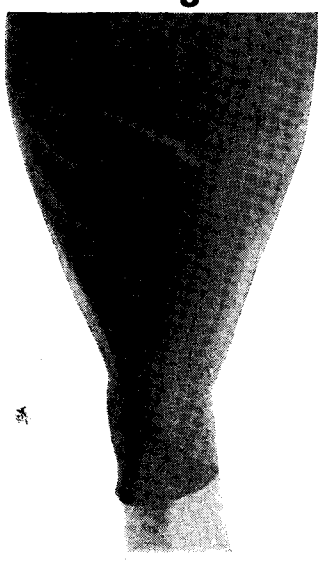

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REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

Yesterday's Justice

(Continued from Page 27)

It had started ten days previously. Sandy McDonald, Zip's foreman of forty years, and I were moving the first herd up to summer pasture. With a brilliant sun making heat mirages on the prairie, I saw in the distance almost hidden in a patch of sagebrush, what appeared to be a weather-dulled piece of red cloth or a rusty, crushed oil drum. It hadn't been there the last time I passed, so I rode over. As I approached closely, my horse spooked and danced sideways, keeping his head to it. When I saw the white I knew what it was. I stepped off and walked up to the head and skin of a Hereford. There was a neat bullet hole in the curl of white hair in the center of the forehead. I straightened the hip portion of the wrinkled, board-stiff skin. The brand was Zip's Bar Z.

I got on my horse quickly to keep Sandy from knowing what I'd found, but he had topped a rise and had seen me hunkered down in the brush. He rode over. "What'd you find?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

Sandy is almost as old as Zip, but there's nothing wrong with his eyes. He grinned at me and reined his horse around. I followed him. He stopped by the skin, cocked a leg over the saddle horn and rolled a cigarette.

"'At's how they do it nowadays," he said philosophically. "Rifle an' pickup with a winch in back. Kill 'em, string 'em up, butcher 'em an' high-tail with the meat." He made a ritual of licking and lighting his smoke. "If you was foreman 'stead o' me, what would you do?"

"Get the sheriff," I said promptly.

His eyebrows shot up in mock surprise. "Not tell Zip?"

"Last fellow rustled Zip's stock died with his boots on," I said.

"That was fifty years ago," said Sandy. "Times have changed."

"Times have, but Zip hasn't."

"Zip ain't done a raunchy thing since he th'ow'd that insurance salesman in the dippin' vat."

"Hasn't been anything to rile him since," I replied. "Have a heart, Sandy. I promised ma I'd keep him out of trouble. You know what he'll do."

"A man cain't stan' by an' let some polecat rustle 'is cows."

"We've got law and plenty of men to enforce it."

"Where was they when this happened?" Sandy indicated the steer hide.

I was mad, because I couldn't think of an answer. "You and Zip are just aching for some excitement."

"Law can't do nothin' till the rustlers is caught. Zip'll jes catch 'em an' turn 'em over to the law."

"Yeah, feet first."

"Well," said Sandy, "wouldn' you say that's the rustler's lookout?"

Late that afternoon, as Sandy and I were unsaddling at the ranch, Zip rode in. He came off his horse stiffly, as a young man who is tired, not as a seventy-five-year-old whose joints will be stiff the remainder of his life. He was a tall man, still erect. His face was a mass of wrinkles showing no expression except around the eyes, which usually had a comic glint. But today he looked at Sandy and me with a frown and strode toward the house with only a grunt of greeting.

At supper Zip said, "I don' like the feel of things."

Sandy looked at me from under his brows. "What things, Zip?"

"I been ridin' all day. Somebody's rustling cows."

"How can you tell?" I asked. "You don't even know how many head you own."

"I don' know how I kin tell," replied Zip with his usual candor, "but I kin."

"Tell 'im, Tom," said Sandy.

Zip looked up from his food, first at me, then at Sandy. "Tell 'im *what?*"

Sandy kept looking at me and then Zip looked at me. "I found a hide and skull on the way to the mountain this morning," I said. "They're using rifles and pickups."

Zip stared at me for about thirty seconds. "Jes find one?" he asked.

"That's all."

"Look fer any more?"

"Didn't have time."

"Startin' in the mornin'," he said, "we'll take time."

"Who?" asked Sandy, still grinning at me from under his brows.

"Me an' Tom," said Zip. "An' you an' Roy—an' mebbe you better git another pair at it too."

I gave Sandy an I'll-fix-you look, but he was busy with his food. "You going to call the sheriff?" I asked.

"Shore," said Zip, "jes as soon as I ketch up to 'em."

"You promise?" I asked.

"I do," said Zip. "Barrin' unforeseeable circumstances."

The next morning Zip and I were well out from the ranch at dawn. Sandy and three other hands were paired off and riding the pastures where we had kept the cows during the winter.

"We'll stick close together," said Zip. What he meant was he couldn't see far enough to spot anything. "How long would you say that cowhide's been up there?" he asked.

"We haven't had any stock toward the mountains since last fall," I replied.

"Then it's an old kill. Where you think we ought to start huntin'?" he asked.

"Right up there where Sandy and I were yesterday."

"Why?" he asked.

"We checked all the fences and water yesterday. If anybody saw us, they wouldn't expect us back for some time."

He grinned, and we rode toward the mountains.

In the next several days we wore out three pairs of horses. We were in the saddle sixteen hours a day. It was rough country, as hard on men as it was on horses. We found six more skulls and skins, but none of them were fresh kills.

The only unusual thing that happened was me sitting down beside a rattlesnake once when we stopped to rest. Zip was still mounted about six feet away when the snake cut loose from the shade of the small boulder on which I was sitting. Zip drew and fired before I could jump. The snake and its head parted company. One thing I thought in that moment was that if Zip would just swallow his pride and put on glasses, he could see at a distance as well as he could up close.

We slept only those few hours when it was too dark to see and when the moon was not bright. We combed the draws and the valleys that felt their way like fingers back into the granite of the mountains. The grass was new and green and the earth was lovely with spring, but we were looking too hard for fresh signs to enjoy the countryside. Then we began to find tire tracks on bare ground and in the bottom of sandy draws. When we rode down the tracks, we found a skull with a bullet hole and a skin freshly dried by the sun. We were always a day or two late.

In the early afternoon on the tenth day we came up out of the badlands that lie before Horseshoe Ridge, and running across the prairie were the silver streaks that tires make when they flatten new, green grass. Zip stepped down and examined the grass. It was still straightening. "Not more'n thirty minutes old," he pronounced.

"Which way was he going?" I asked.

He rose. "Roun' the ridge."

Horseshoe Ridge got its name because it was shaped like a horseshoe. It was about three miles across from one heel of the shoe to the other. Inside the shoe, tier after tier of boulder fields and gnarled pine thickets rose to a height of over nine hundred feet. The outside of the shoe all the way around was sheer walls.

"We better get after him," I said.

"Not time," said Zip. "'Member that bunch of cows we saw yestid'y under the walls of the toe? They're the on'y ones in the direction he's goin'." He looked up into the amphitheater. "We got to climb."

"The horses can't make it."

"No," said Zip, "but we kin."

We unsaddled and hobbled the horses. I was carrying a binocular. Zip was carrying a thirty-thirty. After the first five hundred feet the muscles of my calves and thighs became numb and twitchy and my breath burned in my lungs. The binocular grew heavier and heavier. I knew it was the same with the rifle Zip carried. But he never stopped, and neither did I.

When we got to the top, we lay on a great slab of granite at the edge of the cliff, almost a thousand feet above the prairie, unable to do anything except suck in great lungfuls of air and let the ache go out of our muscles. Finally we rolled over on our bellies and looked down.

Far below us, looking like a bug skittering across a vast, green carpet, was a pickup truck. It was angling in toward the base of the cliff. We could see the minute, red figure of a Hereford grazing a hundred yards out from the base of the cliff, and a few more head scattered in the distance. The pickup came toward that speck of red by the cliff. It moved to within fifty feet, swung broadside and stopped. We could see the sun glinting on a rifle barrel thrust out of the window on the driver's side. We saw the steer suddenly crumple and a little later heard the report of the rifle. The pickup jerked into motion and skittered over to the downed beef. The door flew open and a man stepped out, bent down and we could see him sticking the beef to bleed it.

I unslung my binocular. Zip already had unslung his rifle. "Is they another one in the pickup?" asked Zip.

I put the glasses on the rear window. "No."

"Bold feller to work alone. Kin you make out his license number?"

"The angle's too vertical. I'll get it when he pulls away."

The lever of Zip's rifle went snick-snack. "He ain't gonna pull away."

"You promised you'd turn him over to the sheriff."

Zip was squinting speculatively in the direction of the rustler. "I promised barrin' unforeseeable circumstances. How much time would you say it's gonna take him to finish that job?"

Through the glasses I saw that the beef had been rolled on its back, the head tucked around against the side with the horns planted to hold the carcass in place. The man was swiftly and skillfully skinning out the belly, his knife working in smooth strokes that laid back the hide unbelievably swiftly. "Fifteen minutes.

"How long would you say it'd take to git to the horses an' ride aroun' there?

"Three hours."

"That's what I call unforeseeable circumstances. What does he look like?

"Big man. Black-headed. Looks to be twenty-seven, thirty."

"Know him?" asked Zip.

"No."

Zip held out the rifle to me. "Kin you hit 'im fum here?"

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"I could," I said, ignoring the rifle.

Zip rolled on his side and looked at me. "Well, do it then."

"I can't pot a man from ambush, Zip."

"Don't kill 'im," said Zip. "Jes shoot 'im in the legs."

"The angle's too great. I might hit him anywhere."

"Shoot fer 'is legs, an' if you kill 'im it'll be an accident."

"Zip, I just can't cold-bloodedly kill a man."

"He ain't a man," yelled Zip, "he's a damned rustler!"

I saw the man pause, knife poised, head cocked to one side. "You better pipe down. I think he heard you."

"Listen, Tom," Zip pleaded, "I know you think you're doin' what your ma would want, but I swear I'm tellin' the gospel truth when I say your ma hated a rustler as bad as me."

The man had gone back to work.

"Zip, I hate that rustler just as bad as you do, but I won't shoot him."

"I'd never suggest it if they was any other way," said Zip. "In a few minutes he's gonna be gone. Jes bust 'im some'eres aroun' the legs."

"You might as well let up," I said. "I'm not going to do it."

Zip snatched off his hat and hit the granite with it. "Damn my weak eyes and this younger generation." (It was the first time he had admitted his eyes were failing.) "Why you think we been killin' horses fer almost two weeks? Why you think we broke our humps climbin' up here?"

"To get his license number," I replied.

Zip rolled away in disgust. "Ef he was in handgun range, his number'd be up." After a while he turned back. "What're you gonna do with his license number once you git it?"

"Find out who the guy is and turn him over to the sheriff."

"What're you gonna do when the sheriff asks for evidence?"

"Bring him out and show him these carcasses."

"How you gonna tie the carcasses to the man?"

"We both saw him."

"Fum nine hunnerd feet up. You think that'll hold in court?"

"Ten-power glasses makes it ninety feet. It'll hold up."

Zip had been squinting hard at the man far below us. Suddenly he said, "Gimme them glasses."

I handed him the glasses. With my naked eyes I could just make out that the man had hoisted the beef with a winch and was now splitting the white carcass down the spine.

"He shore is an expert," said Zip.

"He's had enough practice," I replied, remembering the skulls and skins we'd found.

Zip continued looking through the glasses. "Wouldn' be s'prised he's had more practice than you think. You ain't goin' to shoot 'im?"

"No, sir."

"Then you make damn sure you git that license number." He handed me the glasses.

The rustler finished the job quickly, folded his winch, put it and the halves of beef in the bed of the truck, covered them with a tarp and, without taking time to hide the offal, sped away. I got a good look at the license tag and focused all my attention on seeing the numbers. Zip looked at me. I spoke the numbers.

"Number-six county, eh?" he said musingly. That was our county. The county seat was our town, the town where we did all our trading. "We'll be there in the mornin'," said Zip.

When we got to the house, Sandy was just riding in with his partner. They looked as beat as Zip and I. "Any luck?" called Sandy.

"Some," replied Zip.

Sensing something in Zip's tone, Sandy reined his horse over to us.

"We caught 'im red-handed," said Zip, "but he got away."

Sandy looked at Zip in disbelief. "Got away!"

Zip explained our predicament on top of Horseshoe, ending with "an' Tom wouldn' shoot 'im."

Sandy looked at me in disapproval, shook his head and began to roll a cigarette, every move showing disgust.

"Don't make a production out of it," I said to Sandy. "He didn't get entirely away. We got his license number."

"It would've been so simple," said Sandy. "Now you'll have to fight 'im in court fer six months, an' then he'll likely git out of it."

"We ain't gonna fight 'im in no court," said Zip, "an' he ain't gonna git out of it." He turned to me. "Go take care of the horses, Tom."

I went toward the barn with the horses, and Zip and Sandy walked into the living room of the house. I ground-hitched the horses behind the garage, sprinted low behind mamma's lilac bushes and came back beneath the living-room window.

Zip was saying, "You follow me?"

"So far," said Sandy. "When I phone, if I find out you're right, I load a beef in your pickup in the mornin' right after breakfast?"

"Right," said Zip. "An' remember it's important fer you to have the horses there when we git there in the mornin'. You understan'?"

"Got you," said Sandy. "You gonna tell Tom?"

"Tom's a good boy," said Zip. "But he shore does take after his ma."

I slipped away from the window and headed for the barn. I heard Sandy pull out in his pickup. I knew I had to get hold of the sheriff, but the problem was how. We live fifty miles from town. The nearest telephone was at Summers' General Store at a crossroads eighteen miles from our house. I was dead-tired, but I knew I had to drive there after supper.

Sandy was back by suppertime, and he and Zip looked me over suspiciously. I had cleaned up and changed clothes.

"Goin' some'eres?" asked Zip.

"Thought I'd go down and pass the time of day with Betty Summers."

"As tired as you are," said Zip.

"Ever'body knows Betty Summers ain't that purty," said Sandy.

"Maybe it's that, within twenty miles, she's the only girl," I replied.

"We got a big day ahead of us tomorrer," said Zip.

"I won't stay long."

"About long enough to make a phone call would be my guess," said Zip.

"If I knew what Sandy found out when *he* phoned and what you and he are up to, I wouldn't need to see Betty tonight."

Zip looked at Sandy, but spoke to me. "Then ag'in, mebbe you would."

"You've figured some way to catch that guy and not turn him over to the sheriff," I said.

"Tom, I swear I'm gonna turn 'im over to the sheriff—but at the right time."

Suddenly Sandy threw down his fork. "Damn. I fergot to turn on the windmill, an' that tank is plumb dry. They's a stiff breeze out there now an' she oughta be pumpin'. Be right back."

"Son," said Zip, "that rustler is a canny feller. The way you want to handle him, it'd jes be our word ag'in his, an' you kin bet he would have some kind of proof that he was some'eres besides *where* we said he was *when* we said he was. He's got to be handled my way."

"I don't like going against you," I said, "but I know blamed well you're planning somehow to get that guy in a fight and kill him."

"I ain't goin' to kill 'im."

"Then tell me what you plan to do."

"I will, Tom. In the mornin'."

"Nothing doing. I'm finding out tonight who he is and phoning the sheriff."

"I reckon a man's got to do what he's got to do," said Zip philosophically.

Deciding to take Zip's Lincoln, I went to the garage. The keys were in the ignition, as they always are in all our vehicles, but the car wouldn't start. The starter whined, but the engine wouldn't fire. I got out and went over to Zip's pickup. Same results. I got out, opened the hood, took off the distributor cap and, sure enough, the rotor was gone. I checked every vehicle on the place. All the same. I went back to the house, angrier because I'd let Sandy trick me than because of being balked on the phone call.

Zip and Sandy were finishing their supper, bland-faced, innocent.

"Change yore mind?" asked Zip.

"I ought to catch up a horse and go anyway," I said, "but I'm just too tired."

"Ain't no rustler wuth all that effort anyway," said Sandy.

"I wish I could get it through your heads a rustler is still a human being——"

"Some difference of opinion on that," interrupted Zip.

"—and you can't go around shooting them," I finished.

"Unless they shoot at you," said Sandy.

I looked sharply at Zip, and Zip said to Sandy, "The older you git, the more yore tongue waggles."

"You are going to provoke him!" I exclaimed.

"No sich thing," said Zip. "Now quiet down and don't fret yorese'f."

The next morning Zip came down to breakfast wearing the old, slick-handled forty-five he'd shot the snake with.

"Since when do you wear your gun to town?" I asked.

"Don't start in on me about the gun," said Zip as he seated himself. "I don' aim to use it, barrin' unforeseeable circumstances."

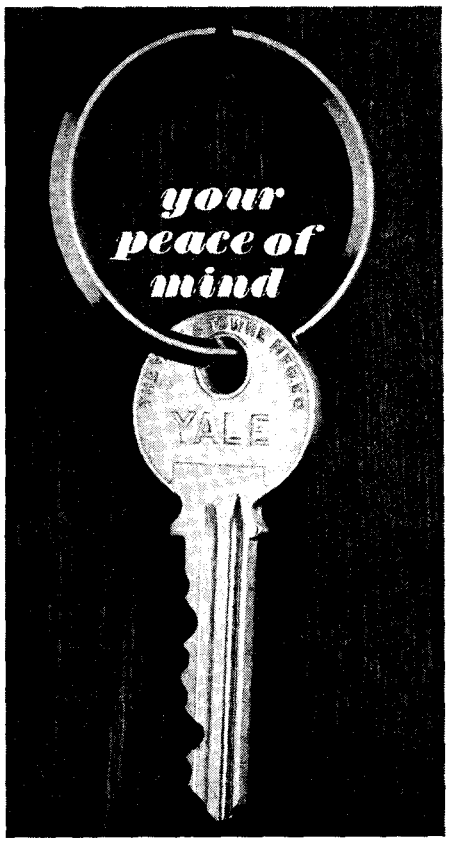
... ...

Cold Dawn

By Elizabeth Landeweer

When I went out, the early light
Was winding up the clock of night,
And, flaring like a welder's torch,
The morning star shone in the arch
Above a first faint hint of pink.
With cat at heels, I stopped to blink
Away a foggy wisp of sleep
And felt the dawn earth breathing deep,
And dark roots waking under ice
And, twining round my ankles twice,
The cat, upon a maiden spree,
Went whirling up an apple tree.

... ...



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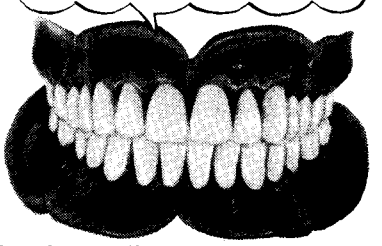

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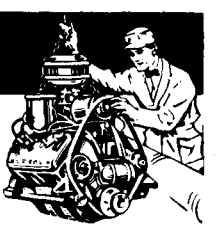

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"I've heard that tune before," I said.

"It's purely a persuader," he said.

Sandy came in and sat down. "Well, yer steer's loaded."

"How about the horses?" asked Zip.

"They'll be there," replied Sandy.

"I suppose you're still not letting me in on your plans," I said.

"Don' mind atall," said Zip. "We're gonna catch that rustler red-handed—an' I mean that jes the way it sounds."

"How?"

"Well, now, Tom, they's a few details I ain't even sure of myse'f."

We finished breakfast, and Zip and I went out and got in the pickup with the steer in the stock rack. I saw Sandy mount Zip's horse and lead mine as he rode away from the ranch.

When Zip and I got to the city limits, I asked, "We going to the courthouse to see who that license number belongs to?"

"B'longs to a feller name o' Conroy," said Zip.

I'd been right about Sandy's phone call. "Where does this Conroy live?"

"Three miles north of town."

I was driving the pickup, and I pulled up to one of those roadside telephone booths. "We're going to have an understanding, or I call the sheriff. What do you plan to do when we get out to Conroy's?"

"I'm goin' to force Conroy to provide the evidence we got to have to put him in jail fer rustlin'."

"You *do* plan for him to get to jail?"

"That's the gospel truth."

"When do we call the sheriff?"

"Jes as soon as we've got the evidence."

"You promise you're not going to kill him?"

"I do," said Zip. "I promise." He looked as if he wanted to add, *barrin' unforeseeable circumstances,* but he didn't.

"You understand, Zip. This is for ma."

"Shore, Tom. Course I understan'."

When we got to Conroy's we saw a long, low, cement-block building with plate-glass windows in one end. There was a large sign under the eaves: CONROY'S PACKING CO. and under this: MEAT AT WHOLESALE PRICES. There were extensive stockyards behind the building.

I glanced at the steer in back. "You knew he was a butcher even before you had Sandy phone, didn't you?"

"Use yore head," said Zip. "You an' me an' anybody on a ranch knows how to butcher a beef. Some of us git purty good at it. But none of us butchers enough beef in a lifetime to git as good as this here Conroy."

What a setup, I thought. A legitimate meat-processing plant where legally bought stock was constantly being slaughtered. How easy to slip in three or four rustled beeves a week. If sold across the counter, they were worth plenty.

Zip was squinting at the vehicles parked in front of the building. "Is that it?" he asked, pointing to a pickup.

It had the correct license number. "Yes," I said.

"Go see if he left his rifle in it."

I walked over and, after making sure no one was watching, stuck my head through the open window of Conroy's pickup. There was no rifle visible. I pulled the back of the seat forward, and the rifle hung in a clever rack above where the tools lay. I went back and informed Zip.

"Go in and git Conroy," said Zip. "Tell 'im you got a prime beef out here to sell him. I'll be settin' here in the truck. Bring 'im right up to me."

"Don't forget your promise."

"Don't worry," said Zip.

I went in the meat-market end of the building. There were a few customers, and the meat cutter was behind the counter.

"Where's Conroy?" I asked as if I had been there before.

The meat cutter motioned to the door behind him. "Out back."

A smell of fertilizer assailed me as I went through the door. There were twelve freshly butchered halves of beef hanging from hooks attached to rollers on long overhead tracks. A man was pushing two of these sides toward an open refrigerator door. He was about thirty years old, tall and broad. He had curly, black hair.

"You Conroy?" I asked. I didn't like his face.

He pushed the sides into the refrigerator, came out, shot me an insolent look and took hold of two more sides. "Yeah."

"I've got a corn-fattened two-year-old out in my truck I'd like to sell you."

He pushed the beef into the refrigerator and came out. "Belong to you?"

"I said it did."

"Got a bill of sale?"

"It's got my brand on it."

"What do you want for it?"

"Whatever you're giving."

"Jones," he yelled. A young man with bloody hands came in. "Finish putting these in the cooler." Conroy motioned to the remaining sides of beef.

We went out. I indicated our truck with the steer in back. As we walked, I let him get a half stride ahead of me. If he started anything, I intended to tackle him before Zip could shoot him. As we approached, Conroy's eyes were all for the steer; he didn't seem to notice Zip sitting in the cab. Then, as he came abreast of Zip, three things stopped him. There was a Bar Z brand painted on the pickup door. He'd seen that brand yesterday on the beef he was stealing. There was the black maw of a forty-five pointing at him out of the window. Above the forty-five was a pair of the coldest blue eyes he had ever seen. Of the three things that stopped him, it was Zip's eyes more than the forty-five that tamed him.

"You'll drive," Zip said to him evenly and kicked the door open. Conroy, pale now and tense, got under the wheel as Zip slid to the far side. I closed the door. "Drive his truck," Zip said to me. "Follow us."

"Don't make a wrong move," I said to Conroy. "He'll kill you, and I don't want it on his conscience."

We went out the highway west for thirty miles, then turned north on a gravel road that headed toward our place. When we came to Summers' General Store, the pickup ahead of me pulled in and stopped. I pulled up behind them, got out and went up to the driver's side. Conroy looked sullenly straight ahead.

"Now," said Zip gaily, "you kin phone the sheriff. Tell 'im you an' me caught a rustler. Tell 'im I'm holdin' the rustler over on the north side of Horseshoe Ridge while you've come to phone."

"Horseshoe is fifteen miles from here," I said. "It'll take him a spell to get there. Sure you don't want to pick some place closer?"

"If the sheriff leaves town now, he'll git here about the time we git to Horseshoe. The time it'll take 'im to git fum here to there will be jes about enough, I figger."

I shrugged. I still hadn't quite figured out what he intended to do, but I was proud of him for keeping his word and phoning the sheriff. I went in and, luckily, caught the sheriff in his office.

"Sheriff, this is Tom Zipson. Dad and I caught a rustler over north of Horseshoe Ridge. Dad's holding him there while I've come to phone."

"What!" yelled the sheriff. "You left Fred Zipson alone with a rustler? You get the hell back out there before Zip kills him!"

I heard him roaring for his car as he hung up. I went out to Zip's pickup. "He's on his way."

"Fine," said Zip. "Let's go." He nudged Conroy with the forty-five, so that he would drive on.

When we got to Horseshoe, Sandy was there with our saddled horses. I took Conroy's rifle from its rack, levered a cartridge into the chamber, got out and walked over and stood a few yards from the truck on his side. Zip ordered him out, and I covered him while Zip got out on the other side.

"All right, Sandy," said Zip, "skedaddle with the truck."

Sandy unloaded the steer and got in the truck. He was looking at Conroy curiously. "Shore wish I could stay an' see the fun."

"Wish you could too," said Zip. "But all we need here is Conroy's truck an' our saddle horses."

As Sandy pulled away, Zip moved Conroy from under my gun. "That Conroy's rifle?" he asked me.

"Yes."

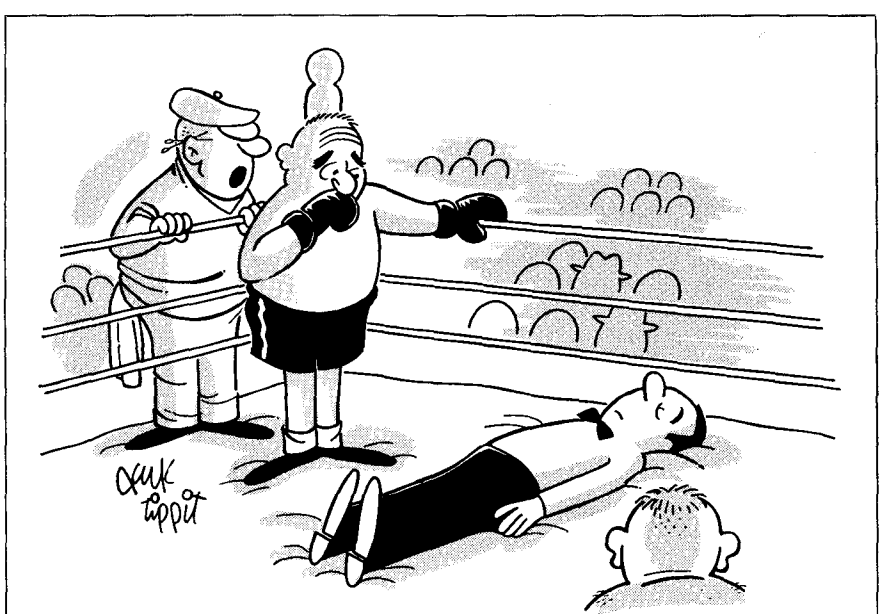
"Drop that steer with it."

I did as I was told.

"All right, expert," Zip said to Conroy, "go to work on it."

I took Conroy's knives from his work box in back of his pickup and handed them to him. He took them, but hesitated.

Zip cocked his forty-five. "I'm gonna give you a chance in a minute. If you want to live long enough to git it, you better do as you're told."



"Very effective punch—except for one little thing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At that moment I should have been listening carefully, but I wasn't.

Conroy went to work, bleeding, gutting, skinning. When he was half finished, Zip said, "That's enough."

Conroy rose, bloody to the elbows.

"Wipe that rifle," Zip said to me.

I took my handkerchief and wiped off my fingerprints.

"Now give it here," said Zip.

I hesitated; then I made a big mistake. I handed the rifle to Zip. "I left the empty in the chamber," I said. "But the magazine is full. All he's got to do is lever one in."

"He kin never work the lever as fast as I kin pull the trigger," said Zip.

It was true, and I knew we had to get Conroy's fingerprints on the rifle. Then Zip tossed the rifle to him.

Conroy had no choice but to catch it, and just then the full significance of all we had done hit home. We were in the middle of Zip's range. Our two horses waited obediently, apparently where we had left them after having ridden up on him. Conroy's pickup with its winch and bloody tarp in the back stood there guiltily. There were the day-old remains of a butchered beef. There was a freshly killed, half-butchered beef with a bullet from his rifle in it. There was blood all over him, and now his fingerprints were on the rifle.

I was just thinking proudly how clever Zip was and how honestly he was carrying out his promise when he calmly let down the hammer of his forty-five and holstered it. Now he and Conroy were even. One had to lever a rifle, the other had to draw.

"You got a choice," said Zip. "A spell in the pen, or shoot yore way out."

At precisely that moment all three of us heard the sheriff's car in the distance. I was furious at Zip, but I didn't dare make a move for fear of triggering what still might not come off. Conroy was as white as a tanned man can be. Zip stood there as motionless as a panther by a game trail, his hands hanging easily at his sides.

For a moment it seemed unreal to me. The sun was bright and warm and Horseshoe Ridge rose before us majestic and beautiful. There the three of us stood, not six feet separating us, hemmed in by all that vastness and beauty, but pinpointed in a drama started by the greed of a thief and being finished by a code of ethics from another era.

The whine of the engine of the sheriff's car was clearly audible, although it was not yet in sight. For Conroy it was now or never. Suddenly he flicked the lever of his rifle. Zip's hand disappeared into blur and the blur became explosion. Conroy was whirled and knocked flat, the half-levered rifle flying through the air. The bullet had caught him in the upper arm, shattering the bone. I looked at him writhing in shock. In the near distance, out of the tail of my eye, I saw the sheriff's car boiling dust. I knelt and cut Conroy's shirt away and began trying to stop the bleeding.

"Damn you, Zip," I said as I worked. "You promised."

"I promised not to kill him"—he turned to Conroy—"which is a considerable concession."

"You didn't have to set it up like that," I said.

Zip holstered his gun. "Had to git his fingerprints. I couldn't he'p it if he started in to use it."

"You could have had me take out the cartridges."

He looked past me with his comical blue eyes to the sheriff's car skidding to a frantic stop. "Dammit all, Tom, who ever heard of a rustler packin' an unloaded gun?" THE END

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Will Africa Go Communist?

(Continued from Page 15)

send in relays of Ilyushin planes, filled with matériel and with more than 400 "technical advisers" for the paranoiac pro-Communist premier, Patrice Lumumba.

Then, when things began to go wrong for them, and especially after Lumumba was first "neutralized" and then arrested by anti-Communist Joseph Mobutu, Soviet Premier Khrushchev demanded the scalp of UN chief Dag Hammarskjöld and threatened to destroy the UN itself if he did not get his way. The "positive neutralists" who follow the Soviet lead, including the Egyptians, the Guineans, and the Ghanaians, threatened to withdraw their troops from the UN command in the Congo. With Communist help and advice—and no interference whatsoever from the UN—a rump pro-Lumumba regime under Communist-lining Antoine Gizenga, was established in Stanleyville, in the Congo's Oriental Province. All this hardly sounds like an attempt to "keep the cold war out of Africa."

While the Soviets and their friends have been busy playing the Bad Guys in the Congo, we have been dutifully playing the Good Guys. Last September James Wadsworth, then United States Ambassador to the UN, summarized the policy laid down by former President Eisenhower: "U.S. policy in the Congo is simple. We support the UN wholeheartedly." In accord with this "simple" policy, when the Soviets refused to contribute a ruble to the expensive UN operation in the Congo, the American taxpayer dutifully picked up most of the tab.

The result, perhaps inevitably, is that the Bad Guys seem to have a lot more influence with the UN command in the Congo than the Good Guys. As one western ambassador in Léopoldville remarked in honest bewilderment, "I just don't understand you Americans. Here you are paying the piper. And yet you let Nehru call the tune."

The man who has been calling the UN tune in the Congo, as of this writing, is a pipe-smoking Indian intellectual-aristocrat named Rajeshwar Dayal, who was chosen by Hammarskjöld to run the UN operation in the Congo. An able and highly articulate man, Dayal is a follower of India's Prime Minister Nehru, and shares Nehru's leanings toward "positive neutralism."

In Dayal's eyes, his chief antagonist is not Gizenga or Lumumba or the Communist or neutralist politicians who have bitterly attacked his UN command. Dayal's enemy is—as of this writing—young General Mobutu, recently appointed commander in chief of the Congolese army by President Joseph Kasavubu, UN-recognized chief of state of the Congo. It is not too much to say that Dayal and Mobutu hate each other's guts, as both instantly made clear when I talked to them.

I saw Mobutu in a big white house on the banks of the Congo, which he had taken over as his command post after his anti-Lumumba coup. By the time this is published, Mobutu may be out of his big white house, since his position gets shakier every day—thanks largely to Dayal.

It is fashionable among reporters in Léopoldville to write about Mobutu in deprecatory quotes as "the so-called Congo strongman." When I met him, he seemed to me, in a quiet way, a strong man. He is nervous, and very thin, but he seemed to have a certain inner force. He was only twenty-nine when he marched into the Léopoldville radio station last September and announced that the army was taking over from Lumumba. He had discovered, he said, that the Russian technicians sent to Lumumba were really "Russian officers disguised as civilians." He added, "I have expelled them all." This hardly seems the action of a weak man.

Strong or weak, Mobutu was certainly a sad and harried man when I saw him. If the UN under Dayal had not actively obstructed every move he made, he said, he could have dealt in fairly short order with the Stanleyville dissidents. After that it would have been possible to come to some sort of accommodation with the other two secessionist regimes, Tshombe's in Katanga and Kalonji's in the Kasai. But, he said, as long as the United Nations pursued "*la politique* Nehru"—meaning the Dayal policy—nothing could be done in the Congo.

Dayal was just as unhappy as his enemy Mobutu, when I saw him in his air-conditioned office in the junior skyscraper the UN had taken over in Léopoldville. The trouble was, he said, that "you people don't really believe in democracy." If "certain western embassies" (meaning the able American ambassador, Clare Timberlake) had not had "an obsession about Lumumba," a legitimate democratic government could have been established (meaning almost certainly a government headed by pro-Communist Lumumba). Now, instead, Mobutu's army of rapists was "completely unleashed." The situation was, therefore, "totally out of control," and chaos threatened.

This extremely somber estimate of the situation surprised me. Some reporters have the luck to resemble Joe Btfsplk, the small man in *L'il Abner* who is accompanied by a permanent black cloud and whose every step is dogged by disaster. This makes for vivid reporting. Alas, wherever I go, a great calm descends. It would make better copy if I could write—as others have written—that the jungle is rapidly taking over Léopoldville and Elisabethville, that the people are reverting to savagery and that the Congolese army is using visiting journalists as human pincushions. Instead, I found the two big Congo cities the handsomest and best kept in Africa—and with the best restaurants. And I found the Congolese people, in uniform and out, in the Katanga bush country and in Léopoldville's African *cité*, unfailingly courteous and even jolly.

No doubt these impressions were one-sided. Some very ugly things have certainly happened in the Congo. But the fact is that Dayal, both as a Nehru neutralist and as the UN chief in the Congo, has had an understandable impulse to portray the situation in lurid terms. Since three quarters of the news from the Congo emanates from the UN command, Dayal's views have also had a considerable influence on the press.

Dayal has described the Mobutu army as a "disorderly rabble" and accused it in an official report of "acts of lawlessness." Actually, in the view of qualified observers, in his first few weeks in power Mobutu did a rather remarkable job of bringing the army in the Léopoldville area under control. But to Dayal, the Congolese army is and always will be a disorderly rabble. If it were not a rabble, it might be difficult to justify certain of the policies laid down by Dayal as UN chief in the Congo.

For the UN policy has been, in essence, to immobilize the forces controlled by the Kasavubu-Mobutu regime, in the name of preventing violence and maintaining law and order. Dayal has ruled that Mobutu's army should be permitted to make only "minor troop movements." Otherwise the "rabble" might get out of hand, and bloodshed might result.

With the Kasavubu-Mobutu forces thus effectively hamstrung, and with help from the Egyptians and Iron-Curtain money and technicians, Gizenga's rump pro-Communist regime quickly consolidated its position in Oriental Province. Gizenga's forces then began moving on neighboring Kivu and Katanga provinces. The troop movements were by no means minor by Congolese standards, but the UN did nothing, or nothing much. Immobilized by the UN, Mobutu could do nothing, or nothing much. Being powerless to act, Mobutu's prestige has been eaten away, which is why he may be out of the picture even before these words are printed—and why the Communist-lining Lumumba may be back in the picture.

Surely this is a very queer business. UN forces largely subsidized by the United States have been used to prevent a moderate, pro-western, anti-Communist regime, headed by the UN-recognized chief of state, from consolidating its position in the heart of Africa. Meanwhile, a pro-Communist regime has been established and allowed to extend its power in the heart of Africa without effective opposition from those forces. How did we get into this odd situation?

The modern convenience that banishes most mothers' worries is a school bus.

LAVONNE MATHISON

Part of the answer, to be candid about it, is that when our "simple" policy was first conceived, the UN looked like the best bet for preventing Lumumba from consolidating *his* position. Another part of the answer is that the UN troops are largely concentrated near Léopoldville, and it is thus physically easier to control the Léopoldville regime than the Stanleyville regime. But another part of the answer surely derives from our tendency to be carried away by noble-sounding phrases.

The UN in the Congo is widely advertised as being "neutral" and "above politics," for example. It is neither. There is no such thing as neutrality in a situation like that in the Congo, if only because, if you prevent A from shooting at B, you are obviously helping B. Moreover, because they are working for the UN, people are not mysteriously transmuted into supranational beings without political views of national allegiance. Being both an Indian and a subordinate of Nehru, Dayal is quite naturally responsible to "*la politique* Nehru." By the same token, the commanders of the Egyptian or Ghanaian or Guinean forces in the Congo quite naturally have an ear cocked to the ambitions and desires of Nasser or Nkrumah or Sékou Touré.

All this may be quite natural and understandable, but from the point of view of American and western interests, the present situation is an impossible one. For why should we subsidize the UN in the Congo, while the UN in turn engages in a continual vendetta with the pro-western regime which we recognize and support? Kasavubu has demanded that Dayal be replaced. That demand certainly deserves the quiet support of the new administration. And if quiet support is not enough, then Adlai Stevenson, our new ambassador to the UN, must bring himself to bang his shoe on his desk, at least figuratively. We who pay the piper ought to begin to do a little tune-calling.

We ought also now to recognize, once and for all, what the UN can and cannot do. Where there is danger of a great power clash, the UN can usefully freeze a situation until tempers cool. But to freeze a situation is not to resolve it, as the Congo has abundantly proved. That is why the "simple" policy of "wholehearted support for the UN" is really no policy at all. The beginning of a sensible policy in the Congo, and indeed in Black Africa as a whole, is to recognize the realities, to see things as they are and not as they ought to be.

The first reality to recognize is very simple—Africa is not America. Every time an American uses American standards to judge an African situation, he falls flat on his face. Consider, for example, the way a shrewd American public-relations man came a cropper in Nigeria.

The public-relations expert was hired for the Nigerian elections by Chief Awolowo, the big chief of the Western Region of Nigeria. Awolowo hoped his party, the Action Group, would score sufficient gains, especially in the largely Moslem Northern Region, to make him the obvious choice for prime minister of the federal government. The p.r. man had a bright idea. He persuaded Awolowo to get himself a helicopter for pamphlet dropping and campaigning purposes—in the United States, after all, helicopters have been used most effectively in political campaigns. But the emirs in the north put out the word: "The sky belongs to Allah, and the droppings of the great bird are poison," and Awolowo ended up low man on the Nigerian political totem pole.

The second reality we must recognize if we are not to end up low man on the African totem pole is that countries are not countries in Africa—not by American or European standards. Countries aren't real in Africa. Tribes are real.

Take the Congo. Like every other country in Black Africa, the Congo is a geographical accident. Its frontiers are simply lines drawn on a map by white men in the bad old days when the Europeans were slicing up Africa like a juicy pie. These lines are not real or meaningful to the African who lives in the bush or the rain forest, or even—except for a thin layer of detribalized *évolués*—to the African who lives in the crowded African quarters of the European-built cities. What is real and meaningful to the African is his tribe.

It is quite impossible to make head or tail of what is going on in the Congo unless you understand the power of tribalism in African politics. A few examples:

The Baluba tribesmen in Northern Katanga have made all sorts of bloody trouble for Moise Tshombe, the moon-faced, Belgian-backed president of copper-rich Katanga, in the southeastern Congo. The Katanga Balubas are allied to the pro-Communist, pro-Lumumba forces in Stanleyville. But this is not because the Balubas are close and approving students of the doctrines of Karl Marx. It is because Tshombe is a Balunda, and so are most of the members of his government. The Balubas and the Balundas are ancient enemies.

The Balubas of South Kasai, on the other hand, are fiercely anti-Lumumba. But this is not because they find Communism abhorrent, but because *their* ancient enemies, the Luluas, are pro-Lumumba. Or consider the triumph enjoyed by President Kasavubu last December, in New York, when the UN Assembly voted to seat his delegation,

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which was a big setback for Lumumba and his Soviet friends. Kasavubu owed his triumph to small, smiling President Fulbert Youlou of the neighboring former French Congo, who rallied the other former French territories to back Kasavubu. The reason: Youlou and Kasavubu are both members of the Bakongo tribe.

Tribalism is the main reason—though not the only one—why the fragmentation of Africa has proceeded at such a pace. When the French ruled French West Africa, for example, the area consisted of two huge administrative districts. These two districts have now become twelve nations, some so small or so economically unviable as to be geographical bad jokes. The same fragmentation is going on in the Congo, and for the same reasons. Aside from the UN-recognized Kasavubu regime in Léopoldville, there are the three secessionist regimes, and there may well be more to come.

This may be very deplorable. But it is silly to talk about our objective in the Congo being "unity," when in fact real unity could only be imposed by an iron Communist regime. The best we can hope for in the Congo is a loose federation of tribal satrapies, and since that is the best we can hope for, that is what we ought to aim for.

The third reality we must recognize in Africa is that, although within the tribal system there is democracy of a peculiar sort, it has very little in common with our kind of democracy. Philip Crowe, American ambassador to the Union of South Africa, found out something about the African version of democracy when he paid an official call on the paramount chief of Barotseland, a vast British-administered enclave in Southern Africa.

The conversation touched on political matters, and the paramount chief volunteered that he was a strong believer in democracy. For example, he said, he regularly consulted with his six counselors, who were the voice of the people. "I will show you," he said, and clapped his hands. Immediately six men crawled in on their bellies and prostrated themselves before the paramount chief and the startled ambassador. "Are my people happy?" asked the paramount chief. The six counselors, grinning fiercely, vied with each other in protestations of popular content. "You see," said the paramount chief, and clapped his hands again. The six counselors crawled out backward on their bellies, still grinning fiercely.

The kind of democracy practiced elsewhere in Africa is not fundamentally very different from the Barotseland version. Everywhere you find the same pattern—one big chief, one monolithic party without serious opposition. The pattern derives from the tribal system, and it is a natural reflection of the African realities. It is silly in any case to suppose that our kind of democracy could flourish in countries in which 90 per cent of the people are illiterate and live in mud or palm huts in the bush or the jungle. It is especially silly to look for our kind of democracy in the harried Congo.

Much has been made by the Communists, the neutralists and some plain fatheads of the fact that Lumumba is the "democratically elected" premier of the Congo. It is quite true that the Congolese Parliament voted to make Lumumba premier. But this triumph of parliamentary democracy was achieved by a judicious mixture of threats and bribery. In Lumumba's heyday he bought members of the Congolese Parliament at the going rate of $2000 a head. There was never much of a secret about where this money came from either. The Russians, the Czechs, the Chinese Communists, the Ghanaians, the Egyptians and both the Belgian bankers and the Belgian Communists all bought a slice of Lumumba Preferred on the Lumumba bull market.

This, then, is how Lumumba became the "democratically elected" premier of the Congo. And this suggests how meaningless high-sounding words are likely to be, measured against the African realities. There is not going to be any democracy in the Congo, not our kind of democracy. The best we can hope for is the kind of regime that will at least keep things ticking in a loose federation, and again, because this is the best we can hope for, it is what we ought to aim for.

This suggests the fourth reality which we must recognize in Africa—that the people who are most experienced at keeping things ticking in tropical Africa are those horrid people, the former colonial powers. The British, the French and even the unpopular Belgians have forgotten more about Africa than we Americans are ever likely to learn. Moreover, their knowledge of Africa and their continuing influence there are among the central assets of the West in the struggle for Africa which has now been joined.

This is not to suggest that we must defend the colonialism of the distant past—although it does happen to be true that the cities and industries of tropical Africa were all built with European money and European skills. Even in the very recent past the European powers have certainly done some stupid things in Africa, as when the French in a fit of pique threw Guinea to the Communist wolves, or when the Belgians cast the Congo loose with totally inadequate preparation.

But the British and French are now doing a remarkable job in West Africa, which is kept ticking largely thanks to British and French advisers and technical experts, and money from the pockets of British and French taxpayers. And it is also largely thanks to the Belgians that much of the Congo, including the big cities of Léopoldville and Elisabethville, are kept ticking today. It is because of the Belgians that the light goes on in your hotel room; that the government finances are kept in some kind of working order; that the Katanga mines, on which the livelihood of many thousands of Africans depends, are still functioning efficiently.

The Belgians are no doubt difficult people. But would it be a good thing if the thousands of Belgian technicians in the Congo were replaced by Russians or Czechs or Chinese Communists? For that matter, would it be a good thing if they were replaced by Americans?

We Americans must get over the notion that we necessarily do everything better than anybody else. As one knowledgeable American official remarked in Brazzaville, "The French are shelling out around half a billion dollars a year in this part of Africa. If we ever had to take over from them, it would cost about six times as much, and we'd do about half as good a job."

Africa is no vacation wonderland. It is hot and smelly, and an American, limply wandering about in Africa, is likely to have the tempting thought, *Why not just let the Europeans handle the job here, and keep our noses out of it?* Alas, although we should certainly encourage the British, the French and the Belgians to handle that part of the job they are already handling, we Americans cannot keep our noses entirely out of Africa.

The immense African continent is the world's greatest reservoir of untapped resources. That is the main reason why the Soviets are now making a carefully planned power play, the purpose of which is to make the Soviet bloc the dominant power in Africa. By the inexorable laws of power politics, the Soviet power play will succeed, unless American power is introduced as a counterweight. For in Africa, as in other parts of the world, power is the key factor in the equation. And if the struggle for Africa comes to a showdown in the Congo, the United States and its allies hold for once the high cards in terms of available military power—and the other side must know that this is so.

Look at the map, and you will see why it is so. In Korea, and in almost every other major Communist expansionist drive in the last fifteen years, the Communist bloc supported an established Communist regime with direct supply routes from contiguous territory. (Cuba is the exception, but one suspects that the Communist triumph in Cuba surprised the Kremlin.) In the Congo the undependable pro-Communist Stanleyville regime is a long, long way from its Communist base. To supply it in case of a showdown, the Soviets would have to mount a massive airlift, overflying such pro-western countries as Greece, Turkey and Iran. Both the United Arab Republic and the Sudan would have to take the risk of playing the Soviet game to the hilt.

By contrast, to supply both Léopoldville and Elisabethville from the West is no problem, while a Soviet airlift to the Congo would be easily subject to an effective air blockade. Suppose Kasavubu, as recognized chief of state of the Congo, asked for such an air blockade. Would it not be imposed, in one form or another? That is a question that the Soviet planners must be asking themselves. It may suggest why, as of this writing, the Soviets have not officially recognized the Stanleyville regime, and why their aid has been limited to technicians, advisers and counterfeit Congolese francs.

In short, if it came to a showdown in the Congo, with the Soviets supporting and supplying Stanleyville while the West supported and supplied Léopoldville and Elisabethville, the military and logistic high cards would be in our hands. Essentially the same military-logistic equation holds true elsewhere in Africa. Showdowns are dangerous in the nuclear age, and must be avoided if possible. But the best way to avoid a showdown is to let the other side know you will play your high cards if you must. And the fact that those high cards exist is a main reason why the position of the West in Africa south of the Sahara is very far from hopeless.

Mind you, everything is not going to be jim-dandy in the Congo, or elsewhere in Africa—not in our lifetimes. All Soviet and Communist influence cannot possibly be excluded from the Congo. But we can prevent the establishment in the Congo of a totally disciplined, unitary, Communist satellite state, which could only come into being as a result of civil war and which would be like a cancer in Africa's belly.

By the same token, Soviet-Communist influence is now paramount in three very small, very noisy states in black Africa—Ghana, Guinea and Mali. We cannot hope to prevent such Communist infections from developing from time to time—and indeed, for reasons to be discussed in another report, we must be prepared sometimes to let them develop, rather than to submit to blackmail. But we and our European allies do have the means—military, political and economic—to prevent the Soviet bloc from becoming the dominant power throughout Black Africa. That is what we can do, and that is what we must do.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

MICHIGAN: THE PROBLEM STATE
By Harold H. Martin

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR-AT-LARGE
By James Stewart

THE CRUEL CONTINENT: ANTARCTICA

THE MUSIC-ART-AND-DRAMA BOOM IN SMALL AMERICAN CITIES

A POST EDITOR REPORTS ON THE SUBMISSION OF HUNGARY
By Ernest O. Hauser

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The Spell of Inishmore

(Continued from Page 25)

him, as he smoked in his old tweed jacket by the lake of Geneva. I remembered what he had said about Cathleen.

"She was a bit late. Ten years younger than the rest," John had said, then paused. "Like a poem that one had forgotten to make when one was young."

It was a beautiful saying, and it described Cathleen. She was a poem, with that wisdom and light often in a late child. She made me think of blue morning on the hills of Connemara, and the light of the day still on the Hebrides under the moon. She tucked in her knees and turned over a picture in a book. I saw that she had been lost in the book when I came in.

"What are you looking at, Cathleen?"

"Oh—an island. The Isle of Skye, off Scotland." Suddenly she came over with the book, and I looked at the picture of a village under a mountain. I could almost smell the heather again and hear the brook singing an old Gaelic song.

"Up there, in the crook of the mountain, is the old castle, where the ghost of the piper plays." Her voice was in a dream. "And that little house, there by the brook, that is Sheila's home." She flushed. "I haven't been there, of course, but —— Why are you smiling, Mr. O'Shane?"

I was going to answer, and then Sheila came in with the tray. She put it down and saw me looking at the picture of her native village. I looked long at her, and I remembered the doctor had married again and had a daughter.

"Is Doctor Tam still alive, Sheila? With all those trout flies in his bonnet?"

She had got a shock, and her voice was a whisper. "My father died last year."

"That old willow rod, that he made as a boy, was it buried with him, as he always said it would be?"

She blinked through her tears and nodded and then went from the room. Cathleen looked at me. Her voice was very quiet, and her eyes very searching for a girl of nineteen.

"The moment you came in the door, Mr. O'Shane, I knew something would happen—would change. . . . Tea?"

She poured the tea and gave me a hot and delicious scone from the napkin. Then she told me about Sheila.

"Sheila is over here working her way until she goes to college in the fall. She has a part scholarship, from Aberdeen. She wants to be a doctor, like her father. She works as a maid here, but she is not a maid to me." Cathleen flushed. "I apologize. I did not need to say that to you. I think she is a wonderful person, and I want to know how people like Sheila grow, in a little village, and how ——"

"And you want to go to Skye?"

"Yes. For a year. All the seasons. I can stay with Sheila's mother. Sleep in her bed. But I am supposed to go to Florence. I'm doing arts. Our college has a house in Florence. And we take a year of the course there, and in Paris. And then I knew I wanted to go to Skye. My mother thinks I'm crazy—because I want to go and live a time on an island."

"Why should it be crazy?"

"Because I want to go *now*. And it breaks into college for a year. And Henry does not want me to go."

"And who is Henry?"

"Oh—I suppose he is a friend. We are not engaged. But he always seems to be there. He is doing business school at Harvard now. He believes in a career. Wall Street. But he does not believe in an island."

"Michael would laugh at that."

"Who is Michael?"

"My son. He also has a career. He is doing his doctorate in physics and math. But he wanted to go to an island. And he broke his study for a year. I never asked him why. Maybe he wanted to be alone with the moon. That might be his next island. It is a little farther away than Wall Street, and perhaps one needs solitude to prepare for such a long journey."

She turned over a page in silence. Then she spoke with her eyes on the picture. "Is Michael like you?"

"Yes, I guess he is."

"Have you got a picture of him?"

"No. I never have a picture of my family." I paused. "Besides, you can feel what Michael is like, anyway."

She did not reply and turned over the pages. We sat there far away from Washington as she turned over the pictures and I spoke of the places I knew on Skye. Then the door opened, and Mary Andover came in. She looked very smart in black and looked at her daughter and me.

The Good Excuses

By Marian Gleason

Dear Sir: Excuse my daughter
Bea
From school to work or hunt a
job,
To see her tennis pro or see
Her dentist or her boy friend
Bob,
Attend a play or take a trip—
And what's her homework, by
the way?
Excuse her now, she bit her lip,
She'll take the test some other
day.
Dismiss her, please, to ride or
row,
Be bridesmaid to a dozen brides,
And teach her all she ought to
know,
And all I haven't taught,
besides.

"Please don't move." I did move to get up. Her voice was insistent. "Just stay there, Mr. O'Shane."

She put down her handbag and sat by us. Her hair was turning gray, but the sea blue in her eyes was as fresh as the spring tide. She smiled and then gave a little laugh. "Just the way I expected to find you, from all that John has told me. One of the family." She paused. "And in the middle of a family problem already, I guess." She smiled at Cathleen, who brought her tea. "Well, have you persuaded Mr. O'Shane to find you a reason for going away to the Isle of Skye?"

"I don't believe one needs a reason to go to an island," I said. I looked hard at her, haunted by something I could not understand. "But I will tell you a story about going to an island."

"I'll listen. But I'm not going to believe a word you say, because I know you have planned all this with Cathleen!"

Why, I don't know, but I suddenly asked, "Is Cathleen a family name?"

"Why, no!" Cathleen looked startled. "There has never been a Cathleen in the family. And never an Irish name."

She turned to say something to Mary and then she saw there was a very strange look on her mother's face. And certainly a very strange feeling passed like a cool Atlantic wind over me. Cathleen looked at me with those searching eyes and then touched my hand. "Tell me the story."

"It was a long time ago," I said, "and I was only nineteen years old, and I was going out to the island. It was a wonderful day, with an Atlantic breeze that curled the blue waves, and a clear sun that showed all the hills of Connemara in a blue light, and the boat was as light on the sea as a young horse on a green field in spring, and I was riding out and westward from Galway Bay ——"

"Galway!" said Mary with a note in her voice like the pulled string of a harp.

"Yes," I said, "I was going out to the Aran Islands, and although I was Irish, I knew that I was going to a strange and foreign place. I had read a book by John Synge, and I knew I had to go to the islands. And it was a great adventure to me, because it was the first time I had gone outside my home county of Cork.

"I went up on the bridge of the *Dun Angus* with the captain, and I felt like a young Columbus looking on the sea for a new land. Then a girl came up the ladder behind me, and the captain smiled a welcome to her as she stood there, her golden hair shining in the wind and her face like a spring poem. She leaned on the rail beside me, and then she spoke.

"'I know,' she said, 'your name is Patrick, and you write poems.'

"Well, I did write poems, but I was shy of the first American girl I had met, and I said only, 'My name is not Patrick.'

"'Oh, it *must* be Patrick! And you *must* write poems!'

"'All right,' I said, getting bold. 'If I am going to be Patrick, then you are going to be Cathleen.'"

"Cathleen?" said Cathleen in a startled way.

"Yes. I meant Cathleen ni Houlihan, the poet's name for Ireland. So that is how we gave each other names that were not our own, and everybody called us Patrick and Cathleen on the island. And I never got to know her own name.

"Then she told me why she was going to the island. She was studying painting and music in Florence, and one day a young Irishman showed her pictures he had painted on an island. And then suddenly she knew she had to go to that island. She knew her mother would think it crazy to go away alone to an island, so she arranged with a friend to cover her mail and her money affairs so that her mother would think she was always in Florence. So poems had called me to the island, and pictures had called her, and our sudden impulses made us friends all at once on the bridge of the *Dun Angus*.

"Now, there are three islands, and we called first to Inisheer, the smallest island. There was no pier there, and we stood off the beach in the great Atlantic swell. And there I saw the greatest picture I have ever seen, and the picture was that small beach, with the women in red skirts, the gray donkeys, the children in skirts, boys and girls in skirts, so that the bad fairies would not know the boys and steal them away, the black currachs, and the stone, the stone of the island.

"Currachs are boats of black-tarred canvas on a ribbed frame of wood, and only a sheep or a calf could be carried in the heel of the boat. So they swam the cattle out to the *Dun Angus* for the fair in Galway. One man held the head of the animal out of the water on the gunwale, while the crew pulled hard on long oars with narrow blades to cut the Atlantic winds. When they came alongside, a rope was hitched around the animal in the water, and he was hauled up by a crane.

"It was wild and exciting work, and they had a great struggle to pull out a bull through the powerful waves. The

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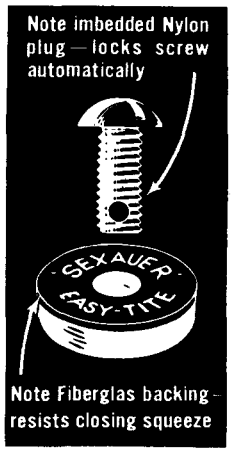
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Note Fiberglas backing—resists closing squeeze

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head of the bull got under water as the rope slipped, and when he was dropped into the hold, he rolled over, and blood poured out of his nose, and he died with a strange and screeching sound that whistled above the wind.

"The death of the bull was a great tragedy for the family that reared him for two years and counted to live a year mainly on his price at the Galway fair. All the women of the family came out in another currach, and they looked at the dead bull and wept and mourned for the loss of bread and cloth and turf for the fire, all bleeding away in a great pool of blood in the hold of the ship.

"This was something Cathleen had not expected from those pictures she had seen in Florence, and she looked pale and racked with the wind as she looked at the dead bull in his blood, and she held on to my hand. I remember her hand because it was trembling like strings that are still vibrating with the music, and sometimes I dream about it, and I wake up with my hand tingling and the Atlantic wind singing in my head.

"Then we called at Inishmaan, the middle island, but I do not remember anything about that call. Then finally we sailed into the bay and came alongside the pier at Kilronan, on Inishmore, the big island. And here were the great strong men of Aran, in wool jerseys spun from the oiled wool, and neither washed nor stained with dye, and weatherproof against the wind and rain. But it was their feet I looked at, in their pampooties. They are slippers made of cowskin, and the hair is on the slipper, and there were pampooties from red cows and black cows and red-and-white cows and roan cows, and the colors on the feet of the men were ancient and bright on the stone of the pier.

"There was a magnificent, tall man with silver-gray hair on the pier, and he looked hard at me when I stood ashore, and he came and shook my hand in welcome to the island. Then he saw Cathleen and welcomed her, and said he had a horse and sidecar and would drive her along the island to the small farmhouse where the Irish painter in Florence had told her to stay.

"Then he asked me, and I told him I had no plan, but I had heard there was one small hotel here in the village of Kilronan. He looked at me so long that my face burned, and then he said, 'You can't stay here, down in a hole. You need the long sea and far hills in your eyes. You'll stay in the White House up in Coolach on the crown of the island.' He turned to Cathleen and spoke to her. 'Why, this young man could read a poem a hundred miles away.' Suddenly he looked at me again. 'What is your name?'

"'Patrick,' said Cathleen.

"'And yours?' he asked Cathleen.

"'Cathleen,' said I.

"'You are both liars,' he said, 'and I think you are here on a honeymoon.'

"'We only met on the boat,' said Cathleen.

"'What does that matter,' he said, 'the pair of ye might have met long ago, though ye may not remember the look of the place, nor the length of the time.'

"That is how we met Con Cormac, on the pier of Inishmore. Are you listening to my story?"

"Yes," said Cathleen Andover. "But you are not telling it to me."

That answer brought a blush that looked very young on the face of Mary Andover, sitting there in formal black in a room in Washington.

"When we stepped off the pier into the street of Kilronan, a man came riding down from the hill bareback on a horse, and behind him sat a woman in a red skirt sideways on the horse, and Cathleen said, 'I'm going to ride a horse the way that woman is riding before I leave Aran.'

"She was that kind of girl, and Con Cormac smiled and knew she would learn to ride a horse that way. And then we got up on the sidecar. Now, the sidecar has two seats hanging over the wheels, and they hang loose and they rock, and Cathleen got in some practice right away for the horseback riding, for she was sitting on the sidecar in the same way as the woman on the horse.

"Con Cormac spoke in Irish to his old gray horse, and we set up the mountain road in the light of the afternoon, with the sun gold on the small green fields all made by hand from sand and seaweed carried up by panniers on donkeys. And there was the island, all in its white stone, its white bone, beaten white by the wind and sea, and I wanted to hammer my head on that white stone and beat out my mind as clear and hard and timeless as that island.

"'Those green fields,' said Con Cormac suddenly, 'they are just green poems that sing on the old, white silence of the island. And all those fields came up from the sea in baskets, and now they are living and green.'

"Con Cormac let the old horse walk lazily up that road, by the cottages in their yellow thatch, sweet with the smell of the turf smoke, blushing red with fuchsia, and all mirrored in the blue light of Connemara, miles away across the sea. And then suddenly Cathleen gave a strange, wild cry, and she said, 'Oh, Con Cormac, I will never be able to leave this island.'

"'That is true,' said Con Cormac. 'You will go away, but you will never be able to leave this island.'

"Ah, and we came to the White House, up on the crown of the island, and there stood Molly O'Flaherty, with a sweetness and welcome in her smile. She took my hand and said she had a room for me, but only one room, and she was not happy that Cathleen was staying down in the hollow of Kilmoney, a mile beyond.

"Then she smiled and said, 'Ah, but ye'll be seeing each other all the time, and there will be the moon tonight and the sun tomorrow morning. 'Tis on a honeymoon ye ought to be, and make one song out of your lives.'

"I remember that because she had said the same thing as Con Cormac, and Cathleen and I were young and it made us shy of each other all the time on the island.

"Ah, the White House on the crown of Coolach! I had a little room over the kitchen that was scented by the turf smoke, and I slept on a mattress of straw, and I washed in a china bowl, and my bathroom was the sea. There was no oven, only a pot oven for making bread, that hung over the turf fire, and an iron pot that hung, that roasted the sweet mutton and boiled the fish fresh from the Atlantic. And Cathleen down in Kilmoney lived in the same way, but she had not the high and splendid view of Connemara that I had, so she came up and sat by me in the evening while I dreamed of a poem to be made, and she wondered if anybody could ever paint that light on Connemara.

"She would learn some Irish from Molly and help her with the house, while I went out with the men and learned to row a currach, with oars crossed hand over hand, to give quick leverage and ride the great waves, and I came back with my knuckles bleeding for many days. But soon I could take the stroke pair of oars and head up the hill of the wave, and by that time Cathleen could bake bread and make salted golden butter and spin wool. And every morning she came up with me in the field and stood in the dew under the gray stone wall while I milked the cow, and they called us in Irish the young people who were not strangers to the island.

"So you see," I said to Cathleen, "nothing very much happened on the island, and there was no big storm and no big story, and maybe that is why I have never written about the island, though it was the place that molded me and made me as I am.

"So the days went on, and Cathleen and I swam in the sunlight, and walked up in the moonlight to the great and mysterious fortress of stone called Dun Angus and heard the waves clashing like old shields on the rocks three hundred feet below the rampart wall.

"And then one day she got a telegram that her mother was coming over to Europe by ship, and she had to get back to Florence.

"The next morning she came up with me for the last time, to milk the cow, and she had learned an old Irish song that she sang to the cow to make the milk come sweet and free, and that morning she could not sing.

"Then we went down to the pier at Kilronan, with Con Cormac on his sidecar, and Cathleen carried a cake she herself had baked, and an old lace handkerchief that Molly had given her and that was all wet with Molly's tears.

"Just before the ship sailed, Cathleen told me that she was never going to tell anybody about the island, and I knew she never would. And that is why, I knew long later, that I could not write about the island. I was keeping her secret, too, in my silence.

"And there we stood, after all that time, and we did not know each other's name, and somehow we were afraid to ask, in that last moment, in the sheer cold terror of parting.

"It was as the *Dun Angus* pulled away that she took a locket from her neck and flung it to me on the quay.

"This is it. I always carry it with me." I handed the gold locket to Cathleen, and I said, "Her picture is in it."

Cathleen put her fingernail under the rim of the locket, and then she handed it back to me. "No, I am not going to open it." Her gray eyes were now as blue as those other eyes long ago on the pier. "I can keep a secret too." She paused. "But I'm glad I'm called Cathleen."

She got up and suddenly was quite calm, as if nothing had happened in the room. Mary did not look so calm, but she spoke in a quiet way to Cathleen. "I would like you to go to Skye."

Cathleen walked to the door and then turned and spoke to me. "Is Michael coming to Washington?"

"It was not planned that way, but I'm going to call him in Boston this evening. He will be here tomorrow. I want him to meet somebody—that I know he is waiting to meet."

She suddenly went pale and her voice was only a whisper. "Thank you."

Mary looked at me and was quite the cool Washington lady. "Who is Michael? Your son?"

"Yes."

"I see." She paused. "I am not surprised," she said in an offhand way. "I must have expected it." Then she got up. "John is down with the President. Not golf, I'm afraid. Summer ice on the Kremlin, maybe. He will be back tomorrow evening. We will have a family supper with brown eggs. Where are your suitcases?"

"Oh, at the hotel."

"Call and tell the hotel to send them here. I have to go out to a dinner. You can have supper with Cathleen. Now I must go and change. Is that all right, Patrick?"

"Fine," I said. THE END

"It's really nothing, Doris—just some shirts I'd like ironed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Failure of the Business Schools

Continued from Page 26)

ob, the common fault of business colleges. The principal objective should be to equip him with the navigating instruments for what Dr. James B. Conant, former president of Harvard, calls "the continuous voyage"—the process of self-education. I'll point out presently that the traditional liberal-arts course is as practical as a cash register for a businessman. Indeed, even four years of Latin are more useful than a once-over-lightly course in production or merchandising.

One authority for that last statement is Clarence B. Randall, who was board chairman of the Inland Steel Company before he was appointed President Eisenhower's special assistant on foreign economic policy. He suggested it in Chicago last April at a dinner for alumni of Carleton College, which I attended for a year before transferring to Yale.

"I brought to the steel industry ignorance of physics, ignorance of metallurgy, ignorance of chemistry and considerable competence in the Greek and Roman languages," Randall said. "When I was an undergraduate at Harvard, I never dreamed I would wind up in the steel industry. Had I known, I would have made a serious mistake. I would have prepared for it. I do not remember a single case when, as chief officer of my company, I dealt with a problem involving metallurgy. Top management is not concerned with technical details. Its sphere is all the elements of an operation and broad matters of public policy."

Critics have been condemning the narrow specialization of business courses ever since they were introduced by the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School in 1881. The controversy was mainly an intramural issue for half a century, but it had begun to flare openly in 1937, the year after I left business and went to the University of Chicago as part-time vice president to Dr. Robert M. Hutchins. I was a Johnny-come-lately educator, but liberal-arts schools had no more ardent supporter in their fight against the debasement of our academic and cultural standards.

I should make it clear that my criticism of business education is confined mainly to four-year undergraduate colleges. I have certain reservations about postgraduate business schools which I'll explain later, but I believe it is the college commercial courses which exemplify everything that is conspicuously wrong with our educational values.

My concern with the problem has grown with experiences as a United States senator—from Connecticut—Assistant Secretary of State in charge of the Voice of America broadcasts, cofounder with Paul Hoffman of the Committee for Economic Development and board chairman of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. In one way or another, all my work has been focused on the communication of ideas, the key to progress. The best ideas are worthless unless they are expressed clearly and forcefully, yet this first requisite for an educated citizen is the area of greatest neglect throughout our entire school system.

Business colleges compound the offense with an abomination called "business English," a convenient escape for students to avoid the hard discipline of writing. Another easy compromise with mediocrity is "business mathematics," a rehash of material covered in high school.

"There is no question that the standards of business colleges are deteriorating," says Doctor Hutchins, now president of the Fund for the Republic. "They are designed merely to accommodate inferior students. The youngsters don't get what they expect or what they need. It's absurd to believe an eighteen-year-old boy can be prepared for the responsibilities of management in a classroom. An institution that purports to do it is taking money under false pretenses."

Mounting dissatisfaction with the caliber of business education recently prompted the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation to commission extensive appraisals of the field. The gist of the 491-page Ford report is summed up in one sentence: "The business world takes its students but deprecates the value of their training, extolling instead the virtues of science and the liberal arts." The Carnegie report makes this observation: "The huge majority of business students take little more than a smattering of courses outside

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business, so little in fact that it seems a misnomer to call them Bachelors of Arts or Science when they graduate."

Employers seeking young executives reached the same melancholy conclusion long before the two weighty reports were published last summer. Businessmen have been complaining about the scarcity of efficient junior executives since the end of World War II. Surely something must be radically wrong with business colleges if the 500,000 men and women they have graduated in the last decade cannot meet the demand for promising personnel.

Apologists for commercial courses maintain that critics harp on old deficiencies which have been corrected by tightening the curriculum. That's not the story told by Stanley F. Teele, dean of the Harvard Business School.

"Three years ago, when I was president of the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business, I tried to put through a proposal raising the requirements for accredited members," Teele says. "A school was eligible if only forty per cent of the credits needed for a degree were devoted to academic subjects. I argued the absolute minimum should be sixty per cent, but the recommendation was slapped down."

Despite the shockingly low 40 per cent requirement, only ninety-eight of the 587 colleges had qualified for the A.A.C.S.B. in September, 1960.

Vocational courses are defended on the grounds that they serve the purposes of students interested only in successful business careers. They'll take the money and leave fancy cultural refinements to the deep thinkers. It is utterly fallacious to apply a materialistic yardstick to education, of course, but let's hold still momentarily for the premise that business degrees pay off better than the liberal arts. The Carnegie report exploded the argument by comparing the salaries of 144 college graduates holding executive posts in three large companies.

Men with business degrees and those who had majored in other areas were separated into two age groups, with thirty-eight the dividing line. Annual salaries were broken down into three categories—less than $10,000, from $10,000 to $13,000, and more than $14,000. The business majors lagged behind the liberal-arts boys in climbing up the executive ladder. Not one business major under thirty-eight was in the $14,000 bracket; 11 per cent of the young arts men had arrived there. There was no appreciable difference in middle-income salaries among the older men, but the statistics favored the liberal arts as a better springboard for the $14,000-and-up jobs.

A revealing pattern was found in the study. Business majors had specific skills which originally brought higher pay than a general background. Many were assigned, however, to work of a clerical nature—and marked time there, bogged down in what Courtney Brown, dean of Columbia's Graduate School of Business, calls "the rut of specialization." The men with formal education might not have known how to audit a financial statement, but they had cultivated the mental flexibility needed for promotion into the upper echelons of management. And, let's face it, the liberal-arts graduates, generally speaking, probably were endowed with better minds in the first place. At least they'd had enough good judgment to study the liberal arts.

These may be hard lines for many people, but the evidence is overwhelming that business courses in many cases are catchalls for inferior students who cannot or will not try to make the grade in more-rigorous programs. They consistently rank near the bottom of the list, just above teacher trainees and agricultural students, in intelligence and aptitude tests. (Trainee-teachers' averages are pulled down by majors in physical education and trade-school subjects.) The Ford report estimates that 18 to 23 per cent of those who receive bachelor's degrees in business have I.Q.'s under 110, a figure admissions officers elsewhere consider unacceptable for incoming freshmen.

"The conclusion is inescapable that the undergraduate business schools today are admitting too many poor students," the report continues. "We think it is also true that they are still permitting too many of their present students to graduate."

Long-overdue efforts to upgrade our colleges are nullified by business courses imposing little more strain on students than the ability to stay awake in class. I am appalled to read that undergraduate business degrees have multiplied five times in the last quarter century while liberal-arts degrees have only doubled. We have been so intent on pumping up enrollments that we have sacrificed quality for assembly-line volume.

Our college population exceeds Russia's by 60 per cent—but the Soviet Union is turning out twice as many scientists and engineers. Don't get the idea that I endorse the Communists' program. I am convinced our top-grade colleges inculcate ethical and intellectual values that are more enduring objectives than the Russians pursue. To paraphrase the Scripture, a free society does not live by technology alone. But we will strangle our educational system if we continue to squander our facilities on spoon-feeding easy business courses.

It is a tossup whether the Ford and Carnegie reports are more critical of business courses or of the men who teach them. Although both surveys were made by economics professors, they pull no punches in blasting the low caliber of many of their colleagues. Frank C. Pierson of Swarthmore, editor of the Carnegie report, declares poor faculties "are the crux of all the problems confronting business schools." Fully 30 per cent of the staff members are part-time instructors without the academic credentials to present their subjects properly.

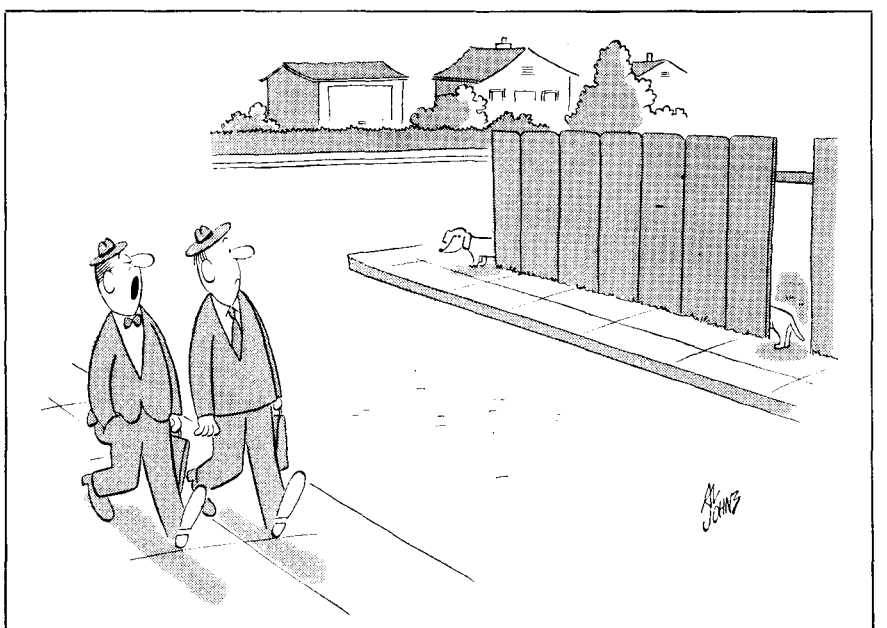
"It is not surprising that low-grade raw material submitted to low-grade processing yields a low-grade product," W. Allen Wallis, dean of the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business, comments.

I respect enormously men of the universities who can apply their scholarship to urgent public problems. They were invaluable allies in one of the most important projects I ever have undertaken—the formation of the Committee for Economic Development early in World War II. Paul Hoffman, then president of the Studebaker Corporation, and I were disturbed by the lack of planning for the postwar conversion of industry to provide jobs for returning servicemen. Both of us remembered the sharp depression that followed the First World War and the bitterness it provoked among unemployed veterans. We believed the country was headed for a similar crisis unless programs were drawn up immediately for achieving high levels of productivity and employment after the war.

The C.E.D. was launched by enlisting the services of professors who had been largely ignored by the business community since the days of the New Deal brain-trusters. Men from Harvard, Columbia and Chicago were brought in to help interpret the convulsive political, social and economic trends that were transforming the world. Guided by their prognoses, some 3000 C.E.D. committees of local businessmen thereupon set a goal of 54,000,000 postwar jobs to promote the nation's economic stability. Many alleged experts derided the target as a fantastic pipe dream—but one year after V-J day, 57,520,000 people were employed in America.

The integrated knowledge that university economists have contributed to the C.E.D. and scores of other influential policy groups is on a plane so far above the claptrap taught in most of the business schools that it is like comparing classical sculpture with children's snowmen. Some business courses are unbelievably insipid. Among Professor Pierson's exhibits are "Hotel Front-Office Procedures," given by a well-known Western university, and "Principles of Baking: Cakes and Variety Products," offered in a large Southern school.

These, admittedly, are extreme examples, but the subjects comprising the bulk of a business curriculum contain little more substance. The commonest abuse is the proliferation of courses that rehash interminably a few scraps of basic material. Under trick titles such as "Principles of . . . ." catalogues list dozens of courses in real estate, transportation, insurance, marketing and accounting. When I was at the University of Chicago, neighboring Northwestern gave forty-four variations in accounting, for everything from retail stores to railroads. About the only angle overlooked was accounting for bookies!



"It wouldn't hurt to check, but I'm almost certain it's two dogs."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Then there is a stupefying conglomeration of courses in typing, stenography, filing and office skills. In 15 per cent of the schools polled by the Carnegie report, secretarial work was among the four most popular majors. I submit it is an outrage to fob off such elementary stuff as higher education, and worse yet, to charge tuition up to forty dollars a semester hour for it.

Actually several branches of business have solid academic foundations when they are taught properly. Marketing, for instance, is related directly to sociology, psychology and economic geography. The behavioral scientists, explaining what motivates customers, have written the best textbooks for merchandising. History and the philosophy of law should be included in any course dealing with the administration of property. The trouble is that business colleges rarely are staffed adequately to present such material in depth. Too many of them have accepted complacently their status at the bottom of the academic ladder.

One reason I'm opposed so strenuously to undergraduate business education is that I was victimized by it. When I matriculated at Yale in 1918, I felt as if I were making a pilgrimage to the promised land. Two generations of professors and clergymen in my family had been graduated from Yale. The focus of my parents' ambition was sending me to New Haven, and it was a bitter struggle. I still remember vividly the consternation at home when my father, a Congregationalist minister who turned to teaching romance languages at the University of Minnesota, told my mother his salary of $2600 a year had been cut $100.

The death of my father when I was thirteen made my mother more determined than ever to put me through Yale. We moved to Montana as homesteaders, where her meager savings were consumed by land that sprouted only rocks and sagebrush. Before her marriage, my mother had been the first woman superintendent of schools in Otter Tail County, Minnesota. She returned to teaching so that I could go to Shattuck School in Minnesota to prepare for the Yale entrance exams. My groundwork was so sketchy I flunked French and Latin, but I was accepted after attending Carleton College for a year.

The letdown when I finally arrived at Yale, the alleged fountainhead of culture and erudition, was striking even for a farmboy from Montana. The student environment was violently anti-intellectual. Most of the students seemed to regard textbooks as cousinly to subversive literature. The atmosphere at Yale was changed drastically by new leadership, new money and the depression—otherwise I would not have permitted my two sons to enroll—but in my time the prevailing code called for just enough effort to pass courses with "a gentleman's C" en route to a job in Wall Street.

The campus celebrities were the football players and crewmen, rich boys and clotheshorses with charge accounts at posh tailors. Naïvely waving my new school tie, I went out for *The Record*, the humor magazine, and the debating team. *The Record* was tolerated by the sophisticated crowd—it had cartoons—but I refused to debate during my junior year because I realized it branded me as a grind and helped type me as a social outcast.

Yale's rampant materialism presently infected me. In my sophomore year the National City Bank of New York announced it would select two students from each of twenty-five colleges for training as executives in its foreign branches. I fell, along with 100 other Yale applicants, for the lure of a seemingly glamorous future. I haven't (*Continued on Page 76*)

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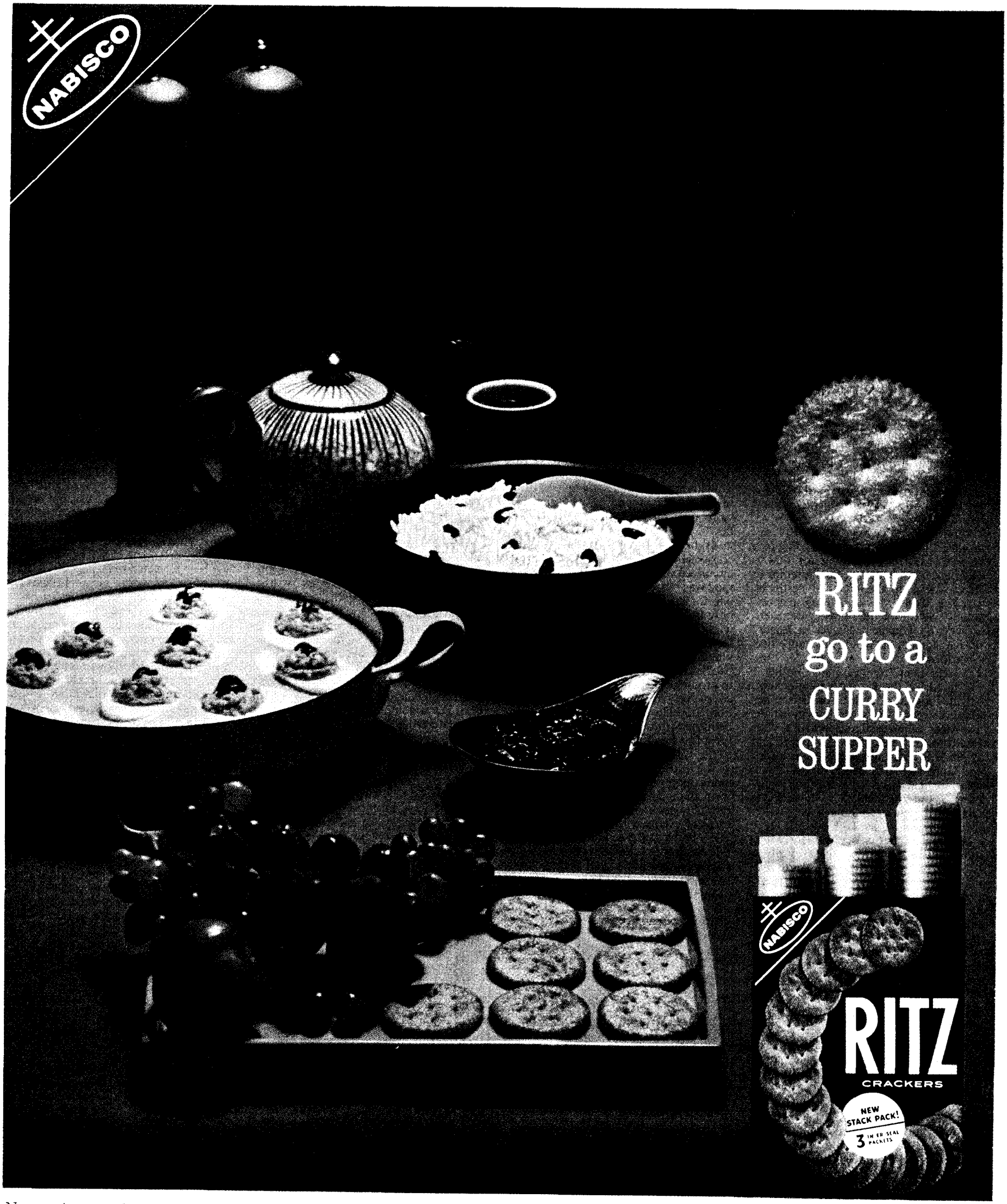

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(*Continued from Page 74*) the faintest notion why I was tapped for the program, but it was a distinction I gladly would have traded later for a series of lectures on Shakespeare. The courses recommended by the bank were worthless bores. I wasted two summers in the bank and then didn't return. I learned more about accounting while selling cash registers the first summer after graduation than I absorbed in two years of classes.

I read poetry and gave all my spare time to *The Record* and playing cards, at which I became a Yale champion. One of my proudest achievements was selling two limericks to *Judge*, a now-defunct humor magazine, for the grand total of $8.50. I even braved the laughter of my classmates and went out for debating again. My teammate against Harvard in my senior year—we lost by a 2–1 vote—was Bob Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago at the age of thirty. The debater I succeeded on the team was Henry Luce, who founded *Time* two years later.

My sole asset when I left Yale was some facility in expressing ideas, and it had been nurtured solely by extracurricular activities as a debater and as the editor of the magazine. Every business course was a liability in that it had kept me from tackling intellectual challenges that stretch the mind. Still misguided by Yale's emphasis on money, I barely considered taking postgraduate work at Oxford when a Rhodes Scholarship was offered to me.

"Oxford would be wonderful," my mother said, "but not if you're going into business. The only training for that is experience." She made a final attempt to rescue me from the financial fleshpots. "If you won't do something respectable"—she meant the ministry or teaching—"can't you be a lawyer at least?" If I had agreed, she would have approved of Oxford.

A year later, to please my mother I registered for the Harvard Law School, but the thought of being a burden to her for three more years was too much for me. After selling cash registers for a year, I went to see a Yale man at the Lord and Thomas advertising agency in New York and landed a job at twenty-five dollars a week. A year later, after learning something about the field, I went with the George Batten agency as a copywriter for fifty dollars a week.

A ritual at Batten's was a forty-five-minute speech on some phase of advertising or selling every Wednesday morning. The meetings generally were pretty dreary; and after one cliché-ridden session, I jestingly remarked to my immediate superior, "I'd like to talk to this company someday. At least I could do a hell of a lot better than the guy we just listened to." The crack by the youngest and lowest-paid copywriter in the office promptly reached William Boardman, a scholarly man who was head of the copy department. He summoned me to his sanctum.

"I hear you would like to make one of the weekly speeches," Boardman said. He pondered for a moment. "You're on next Wednesday."

The agonizing hours I spent on my presentation paid tremendous dividends. During my year at Lord and Thomas, I had been exposed to the brilliance of Albert Lasker, the president and owner, who was miles ahead of everyone in the field. I outlined to the Batten people Lasker's technique of running local tests before shooting the works on national campaigns. I pointed out how Lasker handled accounts more intelligently than Batten and intimated, none too tactfully, that my current employers would have to get a lot smarter in a hurry if they were to keep up with the competition.

When the big wheels recovered from the shock of hearing a young squirt sound off, they put me in charge of the trade-and-industrial-copy department. In the next five years, which included another hitch at Lord and Thomas, my salary rose to $1000 a week. After that highly paid apprenticeship, I opened an agency with Chester Bowles, who also had to overcome the handicap of a vocational education at Yale.

Even many die-hard Republicans will concede that few men have served the nation more ably than former Representative Bowles, ex-governor of Connecticut, former ambassador to India and now Under Secretary of State. But Chet admits he couldn't write well enough to earn a diploma from a halfway decent high school when he completed something called a "select" course at the Yale Sheffield Scientific School. At that time this course was a notorious toboggan run for coasting to a sheepskin.

The rise of Benton and Bowles to sixth place among the country's agencies six years after starting from scratch is pertinent to this article in one respect. In 1936, when I had accumulated more money than I ever expected to see, I sold my whole interest in the agency and left the business. I immensely enjoyed advertising, and it was good to me, but I wanted to determine whether there was more interesting, challenging or important work I might do. I didn't have to look far.

At home and abroad the vigorous, constructive philosophy that must be circulated widely for an informed democracy was—and still is—withering on the vine for lack of proper projection. Friends have been ribbing me for years about this fixation on the communication of ideas. I feel so strongly about it, though, that I intend to leave my stock in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the bulk of my estate, to a foundation to promote more effective use of every medium of mass communication. In 1936 I hoped to do something about it with the help of the faculty of a great private university, and this took me to the University of Chicago.

The heart of the matter in public communication is the substance, not the form, of the message projected. An elaborate network that flashes news and pictures of events with marvelous speed is just a battery of entertainment gadgets if it spews information that adds fat but no intellectual muscle to our understanding of problems.

In these complex times no one can make expert judgments on all issues. The best we can do is to develop what educators call "transferable capacities." The relevance of this to business was spelled out by Theodore Yntema, the Ford Motor Company's vice president of finance, at Wayne State University on May 6, 1960, and this brings me back to the central theme of this article.

Said Mr. Yntema, "One mark of an educated man—perhaps the most distinguishing mark—is his ability to use what he knows in new situations. Once this is learned, there is almost no limit to what he can do. In the long run, the quality of a man's liberal education will be more important to his success in business than his specialized knowledge of business facts."

Specific examples of transferable capacities in business are limited only by space. A management consultant with no experience in a particular phase of manufacturing can command a big fee for applying the principles of industrial engineering to a client's problem. In my former field, advertising agencies utilize variations of psychological appeals to consumers for every conceivable type of product.

Lawyers are the new elite of top management, a trend that may reflect the emphasis on policies geared to the public interest. Fully 70 per cent of all business in America today is done by publicly owned corporations whose executives are accountable to stockholders for decisions affecting prices, labor relations, good will and profits. The new sense of social responsibility by corporate executives is an extension of a lawyer's training in the philosophy of protecting minority interests.

Business students start with two strikes against them because they are poorly equipped with the basic tools of transferable capacities—English and mathematics. Mathematics is the second language of commerce, and its vocabulary is expanding rapidly, with computers providing precise answers to questions involving several possible choices.

An executive doesn't have to know how to run the electronic monsters; engineers from M.I.T. and Cal Tech will do it for him. But a computer is only as good as the material fed into it. A man who has studied advanced algebra and the theory of probability can use a computer as a sophisticated instrument even if he has forgotten the formulas. But it is just an expensive adding machine for a man who has had only "business math."

Everything wrong with business colleges is epitomized in their inexcusably low standards in English. The same indictment can be made, in a lesser degree, of academic institutions in general.

"We're supposed to get the cream of the crop, but an incredible number of college graduates who apply for admission can't write a passable sentence," reports Dean Teele of Harvard's postgraduate Business School. "The only admission test we give in screening candidates is their ability to write cogently. At that, poor specimens slip through the net."

There is a significant difference in the measures taken by academic and business colleges to improve students' competence in English. In many liberal-arts schools four years of English literature and composition are mandatory for graduation. The Carnegie survey found less than 25 per cent of business colleges require even one literature course. Further, written reports rarely are graded for grammar and style.

The trifling attention business colleges give to a discipline as essential as English pinpoints the flaw in their approach to education. The inferior students who gravitate to them actually require better, more rigorous instruction than talented youngsters. Bright, ambitious kids generally have a good chance to assert their ability regardless of academic preparation. Less fortunate young people need all the help they can get to keep up with the parade in a highly competitive world.

Another point: College officials deluged by applicants are too quick in consigning marginal students to business courses. It must be recognized that some boys mature more slowly than others. My oldest son had such a hard time as a freshman at Yale that he was put on probation, but he made the dean's list in his senior year and now, after a year as a fifth-grade teacher, is doing an outstanding job working on classroom films. If he had been relegated to business courses, he never would have cut his intellectual wisdom teeth.

I'd like to see the complete elimination of undergraduate business schools and courses. Men whose opinions I respect insist they can serve a worthwhile purpose if they are improved, by providing the diversity of training desirable in a well rounded educational program. Maybe so, but it's significant that Harvard, Columbia and Chicago, the top postgraduate business schools, definitely prefer liberal arts men to business majors. I've never heard a convincing argument for business colleges, and I have little faith that their standards will be raised appreciably.

Postgraduate business education is clearly advantageous, I believe, for men who have demonstrated superior ability after at least five years of practical experience at work. According to Dean Teele, the Harvard Business School's most successful such program is a seventeen-week course for middle-management executives whose salaries, tuition and expenses are underwritten by their companies. In the class that entered in September, fifty-four firms were represented among eighty men who had been out of college an average of nine years. The cost to the companies for each man was $7000, and what did their up-and-coming employees study for broader perspectives? The liberal arts and sciences were the most popular electives. They returned to their businesses with increased perception of the world of scholarship and its potential contribution to their careers as executives. They have learned how to broaden themselves by continued application to it.

Aristotle said true learning is accompanied by pain. The palliatives dispensed by business colleges merely postpone the shock that students and parents suffer with the discovery that their hard-earned money has bought a diploma with limited trade-in value. It's the same old story. Short cuts to difficult objectives have the nasty habit of leading to blind alleys.

THE END

"Oh, good—you found it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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James Stewart (Continued from Page 23)

homemade set I heard the first radio broadcast to reach our corner of Pennsylvania. It came from station KDKA in Pittsburgh and it described the inauguration of President Harding.

At school the next day I was asked in assembly to describe the broadcast. I stood up and said, "It really wasn't much. The President spoke. They all cheered. Then there was another speech." If I had stopped then, the other kids in assembly would have just hated me a little, but I added, "Then the band played *Columbus, the Germ of the Ocean.*" I've never lived that down. When I was home in Indiana last year, a fellow named Tub Blair brought it up. "What did you say the name of that tune was, Jim? It sounded like *Columbus, the Germ of the Ocean.*"

When I finished messing with my oatmeal-box receiver, I still needed a radio tube called an Audion. It cost sixteen dollars, and I didn't have that much money. But dad took me to a Pittsburgh radio-supply shop and paid for the tube himself. To get home dad had to drive over sixty miles of bumpy road. I cradled that tube in my lap as if it were a baby.

Later, when earphones became old stuff, dad bought me my first loudspeaker. With that loud-speaker hooked up, I could rattle all the windows in the house. Trying for good reception was no longer my aim. All I wanted was to see how far I could stand away from our house and still hear my horn blaring. If I got two stations at once, with music or talk overlapping, it didn't matter. I could boast, "I got KDKA three blocks away last night."

When I was eleven or twelve, I got the idea that I wanted to hunt lions in Africa. Dad pretended to go along with me on that too. "Very well," he said, "we'll go." Then I decided that I didn't want to shoot animals; I wanted to bring them back in cages. I got this idea from a book mother read to me, full of stories about snaring animals, and a secret valley where elephants went to die. I remember going to the iron department in our hardware store with dad and selecting iron bars strong enough to hold a lion. It must have been hard for dad to humor a small boy who kept asking about a date to begin lion hunting in Africa. I was packed and ready to go for weeks.

Dad says he decided to take me on a railroad trip to Atlantic City and talk his way out of going to Africa from there. On our way we passed a train wreck, and dad somehow convinced me that the wreck made it impossible for us to go to Africa "at this time." To console me, he said that going to Atlantic City was an adventure in itself. "You may not have trapped any lions," he told me, "but you've never seen the ocean either."

Dad had seen the ocean in two wars, but he seldom talked about that. The fact is that a Stewart has walked away from our town or our store to fight in every war this country has been in since 1861. My grandfather, James M. Stewart—my name now—opened the store in 1853. A few years later he went off to the Civil War with his brother. Grandfather survived, but his brother was killed. When the Spanish-American War broke out, dad was a student at Princeton, working with two classmates on a chemistry thesis. All three were agreed that they should leave school and enlist, but somebody had to make the first move. One day, when dad was watching a Bunsen burner, he got to thinking about what the Spaniards were doing to the Cubans. He walked off, leaving the Bunsen burner burning, and sought out his pals. "This," he said, "is the time." So they went off to find the dean, to tell him they were going to war. The dean said, "Fine."

They went to Cuba with a cavalry outfit, but they didn't see much action. When it was over, all three of them came home and were graduated in their uniforms. After that, dad forgot about chemistry and went to work in the family store.

When World War I started, dad again got the urge to be a soldier. Once more his reaction was sudden. He told mother one day that he had to go to Washington, D.C.; the next day he came back as an Army captain in command of an ordnance company. For this quick promotion he could thank his service record in the Spanish-American War and his long-ago schooling at Pennsylvania Military College. When he left Indiana, the quartet from the Presbyterian-church choir came down to the railroad station and sat in the train vestibule with dad, my mother, my two sisters and me. They harmonized sad songs like *Till We Meet Again* until the train pulled out.

Just before dad went overseas, mother took me to New York to bid him goodby. We did a lot that day. Mother and dad took me to the top of the Woolworth Building, so I could look up and down Manhattan, and I made them walk me up into the head of the Statue of Liberty. I wanted to see her nose close up, so dad hung onto my foot while I crawled through one of the windows in her crown. I saw her nose, and he pulled me back in.

That night we found a shooting gallery on Broadway, and dad held me up so I could shoot. Woodrow Wilson was speaking at Carnegie Hall, and we walked right in. The place was jammed, and dad held me up there too, so I could see Wilson speaking. The next morning his troopship sailed "at an undisclosed hour."

When dad came home from his second war, he was as ready as ever to encourage my boyish enthusiasms. A barnstorming flier had begun to land his Curtiss pusher biplane in Ed Bennett's field, south of town, which was really a cow pasture. Two people could sit in front of that pusher engine, and I wanted to go up so badly I couldn't sleep nights. The pilot was getting ten dollars for five minutes of flight, so I began to hoard my money. Then I had to talk dad into letting me go up. He consented finally; but when he took me down to the field, he brought along our family physician, Doc Torrence, "in case anything goes wrong."

I went to grade school in Indiana, Pennsylvania, then to Mercersburg Academy. My presence at Mercersburg was the result of a feeling-out process my dad engineered. I thought I wanted to go to the Naval Academy; dad took me to Washington, D.C. to consult a man who ran a cram school for the academy. I was supposed to decide what I wanted to do; but dad had his mind made up about what I was really going to do—I was to go to Mercersburg and then to Princeton.

Mercersburg was full; there wasn't a chance I could enter, but dad talked me in somehow. I went out for football, but I never got any further than captain and center of the lightweight team. That team was really light; it averaged 130 pounds. I drew cartoons and cover designs for the academy yearbook, I sang in the choir and the glee club, I played the accordion in the school orchestra and I studied.

And then, after an attack of scarlet fever, I went (*Continued on Page 79*)

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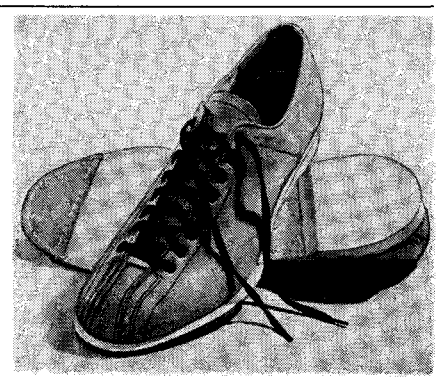

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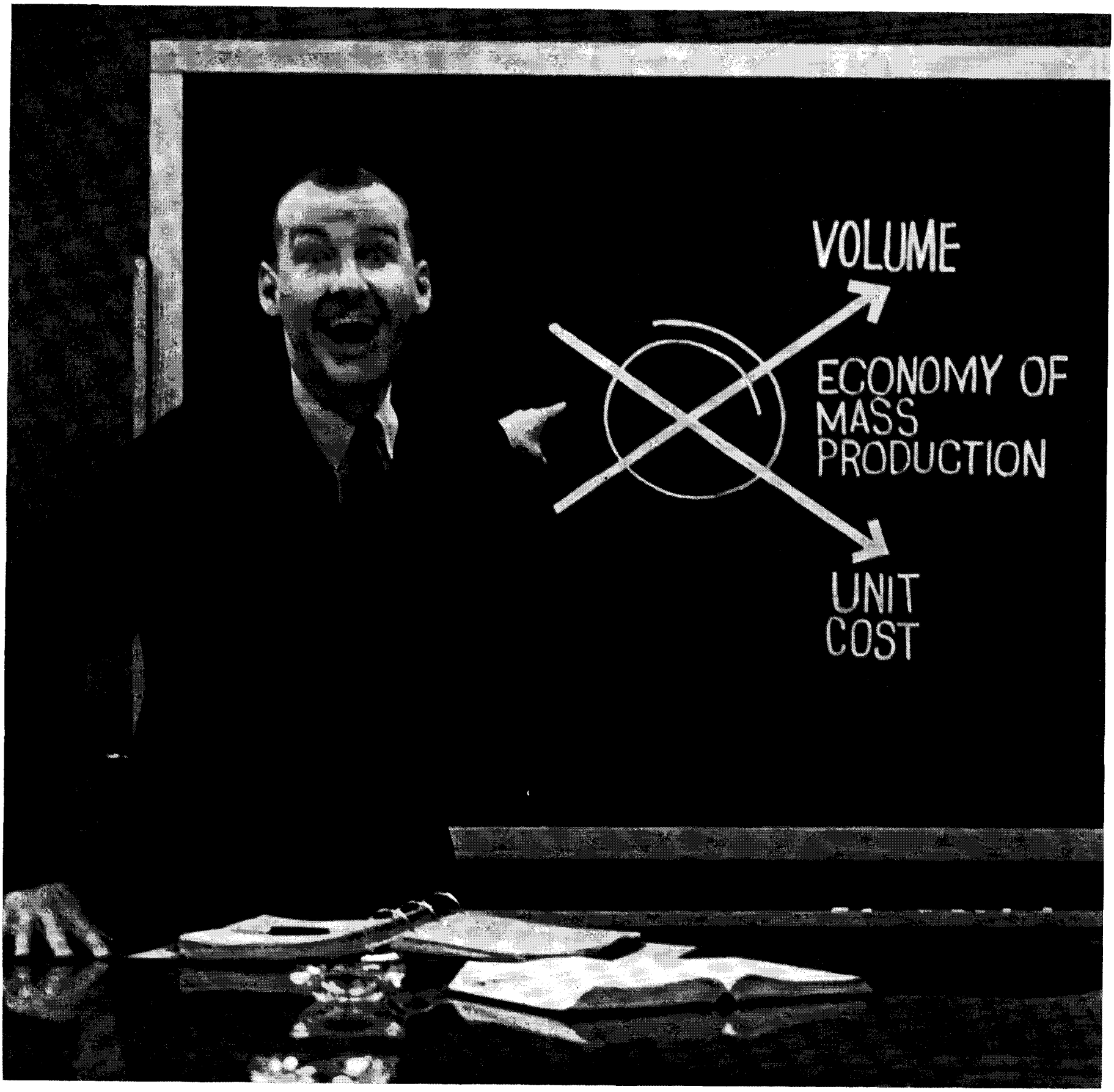

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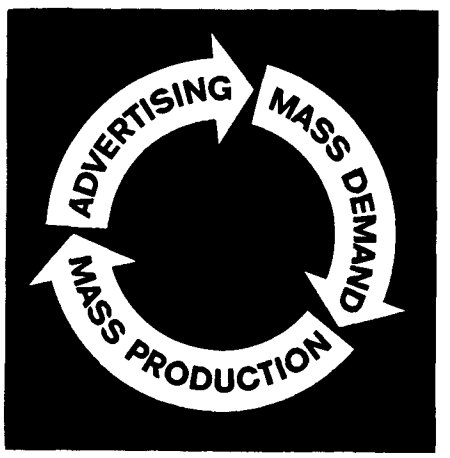

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Let's Keep Rolling Ahead

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(*Continued from Page 77*) home to recuperate. The disease left me with a kidney infection that kept me out of school for three months. I was still at home on May 20, 1927, when Lindbergh made his now-historic flight from New York to Paris.

I had been a bug on flying for years, filling scrapbooks with photographs and news clips about such aviation pioneers as Alcock and Brown and the French pilots Nungesser and Coli. One scrapbook was crammed with every picture and clipping I could find on Lindbergh, beginning with his flight from the Ryan airplane factory in San Diego.

One of my tasks during my convalescence was trimming the windows in the Stewart Hardware Store. When Lindy was ready for his flight, I made ready for a simulated flight of my own. First I put together a model of his plane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Then I built my idea of New York's Woolworth Building on one side of the window, and the Eiffel Tower on the other side. In between I spotted Newfoundland and Ireland. Then Lindbergh took off, and the next the world heard of him he was sighted over Newfoundland. I knew about that sighting at once because I kept running across the street from the hardware store to watch the teletype in the office of the Indiana *Evening Gazette*.

Every time I got a flash that a fishing boat or a steamer had sighted Lindy's plane, I rushed to the store window and moved my model plane closer to France. Then came the moment when Lindy landed. It was like New Year's Eve in our town. Church bells rang. Everybody quit work. The town busted loose. It gave the whole country an emotional lift when it needed one. For a time we could forget about the weaknesses of our society in the roaring, amoral '20's—the gin flask, the flapper, the parking and petting, the bribery of big-city cops by prohibition's gangsters. Lindbergh's feat reminded everyone that a man could still find the courage, the determination and the devotion to face a seemingly insurmountable challenge and win.

Soon after the shouting died away, I was well enough to return to my classes in Mercersburg and a role in the senior play. We called this opus *The Wolves*; it was all about the French Revolution.

All our props and furniture were borrowed from the townspeople and the school. When a big burly sophomore, Angus Gordon, was telling the audience how we "wolves" were going to attack at midnight, he swung his sword so violently that he split a borrowed table in two. After that, it was hard to get the audience back into the mood.

There was much emphasis in Mercersburg on religion, which I took as a matter of course, since I had been raised in a religious household. Dad and mother were pillars of the Presbyterian church. They did their best to raise me to shun pomposity and glibness, to be modest, because a decent gentlemanly man is modest. They tried to teach me faith in God. If I have failed them in any degree, it's my fault, not theirs. They sent me to Sunday school at an early age, and when I was old enough, I attended church services too. Mother played the organ, and dad sang in the choir. In addition to Sunday school in the morning and church at eleven o'clock, there was a Sunday-night service at seven o'clock and prayer meetings on Wednesday nights. There was a catechism for me to study, and other devotions, such as morning family prayers at home.

When I grew up and began working in New York City, I attended Sunday services at a church on Park Avenue. Later, in Hollywood, I quit going to church, for the worst possible reason—not loss of faith, but plain Sunday-morning laziness. I said my prayers at night, but I rattled them off without thinking much about what I was saying. In short, I was a backslider.

When I left Hollywood for the Army and started to fly, I was forcibly reminded that life can be short. If you think you might die any time, you think more about the hereafter. Anyway, I did. In the Army, no matter what outfit you're in, you're required to attend a lecture session every month. Usually you hear from three people. First, your commanding officer tells you what's expected of you militarily and discusses the latest regulations. Then the flight surgeon or Army doctor delivers a talk on your patriotic duty to keep your health, emphasizing the wisdom of avoiding venereal diseases. You can become useless to your country, he warns, "if you take chances." Sometimes he shows colored slides and cracks a few strictly male jokes on the subject. The third and last speaker is the chaplain, and he always seems to come in a poor third. He says, "Don't forget to write home to your mother," and everyone files out and forgets it.

These lecture periods were standard wherever I was stationed during World War II, including Hobbs, New Mexico, where I attended four-engine school. I'd been flying quite a while then. I had been a flight instructor, but I was just starting transition training on B-17's. The first three sessions at Hobbs were the same thing all over again. First the commanding officer spoke; then came the flight surgeon with his slides and little jokes, which added up to "take care of yourselves, boys, but have fun." At the fourth session a new chaplain made the closing talk and cut the flight surgeon down to size. He talked straight, telling us we should guard our morals as well as our health. "Only," he added, "much better." And he went on to give us sound advice about our responsibility to our families and to God. When he finished, everybody applauded, including the C.O. and the flight surgeon.

This brief sermon got to me. During the next six months, I went to chapel regularly. It was a bad period. Many men I flew with were being killed in training. Religion meant a lot to me for the rest of the war.

After my discharge from service, I came out to California again and forgot about church-going until my dad and mother came out to see me. When Sunday came around, dad asked, "Where's your church?" I had to admit I didn't know. "The nearest one is downtown," I said, "and I'm so far away from it out here in Brentwood that I don't go." He said, "There must be one around someplace," and he went to look for it.

Two and a half hours later he came back with five men and said, "You were wrong about that church, Jim. There's one only two blocks away, but it's not very big."

Actually it wasn't a church at all; it was half house and half barn, owned by a congregation that lacked money for building. Dad introduced the men he'd brought home. "Elders of the church," he said. "They need help." Not long after that, I found myself with a shovel in my hands, lifting the first dirt at a groundbreaking. Many thousands of dollars later there was a church, and sometime later I was married there. There weren't any pews for our wedding. The guests sat in chairs. The pews came later.

I've gone to church ever since, and so has my wife Gloria—she teaches Sunday school and sees to it that our kids attend. Now when dad comes to see us, he has a church to visit. After my mother died, I installed a stained-glass window in her memory. Whenever I look at it, it seems to glow—just as she did all her life.

Looking further back, I think she approved of my going to Mercersburg Academy partly because the school was in a large sense built around its chapel. And when I went on to Princeton, she was well aware that the university was basically a Presbyterian institution, as it still is.

I entered Princeton as a member of the class of 1932, intending to become a civil engineer. A short biography prepared by my publicity agents says: "Discouraged in this field by one of his professors, he turned to architecture." "Discouraged" is a weak word for it. What that prof really said was, "You're doomed. My advice to you is get out!"

I was fighting a losing battle with math, a subject that would-be engineers must conquer. To get even, I wrestled with math in summer school, between my freshman and sophomore years, but that got me nowhere. Maybe I was "going through a phase," as my mother used to say. Phase or not, I was a miserably bad student.

When my father was at Princeton, he shared a room with a boy named Frank MacDonald. By the time I got there MacDonald was teaching a Shakespeare course. It was a popular course, so I signed for it. While I enjoyed the lectures, I was tempted to think, *I'm a cinch in this course—the man who's giving it roomed with my father*. So I didn't bother to read Shakespeare and naturally I wasn't prepared for the final exam. I'll never forget MacDonald's judgment—"I've done everything for you I can in good conscience, but it's no use."

As if I wasn't in enough trouble, I tried out the next year for the university's musical production, the Triangle Club show, spending time that a poor student couldn't afford to waste. It was lucky for me that I had become interested in some of the prearchitectural courses the university offered. Axed by my civil-engineering profession, I hastily decided to become a second Frank Lloyd Wright.

Once I became interested in my courses I suddenly discovered that I could study. In the end I was graduated in architecture with honors. I even won a scholarship, pointing toward a master's degree in architecture if I wanted to accept. But my first Triangle show led me to another career.

All sophomores with any talent at all, no matter how microscopic, were urged to try out for Triangle. I could play the accordion—so could a classmate, Bob Perry (he later married one of my sisters). Bob and I tried out as a team, costumed as blue devils with tails, masks and horns, playing a number called *Blue Hell*, written by another Princetonian. We plied our squeeze boxes lustily, hoping no one would notice the lack of tremolo effects or flash.

If we weren't expert, we were loud. Those who ran the Triangle show that year must have been hard up for talent; anyhow, we made it.

All together I appeared in three of the annual Triangle shows. There was *The Golden Dog*, then *Spanish Blades* and finally, *The Tiger Smiles*. In my junior year I also got a small part in a play put on by the Princeton Theater Intime.

Nobody gave us any theatrical training in the Intime. We just walked on cold and acted our brains out until the final curtain. Training for the Triangle show was more ambitious. To gain polish, we imported a singing coach from the New York Metropolitan Opera Company. My high, piping voice gave him no joy, and when he taught us gestures, I couldn't master them. "Put your hands up like this!" he'd say. "Do this!" In trying to obey, I felt as if I were falling and trying to break my fall with my arms. And the words of the song drained out of my head. After a while we got rid of our coach. Trained or untrained, good or bad, wooden or expressive, we did what came naturally.

We were too young to know it, but a lot of undeveloped, big-time talent was rooting around those Triangle shows. There was Myron McCormick, who would be seen years later revolving his tatooed belly in *South Pacific;* and Josh Logan who sharpened his talent for directing on *The Tiger Smiles* and *Spanish Blades;* and Bretaigne Windust. Before his death last year, Windust directed *Life With Father*, a couple of Lunt plays, any number of movies and television too.

In 1932, when I was graduated as an architect, a great financial depression had made jobs scarce. Perhaps I might

"Herman, you know very well mother doesn't need a password."

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have given it a harder try, but my future was quickly decided by a message from Josh Logan. He was in Falmouth, Massachusetts, where he had joined a group known as the University Players. These youngsters played as a stock company in the Falmouth Old Silver Beach Theater. Next door to the theater they operated something they called the Falmouth Old South Silver Beach Tearoom. Josh asked whether I would play my accordion in the tearoom. I said, "Yes," and packed my bag.

The word "university," as in University Players, was no misnomer. In addition to Josh Logan, there were players from Harvard—specifically Charlie Leatherby (now dead) and Kent Smith, a busy and successful actor. Henry Fonda, who had been with the University Players some time, had attended the University of Minnesota. Maggie Sullavan was on hand, as well as that wonderful actress, Mildred Natwick. I don't know whether they were university characters, and there's no reason to fuss about it. Incidentally, I had already met Maggie when she visited Princeton with a show from New York.

The chance to summer in Falmouth appealed to me because it was on the sea. Even more appealing was the thought of earning a living by playing an accordion. But it was lucky for me the University Players ran a real summer theater where everyone did anything that needed to be done. The tearoom served a modest dinner before the show, and after the final curtain, part of the audience and the Players collected there. My performance as a resident accordionist was disastrous. Patrons talked right through my playing and even said rudely, "Shut up!" So I was given other jobs. As assistant property man, I built sets, helped paint scenery and swept out. Sometimes I was given small theatrical parts, carefully selected so they would be easy for me.

In my best part that summer, I played a chauffeur in a tryout of *Good-by Again*. The male lead in *Good-by Again* played an author touring the country, autographing his novel in bookstores. Mrs. Belle Irving, a dragon dowager, sends her chauffeur—me—to the author's hotel room with a copy of his book. The author is in the bathroom; a secretary tells me to wait—her boss "is cleaning up." I had two important lines. One was, "Couldn't you just take the book in to him?" The secretary refuses, indignantly. I put the book under my arm, head for the door and utter my last line, "Mrs. Belle Irving is going to be sore as hell." Exit.

That was all I did during the entire show. Years later the author of *Good-by Again* told me that he had written in the part for me simply to provide more time between the introduction of principal characters. It's not good technique to bring the principals trooping on-stage all at once.

Myron McCormick was in that show too, but his part was a lot fatter than mine. He played a bellhop, and he was in and out so fast that if you winked, you missed him; but at least he was in all three acts.

It was Arthur Beckward, producer of the big success, *Another Language*, who arranged the tryout of *Good-by Again* at Falmouth. After a trial run of two weeks, he decided to change the bill by starring his wife, Esther Dale, in a thing called *Carry Nation*. There were thirty-five stage sets, each one a little vignette of the crusader barging into saloons and wrecking them with her hatchet.

I had four parts in *Carry*; more experienced members of the Players had five or six. In one role I was a vigilante. In others I was a Western sheriff, a colored gardener, a member of a crowd. Realizing how tall and skinny I was, I made a special effort to keep the audience from noticing that I was playing all four parts. By using different gestures and characterizations to bamboozle the customers, I hoped to avert any suspicion that the players included a disbanded basketball team.

Carry was so successful in Falmouth that the producer decided to take it into New York. There were also plans to take *Good-by Again* to Broadway. My salary that summer had consisted of board and keep and ten dollars a week. Now, late in August, I had to decide whether to stay with the troupe and become the skinniest actor on Broadway or go back to Princeton and try for a master's degree in architecture.

Since I didn't have to decide right away, I went home to Indiana, Pennsylvania, to think about it. One night I told my family what was on my mind—that I was thinking of trying my luck as an actor. There was a moment of stunned Presbyterian silence. Presbyterians don't feel that theater-going, card playing and dancing are instruments of the devil; still, my family couldn't help thinking that the practice of architecture was more respectable than becoming an "actor fellow." However, they rallied.

"If that's the way you want it, Jim," said dad. My mother didn't approve heartily, but she went along, bless her heart. My mind was made up.

I went to New York and checked into a hotel on 63rd Street with five of the Players, including Hank Fonda and Myron McCormick. We lived in two rooms and a kitchenette. *Carry Nation* opened, and I got thirty dollars a week. Out of that I had to pay ten dollars a week toward my Actors Equity initiation fee, which was seventy or eighty dollars. Unfortunately *Carry* didn't run quite long enough for me to pay the whole fee.

One of my roommates was another Princetonian, Charlie Arnt. Charlie was make-up happy, an Ivy League Lon Chaney. The more painful the make-up, the better he thought he played his part. In one of his *Carry Nation* parts he was supposed to play a Salvation Army preacher who went into action after the tambourines stopped shaking. For some reason he decided that the role called for buckteeth and he dreamed up the idea of attaching them to his gums with the spirit gum that anchors wigs to scalps. He put the stickum right on his gums, then shoved in his fake teeth. This lashup made him talk like Mortimer Snerd. So far, so good. Now he had to go off stage and change to play another character. The teeth stuck. Tears rolled down Charlie's face as he tugged at his glued-up gums. But his weeping gave him satisfaction—he was suffering for his art.

In his next role Charlie played a tough gangster. For that he attached a thread to his eyelid with a bit of adhesive tape. Then he pulled the thread down his cheek tightly until it dug in, looking like a knife gash, and anchored the thread under his chin with more adhesive. Detaching the tape from his eye hurt even worse than pulling out his buckteeth; but the pain signified, to Charlie anyway, that he had given a brilliant performance.

Despite Charlie's efforts, *Carry Nation* ran only seven weeks. So there I was short of money and remembering my last talk with my folks. Dad and mother had been kind, but my announcement that I meant to become an actor had been poorly received by an uncle then visiting us.

"None of the Stewarts," he said, "has ever had anything to do with the theater. Except one—he was with a circus for a while. Then he went to jail."

After that warning, he shook hands with me and wished me luck. I needed it.

Next week Jimmy describes his career on Broadway and how he broke into the movies.
—THE EDITOR

The Men at the Top (Continued from Page 31)

he could breathe a little, but the insurance had to be kept up. He was getting to the age where men begin to drop out. Hearts, mostly. It occurred to Mr. Patton that having one's heart stop beating would not be a wholly bad thing—if one had adequate insurance. But he wasn't that tired!

He turned his mind to less dismal things. The children were doing well in college. In another two years —— With a certain unconscious grimness he worked himself into the frame of mind that ought to be typical of an executive who wouldn't conceivably be let out when his company was taken over by a larger one.

He arrived at the plant looking reasonably cheerful, on the morning of the day he was fired.

Time passed. The morning proceeded. The young man with the Phi Alpha Gamma pin got out of the car. He thanked the motorist who'd given him a lift. The motorist filled up his tank—he needed only eight gallons—and turned off on Route 28 and went out of sight. The young man went to the washroom.

At the hand basin Bob Patton washed up and painstakingly combed his hair. He was plainly not only a college student but also a fraternity man. He sauntered out to await a car that would be going in the general direction of Monmouth and wouldn't be averse to a nonpaying passenger.

He found a place to sit. He waited confidently. It was an admirable morning. He hoped to reach Monmouth while his father was still at the office. His mother would understand how important it was that he go on the Phi Alpha Gamma Pan-American Highway Expedition. The four of them, in Joe's car, could undoubtedly make it down the almost-completed highway during vacation. It would be a triumph. They would be written up in the *Phi Alpha Gamma Alumni Report*, with their pictures, and there would be splendid adventures. There were still undeveloped sections of the highway, and there they might need the aid of oxen or half-wild horses. They would leave a Phi Alpha Gamma flag at the southernmost point they reached in Chile. And ——

A car pulled in. He almost stood up to ask if it was headed toward Monmouth. But he saw a crib in the back seat. There was a baby in it. People who travel with babies do not pick up hitchhikers. Not even personable Phi Alpha Gammas. He relaxed.

His mother would understand how important it was. He'd sell her on it before his father got home. His father might fume a little, but it wouldn't be terrifically expensive. Joe figured it at four hundred apiece for the trip, and they'd sell the car and come back on a freighter at a dollar a day to the skipper. . . .

Presently another car pulled in. There was only one man in it, and he smoked a thick cigar. If he was headed right, he'd be a certainty. He'd want to do the talking, though.

Bob Patton strolled over, looking every inch the college man. "Would you be heading," he asked ingratiatingly, "in the general direction of Monmouth?"

Minutes later he listened politely as the car sped onward. His host was not a college man, and therefore he expounded his views on the things that were wrong with education. Bob gave every sign of charmed interest. He used his personality to excellent effect. In fact, his host went ten miles out of his way to put Bob out in downtown Monmouth.

He boarded a town bus to go out to his home. Things went well. He liked for days to begin right. He'd be home after only two hitches and a fifteen-cent bus ride. He'd explain to his mother that he'd got hungry for some home cooking, and ask negligently about Jane, and then explain about the Phi Alpha Gamma Pan-American Highway Expedition. By the time his father got home, everything would be settled. There'd be an argument, but it would be won before it started.

Martha worried. She sat at the breakfast table after her husband had left and poured herself another cup of coffee. She tried to arrange things in a practical proper order to make them come out right. It is astonishing how much women accomplish by simple programing, by putting needed things in the one order in which they are possible.

Now, though, her problem was worse than usual. It was too bad that the plant was changing hands at just this time. Jane was anxious for an answer to her letter, but the matter simply couldn't be decided just yet. Jane's father pretended to be perfectly confident, but he wasn't. As executive vice president he'd been running the plant with something like conspicuous success. Such things had to count! But he was disturbed, and he looked tired. Now was no time to raise the question Jane wanted answered. It would have to wait for perhaps a week. It simply couldn't be brought up now.

She sighed. Fortunately this was a bright day. Sunshine poured cheerily into the dining room, and curtains moved deliberately and gracefully in the breeze from the windows. Martha noticed the roses in the center of the table. It occurred to her that they looked briskly confident, though in two more days they'd be wilted and thrown out. The children's father had looked briskly confident, too, this morning.

Then, stirring her coffee, she felt a sense of shock. That was an extraordinary way to think! The roses were supposed to bloom and then fade! It was what they were made for! There was no reason to think of roses and Jim in—in the same breath, so to speak! Of course the plan was going to be taken over by Northeast but it was absurd to think Jim would be affected. He'd practically built the plant. He'd developed it! Mr. Beaseley was titular president, of course, but that was because his wife's family's money was behind the company. Jim had made the

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plant what it was—a production unit so crisply organized and so smoothly running that Northeast preferred to buy it rather than try to compete with it. Of course he'd be kept in charge! Of course!

But things flashed through her mind. Mr. Bronson, who'd shot himself when the reorganization of his company left him out. It was the only company he'd ever worked for, and he'd got up to auditor. She thought of Joe Hamilton, who drank himself to death when he was let out by his firm. Mrs. Hindle's husband had left her an income, but nothing to keep on living for. Sam Jarnegan had a heart attack and miserably failed to die of it when he was downgraded. And ——

Martha felt panic sweep over her. What would the children do if anything happened to their father? How would they finish school? What if today ——

She sat desperately still, her cheeks white, in the dining room with the sunlight streaming in the windows and the curtains waving gracefully in the breeze.

Jane said brightly, "Oh, I haven't heard from my family yet. One has to consult them on such things, you know. But there's no question about it. No real question at all. Mother's always said she wanted me to have a trip abroad. I think she expected to make it a graduation present. But this would be so much better! With a party from my own school, and Professor Walden and his wife as leaders. Oh, mother wouldn't think of letting me miss it! You can put me down for it, absolutely!"

The day went on, as days have a way of doing. The town of Monmouth grew warm, the weather became perfection itself for the time of year. Bob Patton got home and told his mother affectionately that he'd got hungry for some home cooking. Within minutes of his arrival and before he'd had time to ask negligently about his sister Jane, Jane called on long-distance. She wanted to ask anxiously if her letter marked FOR MOTHER ONLY had been received, and had she spoken to father about the student tour. Mike would be going on it—oh, Mike Farrell, of course!—and if they were together and having fun for six weeks in Europe, it would almost certainly mean that she'd be pinned when they came back, and, of course, Mike was wonderful and his family had all sorts of money. . . .

It was a perfectly ordinary day. There was nothing in the least unusual about it. But it happened to be the day. . . .

Mr. Patton sat in the board room and listened with pretended patience while the lawyers discussed things from their standpoint. Beaseley, the Wellington Company's president, leaned back and beamed amiably at everyone. He'd developed a very fine manner this past dozen years or so. He had the glossy-surfaced look of a high-level organization man, able to relax while concluding a deal whose details had all been worked out by someone else. Mr. Patton found himself dwelling on the report that Beaseley's home life was hell on earth, because his wife didn't fail to keep him reminded that her family's money had made him president and kept him so. Mr. Patton preferred to think about Beaseley, because when he thought of anything else, his throat had a tendency to go dry and there were twitchings of his stomach muscles. The negotiations were about to touch, in detail, on the exact financial position of the Wellington Company. Which meant that the heat-exchanger business was about to come up. And Beaseley might expect to be bailed out of the fix he was in.

The Northeast people were not fools. They knew something about that business. The Northeast lawyers brought Beaseley into their talk. They asked questions. Beaseley answered largely, grandly, loosely. The heat-exchanger business came up. Beaseley treated it as negligible. It wasn't. The Northeast lawyers knew it wasn't. Beaseley was walking into a trap.

The heat-exchanger business wasn't a critically serious matter. It was bad, but not fatal. The whole thing was a mistake. Specifically, it was Beaseley's mistake. He'd taken the bit in his teeth and signed a contract without consulting anybody. He'd negotiated the whole thing in a hurry, away from the plant. He might have wanted to prove that he was a businessman of enterprise and acumen and skill. He'd swaggered when he turned the signed contract over to Mr. Patton to be carried out. And it should have been a nice bit of business. But it wasn't. It would show up in the figures at the end of the quarter. Now Beaseley was trying to cover it up. No matter what happened to the company, if his wife ever heard of his blunder, she'd flay him orally, with that corrosive contempt all women feel for men they can intimidate.

Wishful Thinking

When a gentleman gives me his
seat on the bus
And rides along clutching the
strap,
I think how much cozier might
it have been
Had he asked me to sit on his
lap!

Esther H. Leary

Mr. Patton shifted slightly in his chair. He felt all his muscles go tense. One of the Northeast lawyers asked a question in an abstracted voice, as if it were pure routine. Beaseley answered affably. He said what he wanted his wife and her family to believe—which was understandable if one knew his family life. But it didn't belong in business negotiation. It wasn't a factual answer. It was an alibi. Mr. Patton saw the Northeast lawyer look up in apparent mild surprise. He asked another question. Beaseley answered that blandly. The Northeast lawyers conferred. They asked more questions. And Beaseley began to sweat. He saw suddenly that he was trapped. His wife's lawyers were going to hear that he'd made a costly blunder. His wife would learn of it. It would be extremely costly. Northeast would revise its offer for the Wellington Company downward, or withdraw it altogether.

Mr. Patton's throat went dry. In minutes he would be involved. As executive vice president he could be asked about the heat-exchanger contract. From long experience he knew that Beaseley would now proceed to try to bluff through, squirm through, until he'd got into all the trouble possible. Then he'd panic and turn the matter over to Mr. Patton—to take the blame if it went wrong, to let Beaseley take the credit if it could be made right.

And Mr. Patton felt an icy chill in his abdomen. If the deal for the Wellington Company went through—if he managed to cover Beaseley up for the moment—eventually Northeast would find out that he'd lied. He'd have represented the company as in better financial condition than it was. Northeast would have paid more than a strictly businesslike price. Northeast would be resentful. He could not conceivably expect to be kept on. On the other hand, if he told the truth and the deal was spoiled, he'd be fired within minutes. His only security was utterly gone. He was afraid for his job—no, he despaired of the future. A sick, numb terror tried to invade him. Bob and Jane were in college. They had to finish! There was Martha. Her house, their standard of living, everything he'd worked for and everything he'd achieved was now tottering and bound to shatter—because, at his age, and fired ignominiously, whether now or later. . . .

Beaseley sweated and talked on, every second talking himself more hopelessly into trouble. And he knew it and couldn't stop. Mr. Patton found a little, bitter trace of contempt coming into his appallingly desperate emotions. Beaseley was afraid of his wife. Beaseley was trying to keep his wife from collecting new material for the oral lashings she gave him. In a minute now he'd dump everything in Mr. Patton's lap.

And Mr. Patton felt contempt for himself, too, because he was afraid for his job. He despised himself because he was so much like Beaseley. And then savage anger filled him. Beaseley did the expectable thing. He said desperately, "I think Mr. Patton can make the matter clear. A very fine executive, our Mr. Patton! I'm sure you'll find him invaluable."

Beaseley's voice clicked. He leaned back. He beamed. But his face had lost color, and his forehead glistened.

The Northeast lawyer looked politely at Mr. Patton. "Can you make this clear, Mr. Patton?"

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Patton in a matter-of-fact voice, "that my information isn't the same as Mr. Beaseley's."

"No?" said the lawyer.

Mr. Patton explained the matter of the heat-exchanger contract, with strict reference to its effect on the financial status of the company. He heard his own words with something like astonishment. They were calm. They were detached. They were scrupulously fair. He'd had to evaluate this contract before, because he had to make the best of it. He'd had to adjust other matters to modify what could have been a disastrous situation. He hadn't made it anything but a disaster, but he had made it a mild one instead of a crippling setback. And he did not make Beaseley out a fool. But in presenting the facts he had inevitably cut across Beaseley's alibi. Still, everything he said would check. Yet he'd admitted that the whole matter was a mistake.

It took him perhaps two minutes. Then he saw the Wellington Company lawyers murmuring together. The Northeast lawyers glanced at each other and at Beaseley. Beaseley was not an attractive picture. The Northeast lawyers nodded to each other and gathered up their papers.

"This changes the picture a little," said the man who'd questioned Beaseley. "We'll have to—ah—consult our principals. We'll get in touch with you again."

Beaseley agreed politely, but veins throbbed in his temples. Nobody paid any attention to Mr. Patton. He went out of the board room and to his own office. Without sitting down, he began to open his desk drawers and pile up those small personal possessions a man keeps at his office.

His secretary came in and stared. "Mr. Patton! What on earth ——"

"I'm going to be fired," said Mr. Patton. He began to put small objects in his pockets.

Mr. Beaseley appeared in the doorway.

"You're"—Beaseley panted shrilly—"you're fired! Fired!"

Mr. Patton nodded to his secretary. "You see?" he said.

The day went on as if Mr. Patton's whole career and future had not been wrecked. He got his car from the reserved parking spot that was his alone, but where this car would never again repose. He drove homeward. He was numbed. He knew that he had been fired—the formalities would come later—but he did not quite realize it. He'd never been unemployed before. He could not wholly believe it. He breathed. He felt. He drove

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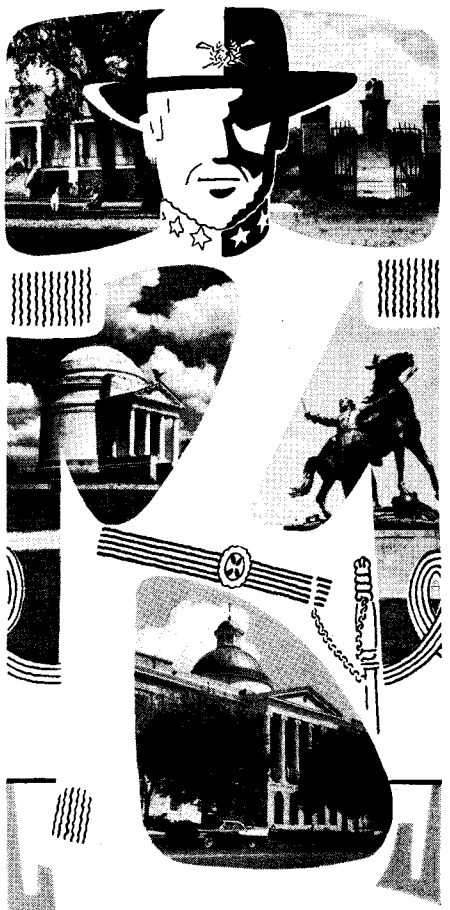

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his car exactly as he'd driven others for a longer time than he liked to remember. The family board of directors would consider that he'd spoiled the sale of the Wellington Company. It was not possible to comprehend that he no longer had an income, while his need for one implacably remained.

He turned into the drive and put the car carefully in its proper place in the garage. The trees about the house cast Sunday shadows. He never saw the sun really high in the heavens at home except on weekends. He noted the shadows with mild interest. He went into the house with an extraordinary lack of the feeling of walking. It was as if he floated. He found Martha, coffee cup in hand, chatting with a woman he vaguely remembered as coming to demand contributions for highly respectable drives—weeks, days, hours and causes. Martha stared at him. She went white as she saw his face. "Jim!" she said in a thin voice. "What's the matter?"

He got a cup of coffee and sat down. He regarded himself with continued surprise. His voice was perfectly natural, and he knew that he simply didn't realize what had happened. The woman-who-collected-for-drives—he remembered that her name was Thompson—looked at him strangely.

Martha said, her voice shaking, "How is it you're home so early, Jim?"

"I've been fired," he said clearly. "Discharged. Sacked. Thrown out. I'm unemployed."

He sipped at the coffee. The Thompson woman looked at him with a startled expression, as if he'd uttered improprieties. Martha made a little wringing motion with her hands.

The Thompson woman got up with conscious tact. "Dear me! I must be going! It was so good to see you, Mr. Patton!"

Martha went to the door with her. Mr. Patton drank his coffee. When the front door closed and Martha came back, he tipped up the cup and put it down. There came brisk footsteps down the stairs. His son Bob came in breezily. "Hi, dad. I got homesick for the good old family and hitchhiked it home."

"That's nice," said Mr. Patton abstractedly.

"I've an idea to talk over with you ——" began Bob cheerily.

"Bob," said Martha in a choked voice. "Don't! Not now!" She turned to Mr. Patton. "Jim! Is it true? Is it—really?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Patton. He found his lack of inner violence absorbing. "It's true enough. I'm one with—h'm—Nineveh and Tyre." She opened her mouth, and he said carefully, "No, I haven't the least idea what to do. I don't even know what I'll do for the rest of the afternoon. It's nearly as new to me as to you. It's ——" He considered. "It's startling!"

"But what happened?" asked Martha dazedly. "You did so well with the plant! It's—inconceivable! We—we —— What are we going to do?"

Mr. Patton tilted up his coffee cup again, to get an apparent final drop or two of dark-brown liquid. "Your friend, the Thompson woman, will distribute what she heard me say, as she goes around collecting for charity. It will be interesting news to a lot of people." Then he said, "I think I'm going to take you out to dinner tonight. We can't afford it, but we haven't done anything we couldn't afford for a long time."

"If you're looking for an extravagance," said Bob brightly, "I can offer a suggestion. Only it's not spectacularly extravagant. The fraternity's sponsoring an expedi——"

"Bob!" said Martha desperately. "Your father's lost his position!"

Bob Patton looked at his father incredulously.

"It's interesting," said Mr. Patton. "I've been afraid of it all my life—except when we were first married, Martha. Then I felt quite sure that nothing could happen to us! But it has."

Martha wept. Mr. Patton looked at her curiously. He didn't feel anything except an acute, abstract regret that she was unhappy. But he couldn't think of anything that would be in the least comforting.

Bob said blankly, almost stridently, "But look here, dad! If you're—if this is right ——"

"Jane," said Martha between sobs. "Think of her too, Bob! She wanted—she hoped—she ——"

"It hits all of us," said Mr. Patton patiently. "The more you think about it, the stranger it seems. Beaseley made a ghastly blunder and tried to cover it up, and I got fired, and you and I, Martha, and the children too. . . ."

But they weren't listening. Bob's expression was utterly blank and unbelieving. Martha wept.

Mr. Patton felt very lonely.

The sun set. It was a spectacular affair, with vivid crimsons and yellows and incredible blues between clouds. Night fell. In due time Mr. Patton got the car out of the garage and went back into the house for his wife. He patiently overruled her tearful protest that she had no heart for going out on a night like this.

"But," said Mr. Patton, "we may never feel like it again. I have a reason for it tonight, and anyhow we can't plan anything immediately, and our dues at the country club are paid up for two months."

He and Martha did not often go out. They'd joined the country club principally for Bob and Jane. Tonight would be the first time in months that they'd gone there for dinner. It was preposterous to do so on the night of the day Mr. Patton lost his country-club status with his job. Driving in the deep shadows of the tree-bordered street, Mr. Patton found himself smiling wryly.

"Jim," said Martha uncertainly, "you're—smiling! I can see it. Have you—thought of something?"

"Yes," said Mr. Patton amusedly. "I was just thinking that it's almost not respectable for a man without a job to take his wife out to dinner."

"I—I don't understand you!" protested Martha. "You act ——"

"It's courage," said Mr. Patton with gentle irony. "It's splendid confidence. No, my dear. I'm numbed. I'm acting like this in the same way and for the same reason that you put on make-up for tonight—a little more than usual, I think."

"But—one has to!" said Martha.

"Exactly," said Mr. Patton. "Perhaps I'm touching up my self-respect."

He said no more until they reached the clubhouse. Then he helped her from the car and said, "Just for fun, Martha, let's annoy the people who've heard of my disaster and disgrace in losing my job. Let's look as if we have a secret which pleases us. If we contrive one later, it'll be justified, and if we don't, it will still bother the people who think we should be in sackcloth and ashes."

Martha shook her head. But when they went into the club dining room, she looked carefree. Women are actresses. Her eyes almost sparkled.

Mr. Patton grinned down at her. "Maybe," he said, "maybe it was a mistake for us to marry. But I wasn't the one who made it, Martha."

They danced presently. And it was completely incredible, but they enjoyed themselves. Martha said, "We're getting looked at, Jim. People are astonished at us. I'll bet half the people here have heard. They almost stare!"

"Ah," said Mr. Patton sagely, "they're looking for tears beneath the grease paint. But I'm really celebrating something."

"What?"

"You came with me because I needed you to," he told her. "Which is worth celebrating in itself. But you haven't asked me what I am going to do. You asked what we are going to do. After all these years, and this disaster, that rates champagne."

"But—what else would I say?"

"Nothing. But think what Beaseley's wife would say in a corresponding situation!"

Martha laughed, looking up at him. They went back to their table, and her eyes shone a little. They were not behaving appropriately, with Mr. Patton fired. Someone stopped at the table.

"Mr. Patton! How do you do?" It was the Northeast lawyer who'd had Beaseley sweating in the board room. Mr. Patton introduced him. The lawyer said ruefully, "Mrs. Patton, your husband played us the dirtiest trick today I've ever seen! I've rarely admired anyone so much!"

"What did he do?" asked Martha.

"We had Beaseley on the ropes," said the lawyer, "and his—ah—the Wellington Company's attorneys were panicking as they found out things they didn't know. There was a situation we made look really bad! We had them shaking. We'd have beaten down the price for the Wellington Company. Then your husband summed it up—and he had us! It was the most lucid statement of a complicated situation I ever heard, and the Wellington Company attorneys stiffened instantly. We'd been so sure we could beat them down that we had to get authority to pay what they'd offered to sell for!" He nodded to Mr. Patton. "You know we closed the deal just before sundown, before you could stiffen their backbone further. But we got a bargain, at that."

"Yes," said Mr. Patton. "I think you did."

The lawyer held out his hand to take leave. "Northeast's going to expect you to size up more situations like that. I think I'm going to enjoy working with you."

"I'm no longer with Wellington," said Mr. Patton. "I was fired today."

"You're joking!" said the lawyer.

Mr. Patton shook his head. Martha smiled. He smiled.

"You resigned?" demanded the lawyer. "You've other plans?"

"I've been thinking," said Mr. Patton, "of being a beatnik for a while. It sounds interesting. No, I was fired."

"But look here!" said the lawyer with a rising intonation. "We were counting on having you run the plant! Especially after today. Dammit—I beg pardon, Mrs. Patton—look here! Will you consider staying on and handling the plant and—well—helping size up situations that need your kind of thinking? I can get authority to make a specific proposition by ten o'clock tomorrow morning! It's not likely you've already had a more attractive offer than Northeast will make! We know what you've done with that plant! You were one of the assets we counted on getting with it! And after today ——"

Mr. Patton shrugged. He still felt numbed. "I'll listen," he admitted. "But being a beatnik has charms!"

The lawyer went away. Mr. Patton said very soberly, "I hadn't thought of that angle. It looks like I'll be re-employed. I suppose it calls for a celebration. Shall we ——"

"No," said Martha. She looked at him with definitely shining eyes. "Let's—let's go home, Jim."

Mr. Patton listened while Martha tentatively explained the matter of the Phi Alpha Gamma Pan-American Highway Expedition, and then the proposal for a number of Jane's classmates to make a college-group European tour with a professor and his wife as leaders. Mr. Patton wasn't sleepy. There was moonlight outside the house, and the curtains waved gracefully and deliberately in the night breeze. He said nothing until she'd finished, and Martha could not quite read his expression in the semidarkness.

"I believed," she said hesitatingly, "that both ideas were impossible. But if they make you a really good offer, ——"

Mr. Patton stirred. "Bob had better take a job this summer," he said firmly. "He's had too many advantages. He needs something that will do him permanent good. I prescribe a job. I'm going to insist on it if he wants to finish college."

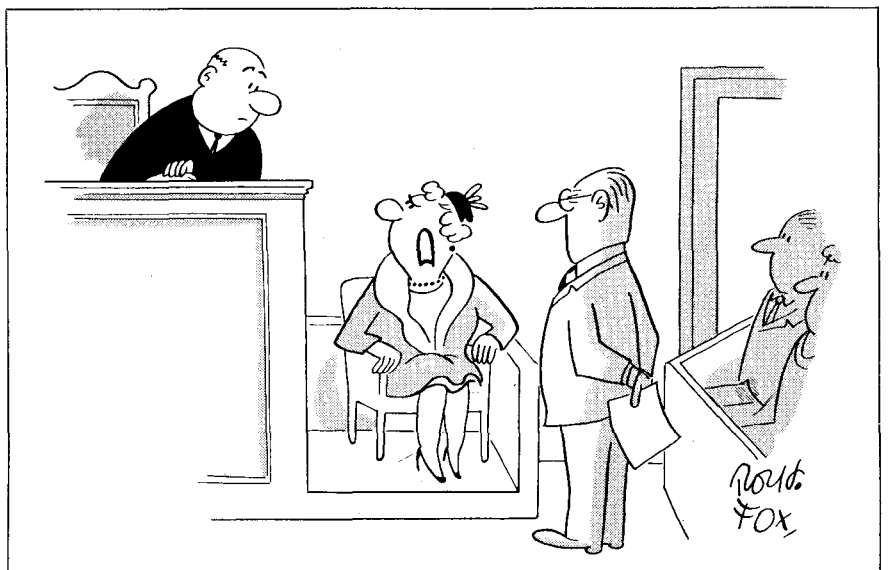
"But Jane," said Martha anxiously. "She wants that trip so terribly much, Jim!"

"I think," said Mr. Patton, "that we'd better meet this Mike Farrell she's so eager to get pinned to, before we lay out any money to help her snare him. We'd better see if he's worth what it would cost."

Then he stretched himself out luxuriously. "I'm beginning to feel sleepy," he said in pleased surprise. "I was beginning to take insomnia as a way of life! But apparently one way to get a good night's sleep is to be fired!"

Martha gently put her hand in his, as they used to sleep in the beginning. They were silent in the darkness.

The day Mr. Patton was fired drew to a close. THE END



"You keep out of this!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Pro Basketball's Unsung Sharpshooter

(Continued from Page 17)

time in his career.) The league rules specify that no more than three men may come from any single team, and Heinsohn has consistently been passed over in favor of Cousy, Sharman and Russell. Like a number of outstanding athletes before him, he has been in the position of being the forgotten man on a great team.

There have been examples of this in every sport. Outfielders Bob Meusel and Earle Combs, for instance, would have been stars on most clubs, but they played for the New York Yankees in the era of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. In football how many fans remember Arnold Tucker, the fine quarterback of the Army teams that featured Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard? In the N.B.A. itself there was the recent case of Jim Pollard, a superlative all-around performer who operated in the huge shadow of George Mikan when the Minneapolis Lakers were dominating the league from 1948 to 1955.

Is Tom Heinsohn bitter about the fact that his spectacular teammates have obscured his own achievements? You might think so from the stands. With his sandy-blond hair, his rawboned features and his rugged build, Heinsohn tends to remind you of an ornery gun-slinger in a TV Western. This impression is heightened when he takes the floor. There is a surly, contemptuous look about him. One corner of his mouth curls down. As he waits for the opening tipoff, his cocky, hands-on-hips stance gives you the feeling that he is about to draw a six-shooter on your favorite sheriff.

Actually, although Heinsohn is an intense competitor, he is one of the most personable and outgoing individuals in the N.B.A. An accomplished mimic and practical joker, he is the No. 1 funnyman of the Celtics. Nor are basketball and clowning his only talents. He is a surprisingly accomplished painter, an effective insurance salesman, a capable radio sports announcer and the articulate player representative of the Celtics.

"There is no question that Tommy is not getting the recognition he deserves," says teammate Bob Cousy. "Human nature being what it is, he must feel badly about it. I know I would. But Tommy has the personality to handle this sort of thing."

When Heinsohn is asked about it, he customarily dismisses the subject with an impish grin and a, "Why worry about it? My time will come." He admits, "A couple of times a year it really gets me down—things like scoring thirty or thirty-five points in a game and then getting one line of ink at the tail end of the story in the newspapers. But generally I just joke about it with the guys."

Bill Sharman testifies, "Before a game Heinsohn bursts into the dressing room and, no matter how important the game is, he'll get one of the guys in some give-and-take that relaxes the tension."

Heinsohn's specialty is parodying the verbal and physical mannerisms of teammates. They in turn give him a lot of needling about the great number of shots he takes. Two of the Celtics' favorite nicknames for Heinsohn are "Ack-ack" and "Tommy gunner."

Prior to a game on a West Coast exhibition tour last fall Heinsohn was having an injured right elbow wrapped by the Celtics' trainer, Buddy LeRoux. Heinsohn had pulled some ligaments in a game against the Los Angeles Lakers the night before. As he sat there on the trainer's table, forward Jim Loscutoff began kidding him that the bandages might cut down on his shooting.

"This might slow down my right arm," Heinsohn retorted, "but don't think it's going to stop me from throwing everything but Auerbach's cigar with my left."

Heinsohn has an impressive assortment of shots. His most lethal weapon is a twenty-five-to-thirty-foot jump shot which he fires in a flat trajectory from the corners and from out beyond the foul circle. Then there is his breath-taking right-hand hook shot. The usual hook is taken from five to fifteen feet out. Heinsohn sends up his sweeping, high lob from as much as twenty-five feet away. Rounding out his arsenal are an occasional one-hand set shot, a short left-handed hook and an array of driving layups.

Some of the latter almost defy description. In a game against the Philadelphia Warriors in Boston this season, Heinsohn at one point came driving down the middle toward the basket. He was confronted by the towering hulks of Philadelphia's seven-foot-one-inch Wilt Chamberlain, the Celtics' elongated Bill Russell and six-foot-six-inch Andy Johnson of the Warriors. Changing his direction without noticeably slowing his pace, Heinsohn somehow twisted through a mélange of flailing arms and virtually squirted the ball into the basket.

"Tommy has the greatest variety of effective shots in the league," says Bill Sharman. "There are better shooters, I suppose, but Tommy's agility and his exceptional body control give him a big advantage." Last year Heinsohn had a shooting percentage of .423, placing him fifth among N.B.A. corner men and fourteenth among all shooters in the league. In total points scored he ranked eighth with 1629. This season his shooting percentage has run below .400, but his point production has held up.

Many observers have criticized him for shooting too much and for taking bad shots—either when he is out of position or when the situation calls for something else. In the Celtics' very first game this season, during which he scored twenty-four points against Detroit, Heinsohn was at both his best and his worst in the crucial closing stages.

With the score tied and less than half a minute left, Cousy had the ball and was running the clock out, stalling to give Boston the last good shot. Finally the ball went to Heinsohn as he cut across the foul line. When he attempted to drive in for a layup, Bailey Howell of the Pistons forced him away from the basket. Heinsohn shot anyway, taking a long, unadvisable hook from out beyond the foul line. It missed, which could have been disastrous, but Boston recovered the rebound. A few seconds later Heinsohn won the game for the Celtics with a long jump shot from the corner.

Heinsohn shoots more than any other Celtic, but in the opinion of Bob Cousy, "This is part of the confidence Tommy brings to the game. Sure, he takes a few bad shots now and then. This philosophy is bound to backfire occasionally. But over the long haul the confident player is the one who takes the initiative and wins games for you."

Not long ago Joe Lapchick, former coach of the New York Knickerbockers and now coach of St. John's University, was watching Heinsohn warm up for a game with the Knicks at Madison Square Garden. "That Heinsohn," Lapchick moaned. "He'll take five miserable shots that'll make you sick. But then he'll turn around and hit with five or six straight. Even on a bad night he'll get his seventeen or eighteen points."

Heinsohn proceeded to prove Lapchick's point. Playing poorly for a total of twenty-nine minutes, he still scored seventeen points as the Celtics beat the Knicks, 110–101.

On good nights, there's no holding him down. On February 27, 1959, when Boston mauled Minneapolis in the highest-scoring game ever, 173–139, Heinsohn topped all scorers with forty-three points—his high mark as a pro. He equaled that figure on January 20, 1960, in a game against New York. However, three highly competent witnesses—coach Red Auerbach, Bob Cousy and Heinsohn himself—agree that neither of those games qualifies as Heinsohn's peak performance.

"That game against Minneapolis was a runaway," Auerbach says. "We shot about fifty per cent as a team. Everybody was hot. If you want me to tell you the best game Tommy's played for me, I can't. He's played so many great ones it's impossible to single one out."

Says Cousy, "I'd say the best one was the final game against St. Louis in the 1957 play-offs." Heinsohn, just finishing his freshman year with the Celtics, led Boston in scoring in ten play-off games that year with a 22.9 average. In the final game against the Hawks he registered thirty-seven points, and the Celtics won their first world championship.

An optimist is any husband who thinks his wife could live within his income if he made more money.

HAL CHADWICK

Heinsohn's own choice is the deciding game in the semifinal play-off series with the Philadelphia Warriors last season. His twenty-two points that night included a game-winning tip-in in the final second. Heinsohn calls this "the biggest thrill I've had from basketball."

Thomas William Heinsohn was born on August 26, 1934, in Jersey City, a highly industrialized area just across the river from New York City. His father, Bill Heinsohn, was employed as a supervisor in a Newark, New Jersey, baking plant. His mother, Bessie, worked as an inventory clerk for a dime store. Tommy attended Saint Paul of the Cross parochial school until he completed the fifth grade. At that time his family moved to a fourth-floor walk-up apartment at 825 15th Street in nearby Union City. Tommy's parents and his sister Marion still live in this grayish brick building.

In the sixth grade at Saint Joseph's in Union City, Tommy was introduced to basketball. There and in neighborhood playgrounds he worked incessantly at the fundamentals of the game.

"Tommy wouldn't be satisfied with being second best," says his mother. "And it wasn't just basketball I mean. Whether it was acting in a class play, doing posters for school elections or playing in an important game—whatever Tommy started out to do, he wanted to do better than anyone else."

"But it was basketball he put his heart and soul into," recalls Bill Heinsohn with pride. "He was the leading scorer on the grammar-school team by the time he was in the eighth grade."

At Saint Michael's High School in Union City, Heinsohn developed rapidly under the coaching of Pat Finnegan. And there, during his freshman year, Heinsohn met attractive Dianne Regenhard, the girl he eventually married in September, 1956.

"Having a basketball fanatic for a boy friend posed its problems," says Dianne, a former photographers' model. "I can remember nights when I'd have to wait an hour for Tommy to finish practicing. More than once I practically had to drag him out of the playground to keep us from holding up a double date."

Heinsohn won all-county honors as a junior at St. Michael's and in his senior year, averaging twenty-eight points per game, he was all-county, all-state, all-Catholic and a high-school all-American. While Heinsohn was achieving these honors as cocaptain of the boys' team at St. Michael's, Dianne was cocaptain of the girls' basketball sextet.

Heinsohn received more than forty offers to attend colleges and universities. Among the most persistent was one genteel Southern institution which, through a zealous alumnus, offered him a complete scholarship with financial trimmings, plus a four-year scholarship for Dianne. In the event that Tommy and Dianne got married, the school's bird dog also promised them a rent-free house and whatever cash they might need.

Heinsohn chose Holy Cross College. "They leveled with me," he says. "I wanted to take premed, but they said that anyone who claimed I could carry premed courses and play a high-pressure basketball schedule was just leading me on. When I got through talking with them at Worcester, I knew just what to expect—including an education."

Heinsohn captained an undefeated Holy Cross freshman team during the 1952–53 season. As a sophomore, he was second in scoring to all-American Togo Palazzi. In his junior year, flourishing under coach Lester (Bus) Sheary's innovative Eastern-style basketball, Heinsohn played both in the pivot and outside. He averaged twenty-three points a game, was named the most valuable player in the Sugar Bowl Tournament and was mentioned on several all-American selection lists.

A new coach, Roy Leenig, and a more restrained style of play did not prevent Heinsohn from establishing an all-time Holy Cross scoring mark as a senior. His average went up to twenty-seven points, and he made every all-America team except one.

Joe Reilly, senior-class president, and schoolmate of Heinsohn recalls that Tommy was a dean's-list student during his last four semesters and also won several prizes for his artwork. "The thing that sticks in your mind about Tommy," says Reilly, "is that he was one fellow you were sure would never be satisfied unless he finished on top in anything he attempted."

The Celtics picked Heinsohn as their territorial draft choice in March, 1956, but soon after, Coach Auerbach popped off about the Holy Cross all-American at a luncheon in Lynn, Massachusetts. "Heinsohn will never make it with the Celtics if he continues to pace himself as he did with the Cross," Auerbach declared. "If he expects to make the grade, he'll have to hustle every minute."

Disillusioned by Auerbach's remarks, Heinsohn flew to Peoria, Illinois, to investigate an opportunity to play amateur basketball in a national industrial league. Upon his return to Worcester, Heinsohn was met by Bob Cousy, who advised him on what to expect during contract talks with Auerbach and the Celtics' owner, Walter Brown. He also explained that Auerbach brays a lot more than he kicks. A short while later, Heinsohn signed with the Celtics.

Although Heinsohn has been a regular from the start—he was N.B.A. Rookie of the Year his first season—and has kept improving with experience, many

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basketball followers think there are still two serious weaknesses in his game. They charge him with poor defensive play and inconsistent rebounding.

Bailey Howell, the Detroit Pistons' star forward, defends Heinsohn on the first of these indictments. "Tommy is one of the finest defensive men in the league—when he wants to be. Of course, everyone knows you can't go all out both ways"—offensively and defensively—"in this game. And Tommy is primarily an offensive threat."

In the rebounding department, Heinsohn last year was second to Bill Russell on the Celtics and tenth in the league, with an average of better than ten recoveries per game. He is widely recognized as one of the best offensive rebounders in pro ball, but many fans and some self-styled experts complain that he doesn't do his share under the defensive boards. These critics are unaware that there is at least a partial explanation in the Celtics' strategy on defensive rebounding. Most of the time, the team's rule of thumb is: Box your man out—and let Russell go after the ball. As a result, Heinsohn and the other Celtic forwards sometimes appear to be standing flat-footed when the ball comes off the defensive boards.

This strategy frequently pays off in baskets for Boston, with Russell grabbing the rebound and firing it out to Cousy or Sharman, who have positioned themselves on either side of the court. At the same time, Heinsohn and the other forward spin and race upcourt with the two backcourt men in Boston's sizzling fast break.

Heinsohn is one of the most demonstrative performers in the league. When asked to comment on his tendency to "moan" over unfavorable decisions, N.B.A. referees smile enigmatically and say, "No comment." One veteran ref adds, "You gotta respect him, though, for his competitive spirit—no matter what he says."

Even among his teammates Heinsohn has a reputation for overacting in certain situations, as when he has the wind knocked out of him in melees under the basket. In a memorable incident during his first year as a pro an opponent's elbow to his chest put him flat on the floor of Boston Garden. Heinsohn stayed there, spread-eagled on his back. Coach Auerbach rushed onto the floor and hovered over his wounded Celt, while the Boston trainer ministered to Heinsohn.

His teammates were considerably less impressed by the act that was being staged by Heinsohn—who eventually opened his eyes and informed everyone that he would *try* to continue. The next morning *The Boston Globe* had a photograph of the episode. There was Heinsohn sprawled on the floor, looking like a candidate for the morgue, and there in the background were Heinsohn's unaccountably callous teammates walking away from him indifferently. The scene made "Picture of the Year" in the *Globe* and was carried on sports pages around the country. Heinsohn has yet to hear the end of it.

A bizarre antic Heinsohn indulges in occasionally is a strange bird call which has brought him the sometime nickname of "the Hawk." Early in Heinsohn's first season as a professional, Cousy and Sharman noticed that during pregame warm-up drills he would utter the wild, muffled sound of a bird of prey. "*Eeeahh, eeahh,*" Heinsohn would call. The two backcourt men returned his cry. It took only a few exchanges to get Heinsohn sounding off loud and long enough for everyone in Boston Garden to hear. Sharman and Cousy still get Heinsohn going with this stunt occasionally.

Heinsohn's emotions sometimes boil over in brawls with players on other teams. One that sticks out above the routine flare-ups that are common during the bruising, seventy-nine game N.B.A. schedule was the culmination of a series of incidents between Heinsohn and Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain.

Throughout the 1959-60 season Boston used a screen play to shake Bill Russell loose after the Philadelphia Warriors scored a foul shot. Heinsohn immediately would position himself to prevent Chamberlain from getting downcourt to defend against Russell. The play is legitimate as long as Heinsohn sets up the screen more than three feet from the player he is attempting to stop.

Anyway, the result was that Chamberlain frequently turned and ran straight into Heinsohn. With Chamberlain halted momentarily, Russell would have a head start toward the goal. Then Boston would attempt to get the ball to him under the basket before Chamberlain could recover lost ground. Russell picked up numerous baskets this way because there wasn't anyone big enough to stop him from wheeling and dealing an easy shot.

Understandably Chamberlain became annoyed. As the season wore on, the words between Heinsohn and Chamberlain became more harsh, and the body contact more punishing.

Finally, in the third game of the Boston-Philadelphia Eastern play-offs, Chamberlain knocked Heinsohn down on an attempt to screen him off Russell. Heinsohn barked a few choice words and waited. On the next screen play Chamberlain steam-rollered into Heinsohn again. This time Heinsohn braced for the collision with elbows high and didn't go down. This led to an exchange of growls and then punches. Fortunately for both teams, the fracas was quickly broken up and neither player was ejected from the game.

Chamberlain refuses to comment on the affair. Philadelphia coach Neil Johnston hesitantly admits that Chamberlain threw the first punch, then quickly switches to a discussion of Heinsohn. "Tommy is a great player in my book," says Johnston. "A little arrogant, belligerent maybe, but you can't take it away from him—he hurts us every time we play the Celtics. He's overlooked because of the flashier guys on his team."

One irate Philadelphia fan went so far as to send Heinsohn a letter threatening that he was going to "get" the Boston forward. Nothing ever came of it. "I could just picture myself getting a bullet in my shooting arm going in for a layup," Heinsohn quips.

In dressing-room horseplay, too, Heinsohn invariably gives as well as he gets. Recently teammate Frank Ramsey began needling Heinsohn about the money he has been contributing to the Celtics' late-for-practice kitty. Heinsohn retaliated by surreptitiously cutting Ramsey's button threads and shoelaces just enough so that they would snap the first time Frank touched them.

"Who's giving this shindig?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Heinsohn on occasion has even traded practical jokes with coach Red Auerbach himself. Auerbach scored spectacularly two years ago at the close of what Heinsohn calls "the worst day of my life."

Heinsohn had just finished breakfast that morning when the phone rang. It was an insurance prospect calling to cancel plans for a $150,000 policy. Attempting to shrug off the bad news, Heinsohn drove to the studios of WAAB in Worcester to tape his nightly radio sports show. When he returned to his car, he found that he had been tagged with a parking ticket. On the way to practice in Boston, he was flagged for speeding. Then, arriving late to practice, he had to ante up for that too.

Heinsohn played horribly in the scrimmage that day, and Auerbach rode him from one end of the court to the other. In the dressing room afterward, it turned out that someone had inadvertently left the door open while the team was out on the floor. A sneak thief had entered and had filched more than $150 from Heinsohn's wallet.

Upon hearing about all this, Auerbach walked over to Heinsohn and gave him a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "Forget it, kid," he said. "Some days you can't make a nickel." Auerbach handed him a cigar and walked away. Driving home, Heinsohn lighted the cigar. It exploded.

"I had to pull over and stop the car," Heinsohn says. "And then I started laughing. The exploding cigar had made me stop feeling sorry for myself."

Almost six months of planning went into Heinsohn's revenge. He kept giving Auerbach cigars, and the coach kept palming them off on other people. However, they all turned out to be harmless. As play-off time neared, Auerbach finally smoked a cigar Heinsohn had given him. Nothing happened.

Before a practice session prior to the division play-offs against Syracuse, Heinsohn gave Auerbach three more perfectly good cigars. Auerbach smoked one uneventfully. Later, while Red was holding forth with a group of reporters, Heinsohn deftly replaced the two remaining cigars with a pair that were loaded. Auerbach reached into his pocket a few minutes later, lighted one and concluded the press conference with a bang.

Heinsohn's closest friend on the Celtics is Bob Cousy. Their homes are just two blocks apart in Worcester, and they frequently drive to practice together. Dianne Heinsohn and "Missy" Cousy, Bob's wife, have become warm friends.

Tommy and Dianne Heinsohn own a eight-room white Cape Cod house in the comfortable Tatnuck section of Worcester. They have two children—a three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Donna Marie, and a son, Paul, thirteen months.

The first thing that catches your eye in the Heinsohn living room is the capably rendered pastel of Donna-Marie which hangs on the wall. Upon closer scrutiny the signature, TOM HEINSOHN, can be seen in one corner of the picture. Several times a week Heinsohn retreats to his attic studio to work in charcoal, pastels or oils. His caricatures and portraits have delighted his teammates and friends, and his cartoons have been published in *The Boston Globe* and *Sport* magazine.

Until last summer Heinsohn conducted his own nightly radio sports show for station WAAB in Worcester. But his primary off-court occupation is selling insurance for a Worcester firm. During the past three years Heinsohn has sold an average of more than $750,000 worth of insurance annually, although he works full time only six months of the year. His insurance activities have now forced him to curtail his radio show, but he still makes spot appearances two or three times each week.

Although Heinsohn has never received the huzzahs that are constantly heaped on Cousy, Sharman and Russell, he hasn't suffered to any great extent financially from his lack of acclaim. His current basketball salary is estimated at $20,000, and he has been getting an additional $2000 to $3000 in play-off money annually. Unimpeachable sources maintain that Heinsohn, who has been paid in five figures every year he has been a pro, has consistently earned more than such an established star as the veteran Syracuse stalwart, Dolph Schayes, a perennial all-N.B.A. selection.

Still, money isn't everything to a dedicated athlete. Recognition and "good ink," as the pros call publicity, are important too. It is a tribute to Heinsohn that he has continued to function so effectively despite his "forgotten man" role on the Celtics.

Heinsohn's healthy attitude may pay off in all-star billing for him yet. Cousy is now thirty-two years old. Sharman is thirty-four. Already the two backcourt men are showing signs of aging. As "the Cooz" himself says, "With Sharman and me slowly easing out of the picture, you can bet it won't be long before Tommy gets the recognition he deserves."

THE END

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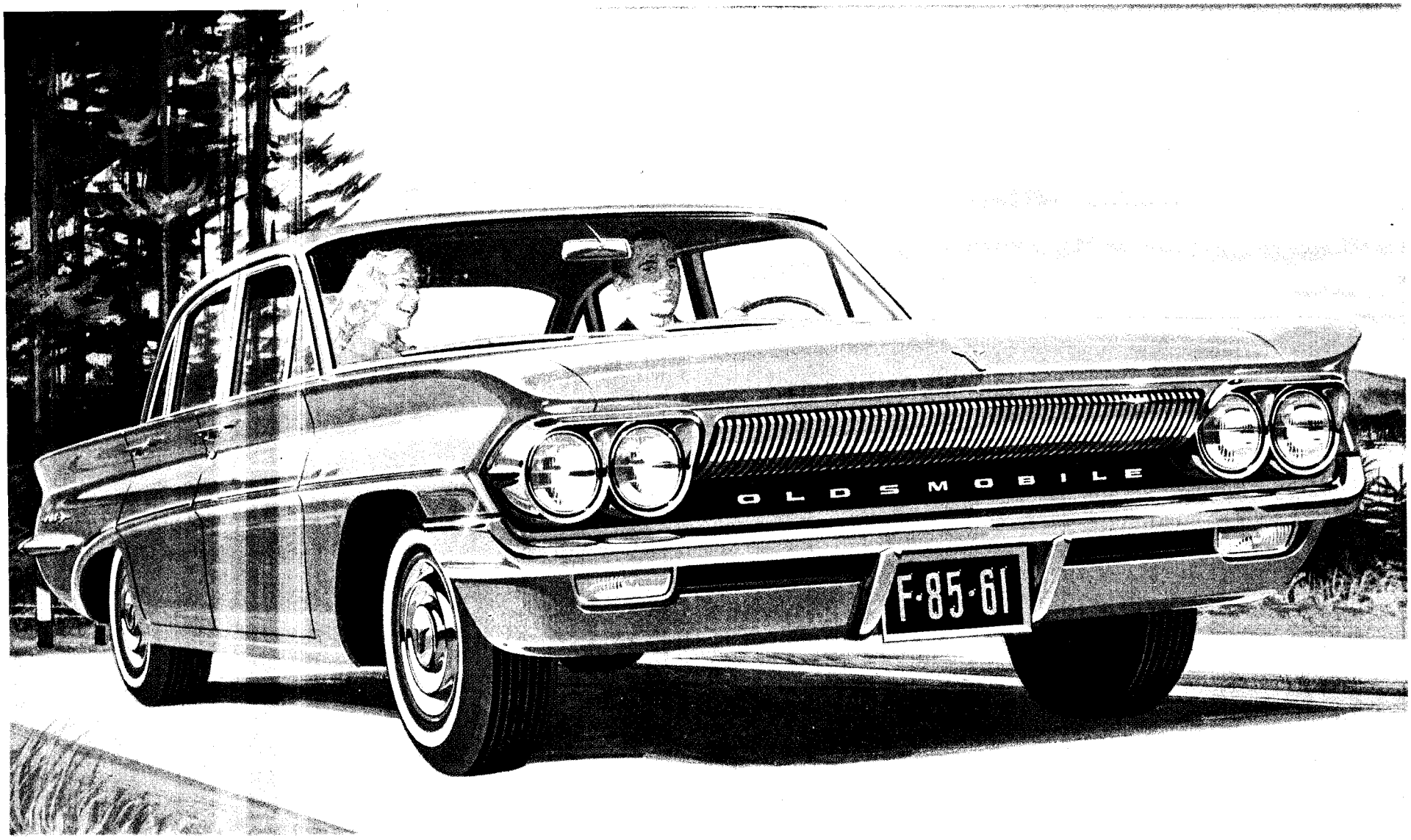

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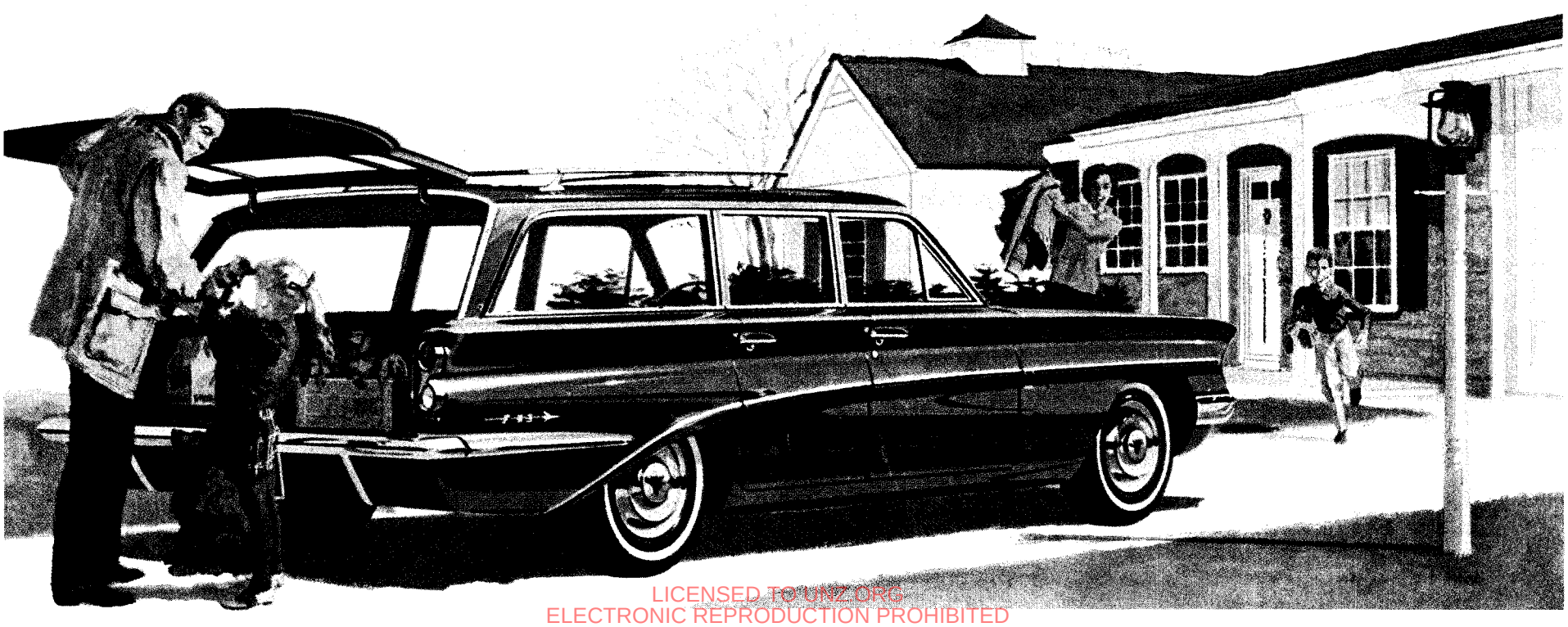

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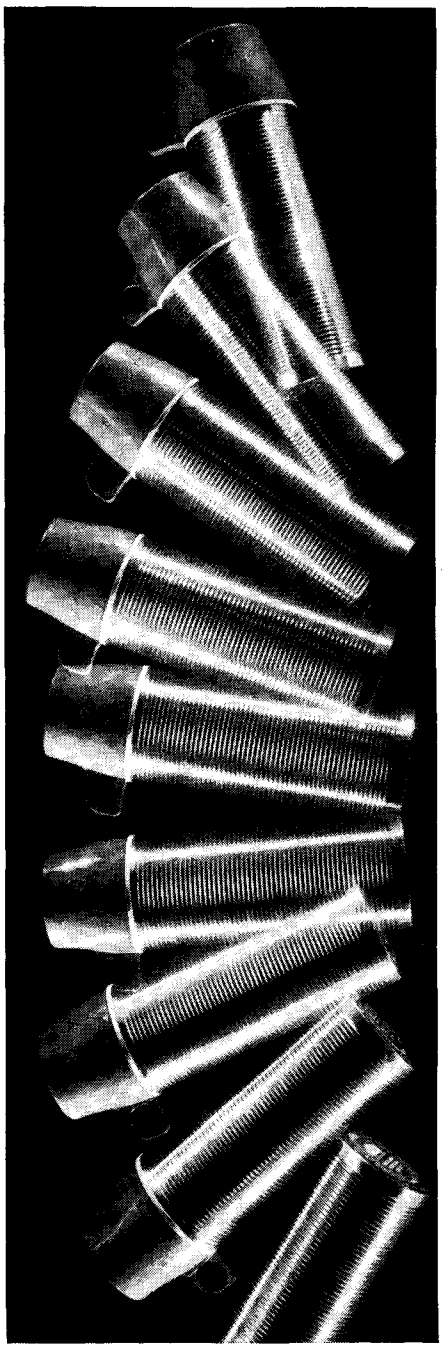

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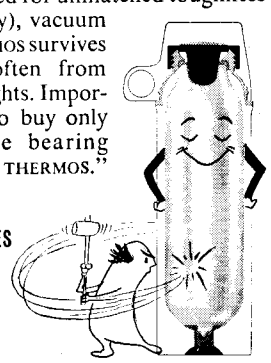

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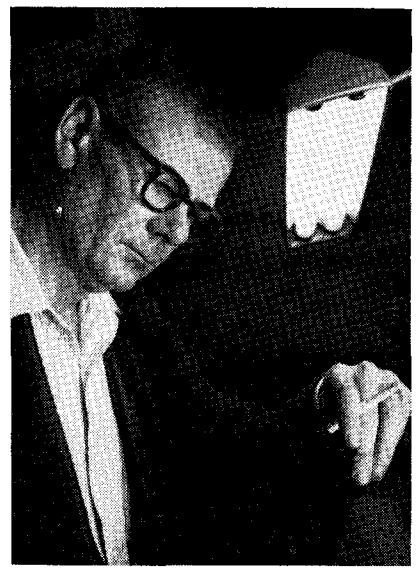
Keeping Posted

A Fine Place for a Murder

Back in the early 1940's, when flying machines were made of things such as wings and propellers and piston engines, **Richard Stern** had the highfalutin title of "project coordinator" at Lockheed Aircraft in Burbank. He did his project coordinating during daylight hours. From four to seven A.M. he coordinated fictional characters and events, shaping them into short stories which he dictated to his wife, Dorothy.

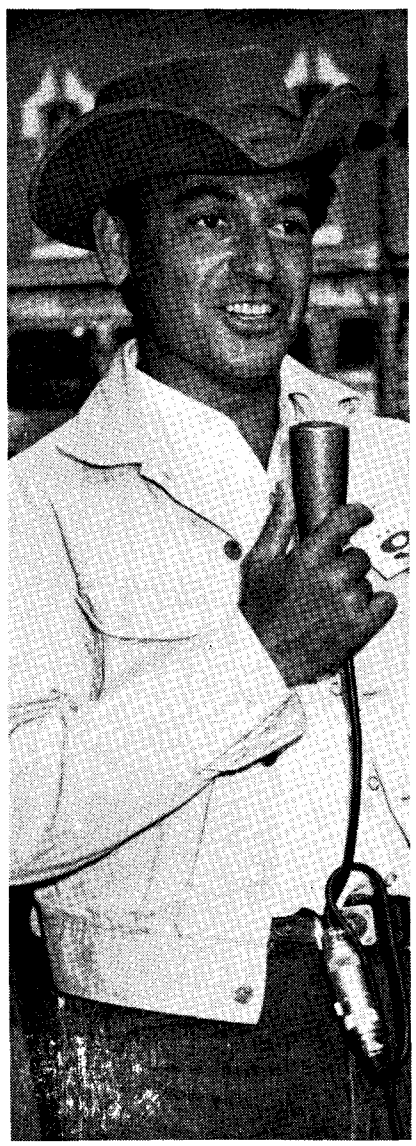
Today Stern is a full-time writer of fiction. He lives in Blauvelt, New York, and Dorothy is permitted to sleep until a decent hour. Shortly after he sat down to plot THE MISSILE MURDERER, his serial which commences on page 20, he came to the conclusion that his knowledge of the aviation business was a bit antiquated and invited himself back to Lockheed for a visit. "Their manned aircraft still have wings," he reports, "but they go *whoosh* now." Presently he progressed to Lockheed's missile-systems division, where he got most of the background color for THE MISSILE MURDERER. "There was, for example, a test tank such as I describe, and I imagine my guide would have been horrified if he had known while we were looking at it that I was thinking what a fine place it would be to drown a man."



Richard Stern.

Stern's latest novel, *These Unlucky Deeds*, was published last month by Scribners, who describe it as "a novel of manners." Bad manners, that is, for there's a murder in that story too.

Behind the By-lines



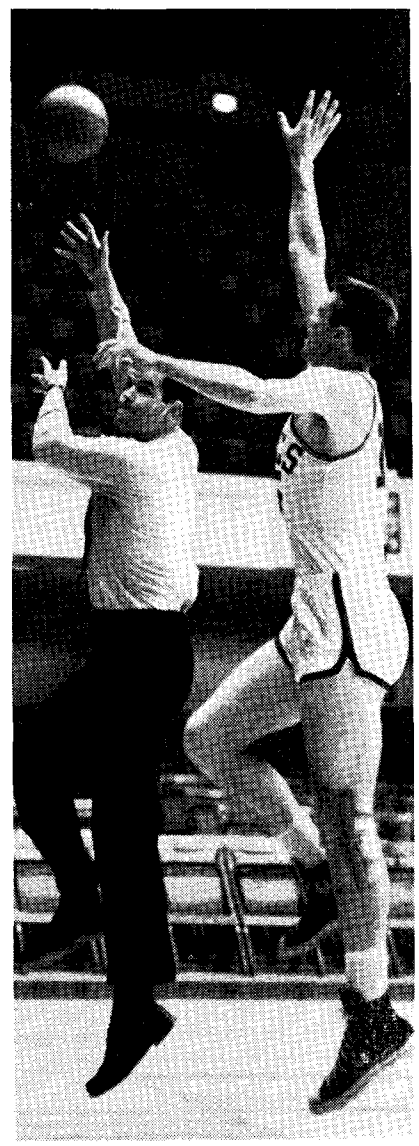
Byram and mike.

George Byram, former sheepherder, former oil-field roustabout, former grease monkey and author of YESTERDAY'S JUSTICE (page 27), is very much at home on the range. He raises horses on thirteen acres of Colorado, works as an announcer for Denver's KBTV and pays what he loses on the ranch out of what he earns in announcing and story writing. "I'm waiting for the day," he says, "when I'll write 'the big one' and can go back to the vast, windy, cold, murderous, wonderful country of north-central Wyoming, where the constant effort to survive gives life point." Certainly Wyoming's glacial winters should not faze Mrs. Byram, the former Hedy Stenuf, who was an Olympic skater at fourteen and star of Broadway's *It Happens on Ice* two decades ago.

Norma Patterson (Mrs. Crate Dalton of Dallas) has 300 short stories and fifteen books to her credit. "The most fun," she says, "was getting a story in *The Post*. And my second *Post* sale (SOFTLY SPEAKS THE HEART, page 16) was even more fun than the first."

Will F. Jenkins, who wrote THE MEN AT THE TOP (page 30), lives in Gloucester, Virginia, in an ancient house (1650) which once belonged to the first man ever to be hanged in Virginia. Jenkins has been a writer since he was thirteen, the age of his eldest granddaughter.

When the Holy Cross basketball team dumped N.Y.U., 85–50, at Madison Square Garden in December of 1955, the high scorer for Holy Cross was Tom Heinsohn. Sitting behind N.Y.U.'s bench that night was **Daniel Knapp,** who had played basketball for North Carolina State and was in the process of transferring to N.Y.U. Knapp went on to become N.Y.U.'s team captain, but he didn't face Heinsohn on a basketball court until three weeks ago. In a pregame session staged at Philadelphia's Convention Hall for the benefit of KEEPING POSTED, Heinsohn, now of the Boston Celtics, outscored Knapp, now of *The Post*. Editorial Assistant Knapp hasn't played basketball since he left N.Y.U., but he has scored with a typewriter in both fiction and nonfiction. See PRO BASKETBALL'S UNSUNG SHARPSHOOTER (page 17), by Knapp, about Heinsohn.



Knapp and Heinsohn.

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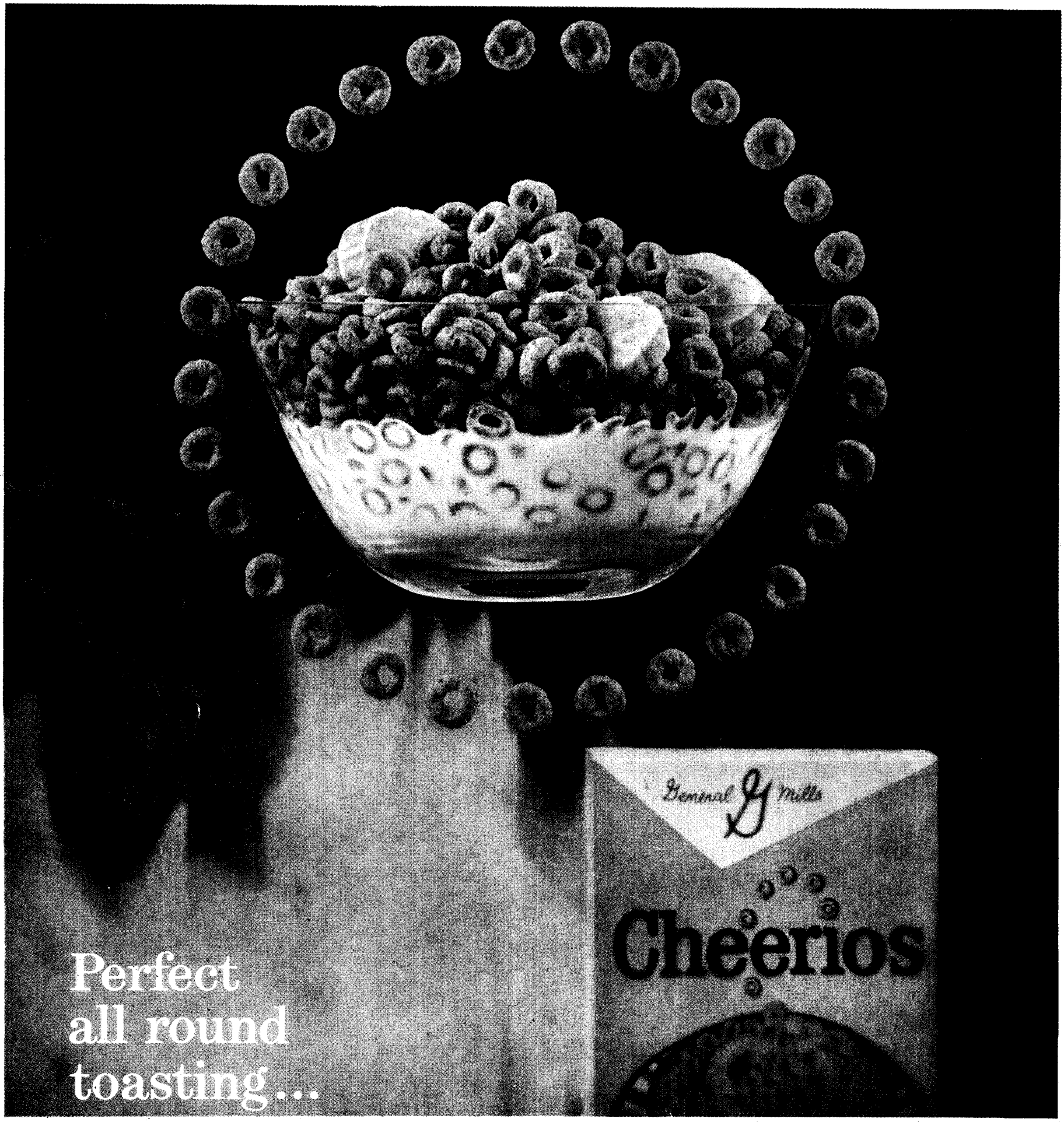

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